

RECORDING · THE · ELECTRICAL · ERA

VOL. XXVII

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1928

NO. 11



These United States — Now

NOVEMBER --- Significant of PEACE AND PLENTY



On November 11, 1918, the dove of peace, which had been hovering around the war-ridden area of Europe, settled down to the accompaniment of bells, whistles, dancing, laughter, shouts of joy, and sighs of relief, all over the civilized world. Even those countries not involved in the World War rejoiced at its ending, and the arrival of the dove of peace.

Much further back in our history, other sturdy souls, pilgrims from other lands, set apart a day for feasting and giving thanks for delivery from danger and pestilence, even though they were still in the midst of hardships of many kinds. Another bird—the good old turkey—has become so much a part of the celebration of Thanksgiving that we sometimes remember only the feasting and plenty, and forget the hardships which led up to the public expression of thanksgiving.

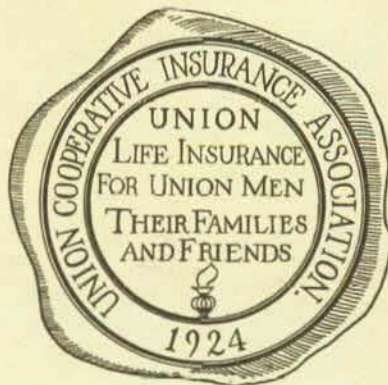


PEACE AND PLENTY

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EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

International President, J. P. NOONAN,
506 Machinists' Bldg., Washington,
D. C.
International Secretary, G. M. BUG-
NIAZET, 506 Machinists' Bldg., Wash-
ington, D. C.
International Treasurer, W. A. HOGAN,
447 South Sixth Ave., Mt. Vernon,
N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL

VICE PRESIDENTS

E. INGLES, 559 St. James St., London,
Ont., Can.
J. T. FENNELL, 45 Parkman St., Dor-
chester, Mass.
E. F. KLOTZ, Machinists' Bldg., Wash-
ington, D. C.
A. M. HULL, P. O. Box 1196, New
Orleans, La.
H. H. BROACH, Machinists' Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.
D. W. TRACY, 2505 Yupon Street,
Houston, Tex.
T. C. VICKERS, 537 Pacific Bldg., San
Francisco, Calif.
C. J. MCGLOGAN, 130 N. Wells St.,
Room 1201, Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL

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Winnipeg, Can.

TELEPHONE OPERATORS'

DEPARTMENT

President — JULIA O'CONNOR
1108 Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.
Secretary — MARY BRADY
1110 Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Contents

	Page
Frontispiece	562
Riding Three Horses At Once	563
Injunction Evil—Most Immediate Labor Problem	564
Sweep of Machine Production Clearly Charted	565
Federal Banking System Acknowledged Inadequate	566
Corporation Farming Sought To End Farm Ills	567
Union Printers Establish Fame As Concert Singers	568
New Industries Adopt Union Co-op Management	569
Insurance For Electrical Workers Families	570
Insurance Application Blank	571
Panama Workers Ask Congress For Retirement Aid	573
Editorial	574
Woman's Work	576
Radio	578
Stopping The Overnight Unfair Firm in St. Louis	579
Constructive Hints	580
Everyday Science	581
Cartoon—"Friend or Driver?"	582
Gold Bricks of Science Shown Up By Expert	583
Correspondence	584
"The Freelanders"	599
In Memoriam	611
Local Union Official Receipts	615

Magazine Chat

This is the next to last number of the year (the 27th volume) and gives us an opportunity to look back. In December we shall be wishing to look forward.

One of the concealed but very real gains made this year by your Journal is the gain in reader interest.

As we have told you, we have always had an efficient and loyal staff of local correspondents. No labor journal anywhere has better, and no publication has ever received so much goodwill, capable writing as we have from our press secretaries.

Generally, officials and business representatives have read the Journal. But now there is good indication that the active member is reading it faithfully each month.

We have never understood how a member could do without his Journal. The union protects his economic interests, and the Journal protects the union. It is the principal medium through which the various units of our great organization are welded into a living whole. Without it, we would be a collection, not an organism. Why shouldn't every member want to devote at least one evening a month to the organization as a whole, by scanning the pages of the Journal?

Now we are receiving many letters in this office daily indicating that the Journal is being read by the Old-timers, and the Young Men in a Hurry, and the Wives and the Children. Many of these letters tell us that the Journal is informative; that it is practical, aiding in solving wage and other problems; that it is entertaining; that it is even inspiring. But whatever the reason for reading it, the main thing is, it is being read.

After all, that is the important thing. If we could get 80 per cent of our members to read the Journal faithfully every month, we could generate such energy, that soon we should be moving mountains, and spanning unbridgable chasms. This is no fanciful chatter.

"The Journal is like Italian wine," one brother writes: "It is fine and growing better with age. This is a practical comparison as I have many Italian friends and get some nice presents."



SNELL ARCADE, FOURTH STREET AND CENTRAL AVENUE, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. THIS LOVELY MODERN SKYSCRAPER REFLECTS THE SPANISH INFLUENCE. IT IS BEING ERECTED IN FULL CO-OPERATION WITH BUILDING TRADES UNIONS.



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Vol. XXVII

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 11

Riding Three Horses At Once

THIS is being written late in October, shortly before national election day. It will be published November 15, when all doubts as to the outcome of the national election will have been dissipated. It is possible at this time to see and foresee certain definite trends, the play and interplay of certain concealed forces, within the depths of mass politics, that have important bearing on labor problems and upon the life and welfare of every American citizen. This is so because politics is but a mask for economics. There is no such thing as abstract politics; there is only the activities of certain economic groups. Not all groups vote for their own economic interests. This is largely true because they are taken in by catch-phrases, and large, high-sounding figures of speech. Or they cannot analyze the political situation. They cannot pierce through to the true issues. Yet this fact does not alter our main contention that politics are only economics disguised.

It is apparent that there are three large sections of the American public, where certain economic interests are dominant, and these sections are geographically segregated. So marked are these distinctions that it is no mere figure of speech to say that the United States is really composed of three great Empires:

1. The industrial east, which probably reaches as far west as the Wabash, as far south as the Ohio, and sweeps east to the Atlantic seaboard.

2. The agricultural west, which reaches from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast, if the lower tier of states be cut off. This leaves the middle west looking both ways, to the east and to the west, but leaves it more west than east.

3. The changing south, which is rapidly passing from an agricultural to an industrial state. This in part accounts for the confusion of opinion, and divided direction in the south.

For all intents and purposes the direction of this country's affairs have been in the hands of the industrial east, for upwards of a generation.

Mr. Coolidge of Boston, Mr. Wilson of Princeton, Mr. Harding of Marion (Ohio), Mr. Smith of New York, obviously all belong, geographically speaking, to the industrial east. Mr. Hoover, though claiming California as his home, is of the industrial east. The interests of the industrial east are production, banking, sales, and speculation. The philosophy of the industrial east is optimistic (at least on the surface); the practices are cold, ruthless business, designed to guarantee huge profits.

Now the affiliation of labor unions has been with the industrial east—by necessity. The union is a product of industry, and belongs to industry. It cannot exist in a purely agricultural society. On the other hand, the functions of the union are such that it must constantly guard, conserve and advance human interests. It must serve the human element in industry. At times when the policies of the industrial east have seemed adverse to the welfare of the underlying population, labor has opposed those policies, always taking care to make plain that it is for the advancement of industry, know-

ing that there can be no ongoing of life in this country without healthy industry. It has come about, therefore, that labor has often joined with the agricultural west, in its effort to modify the policies of the industrial east. These policies and their modifications labor has considered *above politics* or *beyond politics*. Modifications evidently cannot be accomplished in a day.

Certain well-defined measures have appeared—constructive measures—which have arisen out of labor's need, measures which have greatly strengthened and energized the whole commonwealth. Roughly these measures can be grouped as:

Conservation of child and woman power (child labor legislation).

Conservation of man power (struggle for eight hour day and 44 hour week).

Conservation of wealth (struggle for a living wage and then a social wage).

Conservation of the constitution (struggle against the injunction and the nullification of free speech).

This union movement, which repeatedly has been regarded as radical, is in fact and in performance a conservative movement, as all truly progressive movements are. The foregoing objectives have partly been won.

It is apparent to anyone that swift, dazzling and sweeping changes are being wrought in the fabric of industry. The industry of today is not the industry of yesterday. And the industry of tomorrow will not be the industry of today. So swift are the changes that no agency in this country has been able to keep up with and to record them. Mass production, widespread and almost universal use of automatic machinery, rise of vertical trusts, chain stores and controlled credit have revolutionized industry. Additional measures have arisen, have come to the surface out of the needs of labor and the underlying population. These are:

Conservation of manpower (the correction of wholesale unemployment caused by displacement of men by machinery).

Conservation of prosperity (the five day week, and a shorter work day).

Conservation of credit (the use of the Federal Reserve banking system in behalf of the whole people).

Labor must seek to attain these objectives within and by, and through, the present industrial order. It must seek by persuasion to reveal the soundness of these measures, as it has repeatedly done in the past, winning such important purposes as the living wage and the short work day.

These objectives must be urged in a nation that is split into geographical areas, and torn by false and disquieting issues.

Labor's strength is its calm and temperate methods; its persuasiveness; and the soundness and rightness of its policies. There should be public confidence in new measures when older ones have proved socially sound.

Injunction Evil—Most Immediate Labor Problem

LEGAL events, moving slowly at first, rapidly approach crises, affecting large units of people. American labor is today approaching a debacle in its battle for freedom of organization. The 18-year old efforts of the League for Industrial Rights, alias the Anti-boycott Association, begun in its ruthless endeavors to break the Danbury Hatters Union in 1903, carried through the Buck-Stove, the Duplex Printing and the Bedford Stone cases, are approaching a climax. The League for Industrial Rights, provided with funds from secret donors, is seeking to put on court records decisions of anti-labor judges that will make labor unions powerless to function. Walter Gordon Merritt, counsel for the league, informed the Senate Judiciary Committee last spring, as he spoke against remedial legislation, that he considered the function of the union was largely, if not entirely, convivial. His conception of the place of the working man is at the bench or machine, doing his day's work, as an individual, concerned with none of the large issues of economics, or politics, or business as they affect his life.

The League for Industrial Rights not only strikes at the primary right of economic organization, but is hostile to any of the more modern and secondary functions of the union, namely, union co-operative management, labor banking and insurance, and labor's participation in industrial policies. It intends to tie labor's hands if it can, by the legal process to prevent it from functioning in any of these diverse and necessary ways.

While Congress has been in adjournment, the courts have been working overtime to put injunctions against labor in the court records. Some of the more sensational cases are:

Injunctions against full-fashioned hosiery workers at Kenosha, Wis.

Injunctions against Chicago Musicians' Union incidental to the recent theatre strikes.

None of these can be traced directly to the League for Industrial Rights, yet there is evidence that the League is preparing another "test" case which will complete the statutory network now being woven round labor's shoulders. The League seeks to make all strikes of any form illegal.

In the meantime Senator George Norris, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on the judiciary, has been laying this problem before the American people in a series of addresses given in connection with his campaign throughout the west. He declares:

"Politics, like religion, should come from a desire to make the human heart happier.

"I believe that in a free country no office should be granted a man for him to serve through the whole of his natural life. This is especially so in the case of some judiciary offices in this country. No man should hold unlimited sway over a public office during a lifetime. It is the weakness of humanity to continually try to reach out for greater power and those even in the judiciary posts are apt to forget those who toil, those who suffer and those who labor for their living. It is my belief that the man who sits with his feet on top of a mahogany table for all time is not fit to judge adequately the man of toil.

"The judicial powers have greatly abused the injunction rights of the capitalists and some of the most cruel, most inhuman and unjust orders against men and women who are only toiling to

WHAT THEY SAY

Darrow

"This provision is almost incomprehensible in view of the settled law that men have the right to leave employment for the purpose of compelling an employer to grant satisfactory terms of employment. Since the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment prohibiting slavery, it has been the supreme law of the United States that no employer can compel an employee to work for him by refusing his consent to a termination of his employment.

"Courts have no authority to issue an order to compel anyone to work against his will, and this present order should not be construed as directing anyone to work against his will or in the absence of a satisfactory contract of employment."—Clarence Darrow.

LaFollette

"Precedent and procedure have combined to make one law for the rich and another for the poor. The regard of the courts for fossilized precedent, their absorption in technicalities, their detachment from the vital, living facts of the present day, their constant thinking on the side of the rich and powerful and privileged classes, have brought our courts into conflict with the democratic spirit and purposes of this generation. Moreover, by usurping the power to declare laws unconstitutional and by presuming to read their own views into statutes without regard to the plain intention of the legislators, they have become in reality the supreme law-making and law-giving institution of our government. They have taken to themselves a power it was never intended they should exercise; a power greater than that intrusted to the courts of any other enlightened nation. And because this tremendous power has been so generally exercised on the side of the wealthy and powerful few, the courts have at last become the strongest bulwark of special privilege. They have come to constitute what may indeed be termed a 'judicial oligarchy'."—Senator Robert La Follette, Sr.

Ratliff

"The only part of the judicial power that is beyond the control of Congress is the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, expressly defined by the Constitution. It has been held by the Supreme Court itself from the earliest times that Congress has plenary power over the Supreme Court in all matters fully within its appellate jurisdiction. This power has often been used by Congress to 'regulate' the limits of the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction, within the bounds set by the Constitution."—Beulah Amidon Ratliff.

better their own conditions have been granted to the powers by loose interpretation of the injunction rights. After all, one of the greatest difficulties with every branch of politics is the dominant power of partisan politics. Even presidents are anxious to put on the throne of judicial power men who hold their same viewpoint; who have the viewpoint of the millionaire; men who have never known what it is to toil; men who no doubt are honest, but know nothing of the problems of the working man."

It has been indicated that one of the first measures to be taken up in the forthcoming session of Congress will be the injunction bill. It is believed that enough water has gone over the dam, enough has been written and said, the issues have been clearly enough drawn so that definite action can be demanded and secured. The League for Industrial Rights and the National Manufacturers' Association have been giving occasional addresses throughout the country during the summer, opposing anti-injunction bills. Two bills are in course of preparation, the Shipstead bill now in the Senate judiciary committee, and the La Guardia bill in the House. Extended hearings have been held. The Shipstead bill has been virtually rewritten, by the sub-committee of the Senate judiciary committee. The revised bill enunciates a national policy for equity courts as follows:

"In the interpretation of this act and in determining the jurisdiction and authority of the courts of the United States, as such jurisdiction and authority are herein defined and limited, the public policy of the United States is hereby declared as follows:

"Whereas under prevailing economic conditions, developed with the aid of governmental authority for owners of property to organize in the corporate and other forms of ownership association, the individual unorganized worker is commonly helpless to exercise actual liberty of contract and to protect his freedom of labor, and thereby to obtain acceptable terms and conditions of employment, wherefore it is necessary that he have full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of representatives of his own choosing, to negotiate the terms and conditions of his employment, and that he shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, in the designation of such representatives or in self-organization or in other concerted activities for the purpose of collective bargaining of other mutual aid or protection; therefore, the following definitions of, and limitations upon, the jurisdiction and authority of the courts of the United States are hereby enacted."

If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know indeed that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.—Jefferson's First Inaugural.

Sweep of Machine Production Clearly Charted

THE contest between men and machines—which has become such a vivid part of the present era—has reached the railroads. In the present controversy, involving ten western carriers, and in particular conductors and trainmen and railroad management, working rules are subject of debate. The real issue, however, is to determine whether giant locomotives shall cumulatively limit and replace train crews. L. B. N. Gnaedinger, a writer on the New York Times, sums up the facts thus:

"In recent years locomotive designers have devised 'boosters,' or auxiliary engines operating on the wheels of engines or tenders, super-heaters to extract the utmost energy from steam, automatic stokers to conserve fuel and labor, improved furnaces and larger boilers. As a result, while from 1911 to 1927 freight traffic on all roads increased 72 per cent, the number of locomotives in use increased only six per cent. The average tractive force of a steam locomotive in 1911 was 28,305 pounds. In 1927 it was 42,803 pounds.

"The western managers want to use two of these large locomotives on trains of from 90 to 110 cars. The unions want the two locomotives to be used for two separate trains. The latter proposal means the employment of another train crew."

It has been about eight months since this JOURNAL published its number (March, 1928) devoted to a discussion of the displacement of workers by machinery. At that time, the central problem of the new technology had been little stressed. Statisticians in the U. S. Department of Labor were aware of the rapidly increasing unemployment due to machine production, and a few business journals had mentioned the problem chiefly for the purpose of denying its magnitude. But since March the situation has become steadily and undeniably clear. Evidence grows that the struggle to control the machine in behalf of human life is the major problem of the generation. This JOURNAL has received communications from every part of the United States, from Canada and Great Britain indicating the pull this situation has on the human imagination.

Loss of Employment Noted

"Labor," national weekly newspaper controlled by unions, points out that 183,364 railroad workers have been eliminated in the last five years.

"Jobs on the railroads of the United States

are steadily being reduced according to statistics gathered by the Interstate Commerce Commission and made public in a bulletin just issued covering employment and compensation for the first six months of this year. The figures show that when management cuts the cost of operation the bulk of this is achieved at the expense of labor.

"The average number of employees in the first half of 1928 was 1,658,861. This was 99,227 less than the average for the first six months of 1927; 113,514 less than 1926, and 183,364 less than in 1923.

Where Cuts Hit Hardest

"In only one branch of the service has there been an increase of employees. There are 7,500 more men in the maintenance of way department than in 1923.

"For the first half of this year, as compared with 1923, there was a reduction of 11,197 in clerical and general forces; 123,610 in maintenance of equipment (shopmen) and stores, and 56,721 in the transportation classes.

"The total wages paid in the first half of this year were \$1,404,238,682, compared

with \$1,500,597,260 for the first half of 1923.

"Evidence that 'high wages' are not prevalent in the railroad industry is shown by the fact that the average hourly rate for the first half of this year, according to the railroads' figures, was 66.8 cents, compared with 61.5 for the first half of 1923.

"Of course, that is the wage the men received when they worked. No account is taken in these reports of the amount of time lost by railroad workers because of unemployment.

"Had the same average hourly rate prevailed this year as in 1923 the roads would have 'saved' a total of \$225,300,000 in wages during the six months' period.

"These increases have been secured through the efforts of the Standard Railroad Labor Organizations, and constitute evidence of the great value to the workers of the trade union movement.

Show Gains, Too

"The net operating income, or profits, for the first six months of this year was more than \$18,000,000 above the net for a similar period in 1923."

The Musicians' Union is making adjustments to meet the widespread use of vitaphone and movietone in 500 American theatres.

The Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America in recent convention refused to restrict membership to Morse operators. This makes room within the organization for operators of printer machines.

Chicago trade journals report an invention of a new machine by the Western Electric Company, which takes the place of five machines and eliminates four men workers. This machine winds coils of telephone cable.

Machine loading of bituminous coal in the United States is spreading according to the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

No accurate picture of the United States at this moment can be had without a consideration of the machine process, dramatized by the incidents cited above.

This machine process has ushered in a new set of industrial conditions, and a new set of industrial problems.

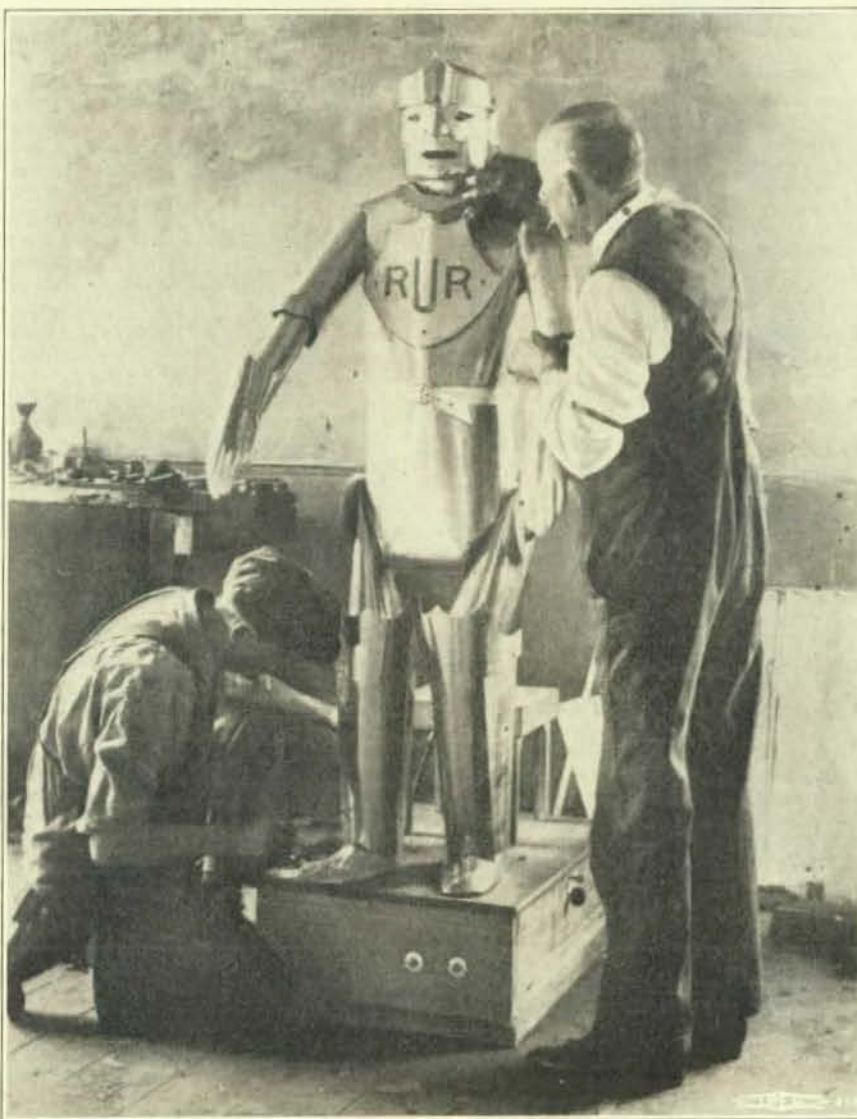
The general characteristics of this machine process are:

Invention and widespread use of automatic machinery.

Mass production.

A scramble for the consumers' dollars, known as the new com-

(Continued on page 612)



INTRODUCING ERIC, MECHANICAL MAN, PRODUCT OF LONDON INVENTOR. HE SHAKES HANDS, ANSWERS QUESTIONS, TELLS THE TIME OF DAY, AND KNOWS HOW TO REST BY SITTING DOWN. A NEW "TRIUMPH" IN THE FIELD OF AUTOMATIC MECHANISM.

World Wide Photos

Federal Banking System Acknowledged Inadequate

A SMALL investor recently bought chain store stock at \$215 a share. The stock climbed. He grew frightened and sold at \$300. Soon after the stock went to \$400. He had an acquaintance with a former president of the concern. This former official told him that the stock selling at \$400 in the stock exchange represented actual value in the business of only \$38.

The American people are already familiar with the phrase, "watered stock," as applied to public utility financing. But watered stock in industries, such as is represented in the foregoing incident of the chain store, is comparatively new. Yet it is watered stock, no less; that is, stock of fictitious value.

Apologists for the system maintain that stock of inflated value is created by credit. It is put there by earning power. But every school boy knows that it is value of decidedly unstable character, for it evaporates with falling earning power, and earning power is a decidedly uncertain thing.

Yet these rapidly fluctuating stock values, reaching into untold levels of profits are the honey that attracts thousands and thousands of new speculators to Wall Street. In September this year, Wall Street gambling reached the greatest volume in the history of the country. On September 30, it is estimated, the total of brokers' loans reached the colossal sum of \$5,513,000,000—five times as much as the recent normal flow. On the face of it, the United States has become a nation of gamblers.

Dire Consequences

Certain far-reaching effects of this orgy of stock gambling are impossible to conceal.

First, the availability of funds is believed to be made by the fact that our productive process is over-gearred. Hardly an industry which can produce from three to five times more than can be consumed of its product. This leaves funds available for illicit use. It has been estimated that 40 per cent of the billions used for stock gambling are provided by over-gearred corporations. Hence the term "boot-leg loans."

Second, this money, if legitimately invested in domestic industry, could furnish work for displaced men, or provide higher wages to thousands, thus widening the circle of consumers.

Third, the Federal Reserve Banking System has proved inadequate to meet this existing order of things. If it raises its discount rates in order to lessen the sum of money available for brokers' loans, it finds that it has cut off certain legitimate businesses from funds.

Fourth, the fluctuation of American interest rates has undermined foreign credit. Foreign bankers are going back to London as the banking center of the world.

Critics of the Federal Reserve System have found much in the attitude of the governors of the Reserve Board to censure.

Let he who plays, pay. The general widespread effect upon the country does not seem to enter into his calculations. He says:

"Many people in America seem to be more concerned about the present situation than the Federal Reserve System is. If unsound credit practices have developed, these practices will in time correct themselves, and if some of the over-indulgent get 'burnt' during the period of correction, they will have to shoulder the blame themselves and not attempt to shift it to someone else.

"It is a mistake, therefore, to assume that only one or another class of loans or investments may be supported by the reserve banks, while other classes of loans and investments may not. . . . Within the limits of its powers, the responsibility of the Federal Reserve System is for the credit structure as a whole. A healthy banking situation must be forever the primary concern of the managers of the Federal Reserve Banks and of the Federal Reserve Board. . . . It would be unfortunate if the Federal Reserve System were to be charged with still further responsibilities which are not directly related to banking, such as responsibility for . . . the moderation of ups and downs in business conditions."

That other United States officials, namely the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury, have played a friendly, undignified part in Wall Street gambling, has already been contended. The unradical Atlantic Monthly printed a long article in September by Ralph West Robey called the "Capeadores in Wall Street." (We take it a capeadore is one who stirs up the bulls.) This article presented evidence to show that as soon as gambling languished Mr. Mellon or Mr. Coolidge stepped in with glittering, gaudy declarations about the unusual prosperity of the country. These statements, coming from so high a source, merely acted as a pulmotor on an expiring bull. He jumped back into the lists with surprising alacrity, and a new gambling record was set. Mr. Robey concludes: "'Coolidge prosperity' during the past 18 months has been stock-market prosperity to a much larger extent than many of us realize. When people make profits they talk about them, and there are no greater talkers than successful small stock-market speculators, who give a false idea of the whole situation. It is this verbosity which has befuddled the thinking of a large portion of the American public. So far, of

(Continued on page 616)



A VISTA IN THE FEDERAL CITY

These critics contend that the situation has not been confronted with enough confidence and courage. They point to the mild, submissive eloquence of Governor Roy A. Young before the bankers at Philadelphia. The stock gamblers were waiting on Wall Street to hear what Governor Young had to say, and the polite, ostentatious spanking he administered immediately sent stocks flying upward. Young has taken the position that so many industrialists used to take that there is simply nothing to do about it.

"The fact remains, too—and it ought to be emphasized in red letters—that, whether dangerous for the moment or not, this sucking in of the country's resources for use in gambling in stocks and bonds, without regard to the need for money in legitimate industry, is precisely the sort of thing the Federal Reserve Act was designed to prevent, or at least to minimize. . . . The Board at Washington is clothed with ample power and should courageously exercise it, to the extent of peremptory admonition, and, that failing, to the extreme of causing the removal of contemptuous officials who persist in aiding or abetting a plain perversion of the real intent of the Act as it stands. The Federal Reserve Board, within the limitations of the law, should control and not be controlled. . . . The Federal Reserve System was conceived in a certain spirit and set up to achieve certain ends. If it has departed from that spirit and failed to accomplish its objects we ought to know whether the fault lies in its structure or its management and in either case take steps to correct it."

—SENATOR CARTER GLASS
of Virginia.

Corporation Farming Sought to End Farm Ills

IT'S the old story of the lost arrow. Send another after the first in the hope both may be recovered.

"Don't turn backward on the farm dilemma. Let industrial evolution take its course.

"Industrialize the farm.

"Organize huge farm corporations financed as other corporations are financed, and controlled as other corporations are controlled.

"Farm with automatic machinery and electricity.

"Eliminate the losing farmers.

"Create a farm wage-earning class."

So declare certain industrial leaders, and their sympathetic intellectuals, this conception is being deployed upon the farm problem. The whole question of immediate farm relief is being enveloped by a far-flung proposal, which has logical relation to the present situation.

America is an industrial state. Basic industries, in most part, are thriving. Farming has not kept pace with industry. It still belongs to the pre-industrial era.

Several men have seriously brought forward the foregoing as the only real solution.

What its import to labor is, is plain. Labor will have new competitors when the released millions are catapulted into cities from the farms. Will the newly-created wage-earning class on the farm be union?

Edwin Slosson, a writer in the field of science, and Robert S. Brookings, a financier and publicist, have written recently upon this subject.

Brookings declares in a recent monograph:

Admits Farm Ills

"It is universally conceded that a large proportion of our farmers (especially those cultivating the average acreage) have not in recent years shared in the general prosperity of the country; and the agricultural problem has, in consequence, become our foremost political issue. Various legislative remedies have been proposed, most of which are probably unconstitutional or are at least contrary to the spirit of our government. The purpose of this article is to suggest some sound, practical, businesslike method of placing agriculture on the same basis of efficiency and prosperity as our manufacturing industries.

"Such demonstrations as those by Henry Ford in Michigan and Thomas Campbell in Montana prove positively that large profits can be made in agriculture when farming enterprises are reorganized under up-to-date business methods.

"Campbell's experience may be presented first. An engineer by training, he began growing wheat in the Crow Indian Reservations near Hardin, Mont. (leased to him during the war by the U. S. Department of Interior), with the backing of J. P. Morgan and other bankers. In 1921 he formed the Campbell Farming Corporation, an enterprise organized like a gigantic engineering project, which operates 95,000 acres, produces 500,000 bushels of wheat a year from

half of this acreage (the other half lying fallow), and is probably the largest single wheat-growing unit in the world. It has been so successful at producing wheat in the calculated manner in which industrial corporations turn out other commodities that not only have substantial profits resulted, but remarkably high wages have been paid the laborers during the period of low prices. The corporation has even gone so far as to issue 20 per cent of its shares of stock as a bonus to the skilled labor on the farm.

"Mr. Campbell has concluded from his own experiment that 'the biggest industrial opportunity today is in agriculture,' and predicts that in less than 50 years we will have a United States farming corporation larger than the United States Steel Corporation."



"PLOWING BY THE RIVER," BY T. AUSTEN BROWN

Sixty Tractors in Line

About Ford's experiment he says:

"On his own farm at Dearborn, Mr. Ford has demonstrated large unit efficiency. Of this, he says: 'In plowing time, we string 50 or 60 tractors in a line. They are run by men taken out of the factories and paid the usual factory wage. All the essential operations of the farm are done in this fashion, and altogether we do about 15 days' work a year—and keep the land in a high state of productivity.'

"By performing these operations in such a surprisingly short time, Mr. Ford utilizes favorable weather and conforms to the fundamental law of efficiency, i. e., maximum production per capita.

"His judgment of the future of agriculture is similar to that of Campbell: 'The moment the farmer considers himself as an industrialist, with a horror of waste either in material or in men, then we are going to have farm products so low-priced that all will have enough to eat, and the profits will be so satisfactory that farming will be considered as among the least hazardous and most profitable of occupations.'

Mr. Slosson declares:

"The greatest change in the whole history of the world is that commonly called by economists 'the industrial revolution,' which has taken place within the last 150 years, and which has caused an amazing multiplication of European races in popula-

tion and wealth, expanded their power over the world and raised the average standard of living to an unprecedented height. In this development there have been two factors inextricably intertwined—power from fossil fuel and the factory system.

"The farmer has not had the advantage of either of these, consequently he has not shared, except incidentally and inadequately, in the general advance in prosperity. The farmer will never get an equal part in the profits of the modern industrial system until he takes part in its production."

Monotonous Jobs Drive to Rebellion

A remarkable difference in ways in which men and women respond to monotonous jobs in factories was described recently by

Mrs. Blanco White, British social worker and investigator, in a lecture before the summer school of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, at Oxford University, England. When male workers are compelled, the lecturer said, to carry out for weeks or months some uninteresting factory job requiring no particular ability or skill, they become savage, resentful against their employers and against society and usually end by accepting some form of rabid communistic or anarchistic doctrine. Women, on the other hand, display no such symptoms of revolt but merely grow lifeless and apathetic. Men seem to fight against circumstances; women accept them and give up. The fate of the women, Mrs. White implied, is worse, both individually and socially, than

that of the men; but precisely because women do not revolt so disturbingly, most of the monotonous, unskilled tasks of factory work are falling gradually to them. Some social remedy must be sought, Mrs. White believes, for this submersion of so much of the female population in hopelessness and mental oblivion. It can be found, she imagines, either in a policy of rotating women workers from one job to another in a factory, so that no one task becomes dangerously monotonous, or in encouraging interests outside the daily work.

I teach you the superman! Man is something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?

All beings that have come into the world heretofore have created something beyond themselves. Are ye going back to the animal or ahead to the superman? What to man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same to the superman—a joke or a sore shame. Ye have made your way from worm to man, but much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes, but even now man is but an ape greater than an ape * * * Behold, I teach you the superman! —Nietzsche.

The courts must stand at all times as the representatives of industry, devoted to the principles of individual initiative.—Justice Van Sieten.

Union Printers Establish Fame As Concert Singers



LIKE CATHEDRAL ORGAN

If workers can no longer sing *at* their work—due to the roar of machines—they can sing *after* their work—and do. One of the most successful singing organizations of greater New York is the Big 6 Glee Club, composed of 45 men, all members of New York Typographical Union No. 6. This is an amateur organization. All the singers are active printers, including the director, and the accompanist is a printer's wife.

On Sunday afternoons, on Wednesday nights, when other men are engaged in recreation, or are tucked away in their beds, these printers hie themselves away to the club's hall, and practice. Under the skilled leadership of Frank J. Evans, director, the club has been welded into an ensemble that reverberates like a great cathedral organ. Evans was at one time soloist for the noted Scranton Maennerchor. He has ability, intelligence, patience, and personality. He took men with little or no training, but with strong, natural voices and made them into useful parts of his organization. This club is distinguished by the enthusiasm of its members. Though glee singing exacts devotion, pain and skill, and much time, these men never miss a rehearsal save on account of illness. In rain, through snow, they plough to the meeting place, and devote hours to the exacting task of building harmony. For their November concert, they are preparing "The Martyrs of the Arena," as the principal offering. Other numbers on the program are "The Viking Song," "The Lost Chord," "The Pilgrims' Chorus," "The Gypsy Love Song," all vigorous and massive melodies, rich in sentiment. So pleasing has been the work of this singing organization that great demands have been made upon it throughout New York City.

The work of the Big 6 Glee Club calls attention anew to the rich and varied character of union activities. Eugene F. Robert, 355 West 24th Street, is publicity director.

Recently the U. S. Department of Labor made a survey of recreational activities of unions. Among other things it had this to say:

"Inquiry made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, as part of its general trade-union survey, has disclosed quite a remarkable activity along recreational and social lines by labor

organizations. The value of social gatherings from the organization viewpoint—as promoters of fraternal spirit—is quite generally recognized by the international unions. Others, mainly in 'confined' trades—where the members are employed in 'sedentary work or under more or less unhealthful conditions—encourage recreation and athletics, especially because of their bearing upon the health of the workers. Thus the printing-trades unions have urged their locals to participate in outdoor activities and sports as a means of counteracting the conditions of printing plants having dust and lead fumes. The unions of the clothing trades, for the same reasons, have also been active in the promotion of recreational activities which would provide the healthful exercise which their confining work makes desirable. That this is no new development for certain trade-unions is shown by the fact that in 1927 the printers held their seventeenth annual baseball tournament and their third golf tournament, while the printing-trades locals of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky have for the past 13 years held an annual bowling tournament.

"Orchestras, bands, or glee clubs seem to be fairly numerous among the local trade-union organizations. Thus, the Chicago printers' local has a band, as have also a number of the letter carriers' local unions. The latter have been in existence for some years.

"The Portland, Oreg., local of the International Association of Fire Fighters has organized an orchestra which, besides furnishing entertainment for union affairs, has also participated in the regular radio programs in the city, appearing weekly in what is known as 'Fire Fighters' Hour.'

"A singing club has been formed by members of the Dover, N. J., branch of the hosiery workers, and one stereotypers' local has a glee club. Other internationals some of whose locals have formed some sort of musical organizations include those of the bricklayers, hodcarriers, iron, steel and tin workers, marine engineers, photo-engravers, printers, tobacco workers, and upholsterers. About one-tenth of the meat cutters and butcher workmen's locals are reported to have bands or orchestras."

New Industries Adopt Union Co-op Management

"CO-OPERATION does not exclude the idea of struggle or even conflict." So L. K. Comstock, chairman of the National Council for Industrial Relations for the Electrical Construction Industry, declared in a recent survey of the trend, entitled "the New Co-operation." "The ideal of struggle can hardly be dissociated from co-operation, in the same sense that we can hardly think of the speed of an automobile without at the same time thinking of the brakes, or the acts of a member of a civil community without thinking at the same time of laws restricting or regulating those acts."

"The tendency to follow emotional ruts is strong not only in individuals, but in associations as well. The great problem calling for attention and solution is how to replace passion by reason and common sense."

Examining this declaration of Mr. Comstock, certain leaders in the union co-operative movement recently analyzed the elements that go to make up co-operation between labor and management.

First, a recognition of certain identity of interest.

Second, the recognition of certain areas of conflict.

Third, the willingness to go along together in the common project of production struggling where necessary, but without sacrifice of common interests.

One feature of the era of mass production is the gradual but very wide-flung adoption of union co-operative management. The most recent acquisition to the plan is the labor unions of Great Britain in co-operation with a group of employers led by Sir Alfred Mond. Mond is head of the General Chemical Combine.

English Movement Swings Far

In many ways the English movement has gone farther than the movement in America, where the idea originated. In the first place, the conferences were held between the general council of the Trades Union Congress and the employers' groups. In the second place, Sir Alfred Mond promised consideration of a much greater range of subjects than those which came under the purview of individual industries in America. W. Milne-Bailey, London journalist, reports that the whole question of British finance, banking and credit in so far as they affected industrial conditions was to be considered.

Mond promised the greatest freedom and the greatest frankness. This is taken as a singular concession, for there is no labor member or no farm member on the Federal Reserve Board in the United States. It is pointed out further that the conferencing of labor and capital in Great Britain has nothing to do with industrial peace, or those areas of conflict wherein labor and manage-

ment clash. The conference handled purely technical questions such as unemployment, naturalization, industrial finance, and the worker's share in the product of industry. It should be noted also that the right to strike is fully guarded.

What is likely to be the basis for a new experiment in union co-operative management is seen in the recent agreement signed by the United Mine Workers, District No. 15, and the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, of Colorado. This entente arrived as an aftermath of the recent coal stoppage, and came through the instrumentality of the company itself, in an area that has seen more class bloodshed than any other in America. Miss Josephine Roche, a far-visioned woman, vice president, is given credit

vention of the Full-fashioned Hosiery Workers, the following pronouncement was made:

"This Federation hereby reaffirms its determination to continue its efforts for the best interest of all engaged in the industry; that we hereby as publicly as possible, offer to co-operate with manufacturers of full-fashioned hosiery to the end that the greatest degree of efficiency consistent with human welfare be secured; that we co-operate to the fullest extent with any and all groups in the industry to the end of maintaining prosperity and help raise standards for all concerned; that we express our complete willingness to enter any negotiations with the end in view of bringing about the advancement of the industry in general, in

maintaining the finest American Standard and towards enabling the union to contribute its share in all efforts to establish happier and more prosperous industry; to work for a better understanding of all its problems and for a better social and civic life in general.

That union co-operative management may be a corrective to machine production is the view of Otto S. Beyer, consulting engineer, employed by labor in the B. and O. experiment. Mr. Beyer spoke recently at Harvard University under the auspices of the Wertheim Fellowship. He said:

"With the introduction of the machine, the relative position of labor as compared with that of capital and land has become less and less satisfactory. The cream of all that science, engineering machinery, mass production, improvements and manufacturing progress have achieved, has gone to capital; the evergrowing masses of labor have had to be content with what was left over. Only recently and chiefly because of the attention focused on co-operation by organized labor, has an appreciation developed of the economic value of this co-operation. The more, therefore, that the natural, voluntary, independent organizations of the workers of industry, their labor unions, are able to develop intelligent disciplined control over the capacity of labor to co-operate with management, the stronger becomes labor's strategic position in industry, and the more effective its bargaining power in respect to the proceeds of industry. . . .

As the lion's share of the great gains in productivity resulting chiefly from the introduction of the machine have slipped away from labor, so labor today, by virtue of organization, discipline, intelligent leadership and control over co-operative effort, has available a powerful tool whereby it can secure its fair share of all future gains in productivity. And lest anyone may conclude that this is a one-sided proposition, permit me to observe that it fits ideally into the theory of high wages and their benefits to which we all, I am sure, subscribe."

Two Spheres Overlap

The two Spheres—Management and Labor—are finding that they have much in common, especially when labor is given opportunity to make technical contribution to industry—to share in the romance of management. It is no wonder that the idea of union co-operative management is spreading to other industries, other nations for a fair trial, in the court of trial and error.



for the new agreement. The declaration of principles of the agreement says:

"We, the signers of this document, seeking a new era in the industrial relations of Colorado, unite in welcoming this opportunity to record the spirit and principles of this agreement.

"Our purposes are:

"To promote and establish industrial justice;

"To substitute reason for violence, confidence for misunderstanding, integrity and good faith for dishonest practices, and a union of effort for the chaos of the present economic warfare;

"To avoid needless and wasteful strikes and lockouts through the investigation and correction of their underlying causes.

"To establish genuine collective bargaining between mine workers and operators through free and independent organization;

"To stabilize employment, production, and markets through co-operative endeavor and the aid of science;

"To assure mine workers and operators continuing mutual benefits and consumers a dependable supply of coal at reasonable and uniform prices;

"To defend our joint undertaking against every conspiracy or vicious practice which seeks to destroy it; and in all other respects to enlist public confidence and support by safeguarding the public interest."

Hosiery Workers Prepare

As an official act of the 17th annual con-

Insurance for Electrical Workers' Families

In the October issue of the Journal, the officers of the Brotherhood were pleased to announce that insurance for the members' families can be obtained under the provisions of a special policy developed by the Union Co-operative Insurance Association, known as the Electrical Workers' Family Policy, which will give members of electrical workers' families life insurance at about one-half of the amount they are now required to pay for industrial insurance on the weekly-payment plan.

Comparison of Cost With Usual Rates for Industrial or Weekly Payment Policies

Quotations of rates for the Electrical Workers' Family Policy are compared with the usual rates of industrial insurance companies for \$250.00 insurance as follows:

Ages	Industrial Rate	Family Policy Rate
10 -----	\$4.16	\$3.60
20 -----	5.72	3.60
30 -----	7.80	3.60
40 -----	10.93	3.60
50 -----	16.12	3.60

Non-Medical

The new arrangement removes the inconvenience of a medical examination and eliminates the annoyance of insurance collectors calling weekly or monthly. On account of the liberality of this arrangement the insurance is limited to those persons comprising the members' families who are between the ages of one and fifty years, and who can furnish a statement of good health.

Two units, or \$500.00, of this insurance will be issued to persons between the ages of six and fifty years, inclusive, but only one unit or \$250.00 will be issued to children between the ages of one and five.

No Red Tape

There is no red tape about this plan. Merely sign the application form which is carried in each issue of the Electrical Workers' Journal and mail it direct to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, 506 Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C. Additional application forms for other members of the family will be mailed on request.

Method of Payment

If possible the annual premium of \$3.60 for each \$250.00 of insurance desired should be enclosed with the application to avoid delay in issuing the insurance. The payment should be made by money order or check, and cash should not be sent unless the letter is registered. On receipt of the application and money, the matter of issuing the certificates will be taken up as rapidly as possible. In case it is found necessary to reject the application, the money will immediately be returned to the applicant.

Where it is impossible for the applicant to pay the full annual premium in advance, the premium payment will be accepted on the semi-annual, quarterly, or even the monthly plan, but it is strongly urged that the premium be paid annually in advance. If two units, or \$500.00, of insurance are desired, merely double the amount of the remittance, sending \$7.20 to pay for \$500.00 of insurance for one year.

Certificates to Insured

The policy contract entered into is dated October 15, 1928.

Certificates to persons insured under this policy will be dated the first or fifteenth of the month in which they are issued, according to the date of approval of the application by the Union Co-operative Insurance Association.

For example, if your application is approved on any date between the eighth and twenty-second, inclusive, of any month, the certificate will be dated the fifteenth of that month. If the application is approved on any date between the twenty-third of one month and seventh of the following month, inclusive, the certificate will be dated the first of the month.

Receipts issued for premium payments will show the date when the next premium payment is due. No additional premium notices will be sent.

Do Not Delay

Fill out and sign the application blank on the opposite page before laying the Worker aside, and forward it with the premium to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, so that your insurance will be placed in force at the earliest possible moment.

(See Reverse Side for Cost and Age Limits)

APPLICATION FOR INSURANCE

ELECTRICAL WORKERS' FAMILY POLICY

UNION COOPERATIVE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION,
Washington, D. C.

I certify that I am the..... of..... a member
(Give relationship)

of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union No....., and I hereby apply for.....

units or \$..... life insurance, and will pay \$..... each.....
for same. (Year, half-year, quarter or month)

I certify that I have no impairment in my health or physical condition, and no deformity, except.....

.....
(State any exceptions)

Date of Birth..... Occupation..... Race.....
(Month-Day-Year)

Birthplace..... Sex.....

Beneficiary..... Relationship.....
(State full name and relationship of person to whom insurance is to be paid at your death)

Address of Beneficiary.....

My name is.....
(Print your name in full—not initials. If married use own name, such as "Helen Smith" and not husband's name, as "Mrs. James Smith")

My address is.....
(Street and number—City and State)

Date.....
(Signature in full)

Fill in this application and send to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Washington, D. C., with check or money order for the first year's premium.

(The Union Cooperative Insurance Association reserves the right to reject any applicant for this insurance for any cause whatever and in case of rejection will return to the applicant the full amount of the payment forwarded with this application. The insurance will become effective on date issued by the Union Cooperative Insurance Association at its Home Office in Washington, D. C.)

QUESTIONS ON BACK HEREOF TO BE ANSWERED IF APPLICANT IS A MINOR

(Family Group Policy—Application Copyright, 1928, J. R. Biggs)

Cut Here

Cut Here

SUPPLEMENTAL QUESTIONS

Additional Information to be Furnished if Applicant is a Minor.

1. Father of Child.	Full Name	Birthplace
	Birth Date	Occupation
2. Mother of Child.	Full Name	Birthplace
	Birth Date	Occupation
3. Premiums will be paid by:	Name	
	Address	

(Signature of Parent or Guardian)

NOTE: Age limits—1 to 50 years.

Issued in units of \$250.00.

Limit of insurance for any one person:

Ages 1-5, inclusive—\$250.00.

Ages 6-50, inclusive—\$500.00.

Cost per unit:

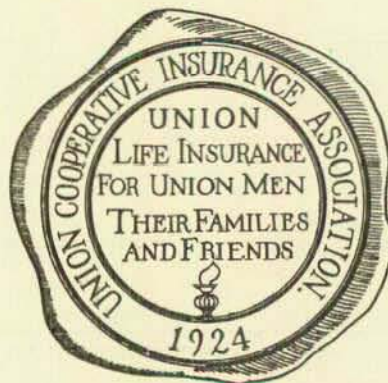
If paid annually, \$3.60.

Semi-annually, \$1.80.

Quarterly, 90 cents.

Monthly, 30 cents or "Penny a Day."

Receipts issued for premium payments will show date next payment is due. No additional premium notices will be sent.



UNION COOPERATIVE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

Home Office
 415 Machinists' Building
 Washington, D. C.

Panama Workers Ask Congress For Retirement Aid

REPRESENTATIVES in Congress, who are interested in improving the conditions of American workers in Panama, are preparing to push the so-called retirement bill. This bill will come out of committee in the short session of Congress. It is known as H. R. 7018—a bill for the retirement of employees of the Panama Canal and the Panama Railroad Company on the Isthmus of Panama who are American citizens."

The necessity for such a measure is pointed out, in reports on conditions in the Canal Zone.

Electrical workers, members of this union, and other union crafts are concerned. They are looking to their brother unionists in the states for aid.

Reasons Necessitating Special Bill

A brief history of the force which constructed and is operating the canal may assist to an understanding of the present situation. The canal work started about 20 years ago, at which time the Isthmus had a very bad reputation from a health standpoint, and the force for building the canal was recruited from young men in the very best physical condition. The majority of the men comprising this force came here between the ages of 25 and 35. The Isthmus at that time did not appeal to men with families and not many married men with families came here in the earlier days. However, since the Isthmus has become sanitized, a large number of these men have been married and have raised families here on the Isthmus.

The class of work which had to be done consisted of engineering, railroading, building and construction, and sanitary work, and required men, as a general rule, with a considerable professional and technical education, and no men were accepted who had not had a number of years' experience, so that there were very few men under the age of 25 appointed to the service at that time. The majority ranged around 30 to 35 years of age, in the very flower of their young manhood, and a large number of these men still remain in the service. The work of building the canal was a fascinating job and held many of these men throughout the period of construction, and as in the meantime many of them had become married and had established families, it was quite natural for them to remain here after the canal was completed, and many of them have done so.

Reductions Made

When the force was reduced at the completion of construction work the men with the longest service and the most efficient records were retained for the operating force. The operating force was organized in 1914 on the theory that the permanent force should not be paid the same standard of wages and compensation that was allowed during the construction period and there was a general reduction in the scale of wages from top to bottom. The higher grade official positions which paid during construction day \$10,000 per annum were reduced to about \$5,000, \$6,000 and \$7,000 per annum,

and corresponding reductions were made on down to the skilled craftsmen and workmen. At the same time charges were instituted for rent, light, and fuel. The labor organizations fought this reduction and succeeded in maintaining their old rates of compensation, with free rent, light and fuel, for a number of years, but within the last several years charges for rent, light and fuel have again been assessed and are now in force. In the meantime the World War broke out in 1914, just about the time the canal was opened to traffic, and gradually a period of higher wages in the states followed which was reflected here and the wages of our skilled workmen and craftsmen, and in general all of the employees who had up to that time received pay up to \$200 a month, were increased until at the present time wages for the trades and skilled workmen are from 50 to 100 per cent higher than they were in 1914, following in general the increased cost of living in the states.

injury to health, or the wear and tear incident to long, continuous service in the tropics, are no longer as efficient as the high standards of this service require, and practically all of these men have records for efficiency and hard work which can not be duplicated in any other branch of the Government service, and it is due to that very fact that they are becoming worn out and slowed down physically and mentally, as there is no question that long service in the tropics lowers the vitality of men accustomed to temperate climates and physical and mental effort becomes increasingly more difficult as the years pass. This argument needs no elaboration, as the main purpose of all retirement bills is to eliminate those employees who have become deficient in the qualities demanded in their positions, the only special feature of this service on the Isthmus being that this stage arrives more rapidly here than it does in temperate climates.



Panama Canal Commission

GAILLARD CUT, PANAMA CANAL: THE BIG DITCH HAS A SWEEP OF BEAUTY ALL ITS OWN.

However, their net compensation is still considerably under what it was in the canal-construction days; that is, while the number of dollars they receive has been increased, the purchasing power of the dollar is so much less than it was in those days that the net result, after paying their living expenses, including charges for rent, light and fuel, is that their net savings are smaller than they were in the construction days. These small savings are spent in maintaining their health by occasional leaves in the states and the education in the states of their children. There are no colleges, technical schools, nor cultural facilities here.

In the case of the higher paid officials and executives and professional men the reduced scale fixed in 1914 has remained stationary to the present time, in spite of the increased cost of living.

The situation, then, briefly, with respect to our present force, is that we have still in our service a large number of those men who entered the service of the canal between the ages of 25 and 35 and who are now from 45 to 55 years of age, many of whom have been in the service from 15 to 20 years.

Purposes of Retirement Bill

1. The first purpose of the retirement bill is the elimination of deficient personnel. The word "deficient" is used in the sense that some employees, by virtue of long service,

2. The second purpose of the bill is the improvement of the esprit de corps of the personnel. First, there is the hope held out to faithful employees that, after a long period of service and when they become worn out in this service, they will be adequately taken care of by the Government. Furthermore, the retirement of these older men will permit the promotion of the younger men to positions of responsibility, and this will be an incentive to all employees to fit themselves for the higher positions which will become vacant by retirement.

3. The third purpose of the bill is the recognition of meritorious service. This is an important consideration and will tend to improve the morale of the entire service.

There is a special provision in the bill allowing a small amount of extra retirement pay to those employees who served during the construction of the canal and who have continued to serve since then. This will in the course of time die out and will not be a permanent feature of the bill, but is highly desirable because of the recognition it will give to the civilian employees who had so large a part in the construction of the canal and who have received no recognition for their work up to the present time. This will be mentioned later.

Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind.

Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies * * * Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Trade unions are the bulwarks of modern democracies.—W. E. Gladstone.

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Devoted
to the
Cause



of
Organized
Labor

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No. 11

Four Years Four years is not long in the life of a nation. It is not long in the duration of economic forces. Those of us who have followed the labor movement, and the industrial developments of these United States during the last 25 years, are surprised to see the recurrence of issues, and the survival of problems. And yet we are bold to assert that the next four years are to be very important to the nation and to individual citizens. This brief period, we believe, is destined to see the emergence and the right or wrong solution of certain wide-sweeping and vital economic questions.

It is apparent to everyone who cares to give thought to it, that the migration of farm population from the fields to the city and the rapidly accruing unemployment in the towns, are due in large part to one cause, machine production. Now it is no use to try to arrest machine development. That would be impossible, if we chose to do so quixotic a thing. But what we collectively can do, and what the state, as a creature responsible to thought and reason, should do, is to mitigate the attendant evils.

We are printing in a section of this number a description of what certain thinkers believe should happen on the farms—rapid industrialization—corporation farming—creation of a farm wage earning class. This is logical. But in the meantime what is going to happen to the maladjusted millions who have neither the adaptability, the intelligence, the will nor the money to make the cross-over. There is a school of hard-boiled economists who say let them take care of themselves. The same school advocates do-nothingism for the unemployment situation in the towns. Such an attitude is neither intelligent, humanitarian nor efficient. Heedlessness to their lot will create a dangerous, disgruntled element in the community. It will fill the streets and jails with wastrels. It will serve as an acknowledgment that we collectively are being controlled by the machine civilization which we established.

In the next four years we shall see the need for intelligent action to correct the lag that bankrupt farmers display before they become farm wage-earners, and the lag that millions of displaced industrial workers display before they get readjusted to new industries.

We hope that Congress and the new administration will face this problem of problems intelligently and honestly—not shirk it for the old damnable policy of *laissez faire*.

The Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators

No Business In Government

The Cleveland Plain Dealer has begun a probe of the envelope scandal. For 21 years the Mercantile Corporation, and its later subsidiary, the Middle West Supply Company, supplied Uncle Sam with envelopes, though open bids were called for. The moving spirit in the Mercantile Corporation is Myron C. Taylor, now also with the lucrative, anti-union Steel Corporation. In 1924, the International Paper Company began to wrestle with the Mercantile Corporation for the contract, but it was not until 1928 that it wrested it from Taylor's company. Then it was discovered that International Paper had cut the 1924 contract price \$7,000,000. Now what the public wants to know is this: How great, how just, how patriotic were the profits of the Taylor corporation for 21 years preceding, if \$7,000,000 could be sliced off the 1924 price by International Paper?

Out in Des Moines, the Tribute-Capital is making a fight. "It may surprise our readers to know that Secretary Mellon," it declares editorially, "is permitting a federal court building to pass inspection here in Des Moines that none of our local contractors would be able to get by with * * *. It is reported that while the general quality of the stone is good, at least ten pieces have been laid in the front wall that are chipped. Just why the general government should on a theory erect a building that is distinctly inferior to the general character of the work in Des Moines is not plain. The general government ought in letting contracts, in the employment of labor and in the character of work and materials to be as near 100 per cent as it is humanly possible to be."

The highly lucrative practice of letting government contracts might well be looked into by the incoming Congress.

The Business Agent

A good deal—but not enough—has been written about the business agent. He has been condemned for his mistakes, and praised for his gift for getting along with people. But little has been said about the professional character and technical nature of his job. If business is a profession, then the business agent is a professional man. He must deal with business problems, with the added task of being forced to handle crowds. He must combine business foresight with political good sense.

Consider for a moment the daily routine of a business agent. He gets on the job early. At nine o'clock he is adjusting a strike on a small speculative job, involving conferences with employers, lawyers and representatives of other trades. At ten, he is inspecting the work of his men on an adjacent job. At 10:30, he is handling a grievance on an apartment house; at 11, on a theatre. Noon finds him conferring with employers in a distant section of his territory, and at 1 he is adjusting a dispute between two contractors. After a hurried lunch, he again takes to the open road checking up on certain inferior work on some store building. At 2, he must look in upon the powerhouse job, where 50 men of his craft are employed, and where a high state of morale must be maintained. At 3, he is in conference with the germane trades, and at 5 returns home, only to get ready for a night meeting. In addition to this routine, he must operate his office, attend to correspondence and secure new contracts.

The work of the business agent is a man's work. It takes vision, sense, tact, energy, fairness, honesty and intelligence. These are the merits that society appreciates most, and pays the most for.

Not Wanted Can the number of men displaced by machines be estimated? This is important, inasmuch as debate now proceeds between those who contend that the reabsorption of men in new industries approximately balances the displacement of men in old. Dr. Julius Klein, of the U. S. Department of Commerce, in recent articles and radio addresses, fixes the total reabsorbed at about 1,500,000. He estimates that about 1,280,000 men have found employment in automotive industries; about 100,000 in the electric refrigeration and kindred industries; 100,000 in life insurance business; about 185,000 in education. These hopeful estimates can be easily offset by the 1,250,000 who have been displaced from factory jobs (estimates of National Catholic Welfare Conference); about 200,000 from the railroads; the 600,000 from the farms (net movement from farms to cities 1922-1927 4,259,000 according to the Index, New York Trust Company); and so on. Probably the closest estimate finds 1,750,000 men permanently displaced by machines. This is the estimate of Lewis Corey in the *Annalist*.

"But by applying the index of growth between 1910 and 1920 in occupations other than agriculture, manufacturing, transportation and mining (a liberal allowance since one was a ten-year period, the other only seven years), and making necessary adjustments, particularly for more rapid growth in automobile sales and service, we get the following approximate increases:

"Trade, 1,000,000; clerical (other than manufacturing, transportation and mining), 1,000,000; professional, 650,000; building trades, 650,000; automobile sales and service, 700,000; public service 250,000; miscellaneous, 350,000; total, 4,600,000. These allowances are generous, and the increases would place a strain upon the particular occupations.

"Subtracting this total from the 6,435,000 for whom work had to be found in occupations other than manufacturing, agriculture, mining and transportation, we get a balance of 1,835,000—let us say 1,750,000 surplus workers, unemployables, for whom there was no available work. They represent technological unemployment, not cyclical—an unemployment developing gradually, almost unawares, like creeping paralysis, in the midst of unprecedented prosperity, the by-product of improved technological efficiency."

This leaves a block of our population of from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 persons (when families are considered) which could be lopped off, cast out, and not be missed—truly a devastating number.

Building Costs Massachusetts has been conducting an investigation of building costs—with some startling exposures. Charles H. Adams, chairman of the State Commission on the Necessities of Life, in an interview with the *New York Times*, declares, "We have found the builders of apartment houses are paying 12 to 40 per cent for their money during construction period." And he adds, "This drives out many legitimate and honest builders, and it should

put to shame our banking men and money lenders." The commission also finds construction loans written for short terms bearing high rates of interest from 12 to 18 per cent, and inflated second mortgages bearing a bonus of 20 to 25 per cent, written for a year. It finds the builder walled in by technical difficulties and red tape, and staggering legal expenses.

We hope this is the beginning of similar surveys in other cities. Such forthright efforts will help to put to rest the propaganda that it is high wages in the building trades which boosts housing costs.

Labor does not subscribe to speculative building. Usually it is non-union, or reluctantly union, and usually the workers are the victims as tenants.

Bulls and Bears Two schools of observers are opposed in predictions as to what is to happen to prosperity.

There are those who contend that we are due for a smash. The tremendous inflation of industrial stocks, as indicated by the gambling totals on the stock exchange, points to an artificial state of business that must come to grief. Just when the balloon is to be punctured they do not say, but it is believed that if Mr. Hoover is elected the smash will come in Mr. Coolidge's administration, and if Mr. Smith is elected, it will be postponed for the Democrats. On the other hand, the bulls among the prophets scout the idea of any but a slight and temporary depression. They believe that there are no precedents that can account for American prosperity. They believe it is truly unprecedented, inevitable, continuing and accruing. Our untold natural resources, our machine production, our economic independence, the policy of co-operation between labor and capital, our strategic advantage in world politics and world markets, our dynamic character, and our daring and pioneering spirit simply will carry us through to new levels of wealth.

If the latter view is true, then America is smashing precedents in other fields besides economics. What about the moralists who say that wealth corrupts, and pride goeth before a fall?

No Money at All Gert and Ed decide to marry. Ed is a \$20 a week shipping clerk; Gert a wage-earner, too.

Gert has misgivings. Even their combined salaries aren't much these days. But under the spell of jazz music, answering the old call of powerful instincts, they take the plunge. At the celebration of their wedding, Ed suffers an attack of heart disease. Then comes the verdict of the doctor. Ed, to recover, must have rest, careful diet, freedom from worry. But how? Gert's \$15 a week can't keep both of them. Last night they were young, brave, hopeful. This morning they are facing the darkest problem of an uneasy existence. Ed does not want to be a burden on Gert. Gert is gay, pretty, vigorous. She could learn to love someone else. Gert does not want to give Ed up. So they turn out the lights, turn on the gas, and lie down to death together.

This is the story of the stage play, "Exceeding Small," now on Broadway; a play by Caroline Francke. It suggests that at last the theatre is beginning to pierce through to those forces that are really shaping all our lives.



WOMAN'S WORK



Some Experiments in Education *By A WORKER'S WIFE*

THE adventure of going to school has not changed since we were youngsters but many of the details are different. And I often envy the present day school children, for it seems that every year there are more pleasant and interesting things for them to study than there were for us who didn't even get a chance to go to kindergarten but were abruptly introduced to education with the first grade and the first reader.

Some of the details we notice most, such as the school bus that stops for the children along its route, the school cafeteria for the many scholars in city schools, who cannot go home for lunch, school doctors and nurses, are just extensions of modern methods into the realm of the school. But other new developments seem to dig right into the roots of education itself.

What is education, anyway? It seems to me that education is learning to live in this queer world into which we were involuntarily dumped. The main purpose, most people think, is to learn some profitable trade or profession in order that we may exchange products of skill or toil with the rest of the world for wealth. The more wealth we are able to command, the more successful our education has proved, they believe. I can't agree.

Our greatest men are not necessarily our richest men. The man who earns the respect and love of his fellows is a success no matter how small his income. And so I think an important part of education is learning how to get along with the rest of the world in mutual tolerance and esteem. It isn't what you've got, it's what you are, and you are, to a large extent, what education makes you.

Non-School Education

All education is not in the schools, not by a good deal. When the baby falls down with a bump and learns that there is a hard floor under the soft rug, that's a part of his primary education. Every contact, whether through the senses or the mind, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is educational. All experience is part of education. That is why some people who have never been to college are actually better educated than some of our respected PhD's.

We begin to find out about the world in earliest infancy and we continue as long as our minds function actively. Many psychologists now believe that the character of a child is formed in the years before he even begins to go to school! Some of them actually tell us that the average home is not a good place for the child in these formative years. We probably won't agree with that theory, but I know we could learn something from the methods of the modern nursery schools that are springing up so rapidly.

A group of scientists and educators in and about Washington, D. C., wanted to study what goes on inside the heads of tots of two and three years so they "borrowed" some from their mothers and incidentally

established a model nursery school at the Washington Child Research Center. Now you mustn't think this is the kind of school with desks and books and blackboards and a lot of sitting still that is so hard on little active bodies.

The first thing I noticed when I entered the door was a fat cherub in a nightie racing across the hall. It was three o'clock and the children were just finishing their afternoon nap. The daily routine is from 8.30 till 4.30, entirely arranged in the interest of health. It consists of playing, eating and sleeping.

A Child's World

Speaking of having the home geared to the child, makes me think of the furniture at this school. Everything is "child size" from the sturdy little fat chairs to the washbowls and toilets. It makes you realize, all of a sudden, just how difficult it is for a child to get along in a world four or five sizes too big for him. In the playrooms there are no rugs to get soiled or mused, no fussy little tables to tip over, no bric-a-brac to get broken. How much easier it must be to "be good" when you aren't bothered with grown ups' belongings! Outside, on the big lawn, are see-saws, swings, sand piles and other play apparatus, all designed with an eye to safety and strength, and small tables and chairs where the children gather for their lunches.

One of the first efforts of the school is to make its little scholars self reliant, and they seem to have remarkable success when you see these almost-babies of two and three wash, dress, undress and eat for themselves with no assistance and only an occasional reminder. At the noon lunch one child at the head of the table politely serves the others with their meal.

When I read some of the luncheon menus it occurred to me that most grown-ups meals are wrong for children, too. Here are a few of those served at this school:

Noon Luncheon

Monday—Meat loaf, mashed potatoes, raw carrot and apple sandwich, milk, fruit gelatin—top milk.

Tuesday—Vegetable soup, liver sandwich, milk, prune whip, custard sauce.

Wednesday—Escalloped potatoes, ground meat on top; buttered beets, raw cabbage sandwich, milk, stewed raisins.

Thursday—Baked egg, spinach, milk, raw celery sandwich, chocolate pudding.

Friday—Chopped liver, yellow turnips, lettuce sandwich, milk, oatmeal apple betty.

After the luncheon comes a two-hour nap, when the children really undress and go to bed. They don't complain about it, either. This complete rest after the meal helps them grow and gain weight. After the nap they dress and have another little lunch of milk and cookies or crackers.

"Why is it that here, among these tiny children, you never hear any crying or quarrelling?" I asked one of the attendants.

A Co-operative Life

"None of them is the center of attention here, the way one child may be in a home," she replied. "They don't have a chance to be selfish. Everyone has a turn at the toys and even if a child brings his own toys with him he isn't allowed to monopolize them, he is made to feel that all the toys belong to the group. The individual is subordinated to the group, in fact, that is what a nursery school is for, to teach children to get along with each other."

The proponents of this type of school believe that some time the nursery school will be a part of the public school system and free for the use of every mother. This would surely be a boon to the working woman, who now must suffer torments of fear at the thought of the hazards her babies are exposed to, at home alone or with inadequate care. But at the present rates most nursery schools are not within the reach of the wage-earning woman.

* * * * *

It may seem quite a skip from the nursery school to the college, but to show that education may be presented in a simple, rational way even in its top branches, the University of Wisconsin has established its experimental college, with Prof. Alexander Meiklejohn as the chairman. The chief faults of the present extensive college curriculum are two, according to President Glenn Frank of the university, suicidal smattering and suicidal specialization. Neither coordinates the whole round of knowledge gained into its proper relationships.

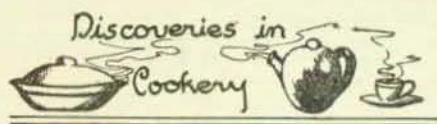
"I have confidence that the experience of the Experimental College will shed light on the problem of avoiding both the perversion of specialization that makes us narrow-minded and the perversion of freedom that makes us scatter-brained," President Frank declares. "The time is probably past for the organization of all knowledge into any single curriculum. Our universities cannot produce human encyclopedias. But I suspect that it is possible to bring into liberal education that breadth of knowledge and sense of the relation of things we are in definite danger of losing."

"And I suspect that we can do this, not by making artificial synopses of all knowledge, but by setting students at the task of trying to unravel and to understand typical human situations and bringing to bear upon such situations whatever knowledge may be needed for their understanding."

Athenian Ideals

In order to study the "human situation," that is, life, as a whole and in its parts, the college chose for its first year's study the Athenian civilization of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. Though this may seem remote from the present day, Athenian life still stands as an ideal. As they delved into this study the students became fused with enthusiasm, gaining a new understanding of

(Continued on page 616)



By SALLY LUNN

Making the Meat Go Farther

With meat prices soaring, as discussed in last month's JOURNAL, the working class homemaker is certainly in a dilemma. Meat is a basic article in the worker's diet; he wants it three times a day and plenty of it. We cannot leave the meat off the menu, but there are two ways we can make the meat go farther (or the money we must spend for meat, which is our real concern). First, buy the cheaper cuts, and second, serve them so that you seem to have more than you really have. The doctors say that almost everyone eats too much meat, anyway.

While the present prices prevail, I have simply crossed such cuts as porterhouse steak, lamb chops, rib roast, calves' liver, and such expensive delicacies, off my shopping list. And I find that flank steak, top round, pork chops, rump roast, beef liver and the humble hamburger make satisfying meals, even though they are a little more trouble to prepare. When I am short of meat, I add an extra vegetable dish, preferably one that will help make up the protein content of the meal, such as beans or peas, macaroni baked with milk and cheese, cabbage or cauliflower served in a rich cream sauce made with whole milk. Milk, eggs, cheese and many vegetables have large percentages of protein.

Since the doctors discovered important vitamins in liver, the price of calves' liver, once given away by the butchers, has climbed 'way out of sight, but there are just as many vitamins in beef or even hog liver, and either of these may be made into a delicious dish. In fact, the difference in taste between the 75c calves' liver and the 15c hog liver is very slight. I discovered this once when I fed the calves' liver to the cats, by mistake, and cooked the hog liver for the family dinner. Only one member of the family noticed any difference in the taste or tenderness of the liver, and that little difference wasn't worth 60c a pound.

Try this tasty recipe if you want to spend less for meat, and make the meat go farther:

Beef Liver with Onions

Have beef liver sliced thin, one-fourth pound for each member of the family. Peel and slice four or five medium sized onions and cook in a large frying pan, with water, till soft. Drop into the boiling water the slices of liver, turn, and pour the water off into another receptacle, reserving it for gravy. Dip the liver into flour, return to the frying pan, and fry liver and onions in a small quantity of bacon grease till brown. Stir in one level tablespoon of flour and add enough of the hot water previously poured off to make a thin gravy. Season with salt and pepper, and simmer gently for 20 minutes or until meat is tender and gravy is thick and smooth.

Stuffed Pork Chops

These are something like our old favorite, veal birds, but less expensive and, I believe, easier to make.

Select small, thick pork chops and have the butcher, with a sharp knife, cut a "pocket" in each one flatwise. Make the following stuffing: Two medium sized onions, chopped and fried till light brown in one tablespoon of fat. While still on the fire, stir in one and one-half cups of soft

bread crumbs, add one-half cup of water, season with salt, sage to taste, and stir till well mixed. Stuff the pork chops, fasten with toothpicks and dip in seasoned flour. These may be fried if you wish but are better baked in a slow oven with a small quantity of water which will absorb the flour and give you brown gravy for your tasty dish.

Swiss Steak

Swiss steak is nice enough for company dinner and you can make it of the cheapest

Scrambled Eggs With Chipped Beef

This dinner or supper dish is economical, very nourishing, and extremely easy to digest—I have a doctor's authority for that. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter or substitute in a castiron skillet and add a small quantity of shredded chipped beef—about two tablespoonfuls. Allow this to "frizzle" a moment and break in six eggs. Stir from the bottom of the skillet with a silver knife; when nearly done add one or two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, which will increase the quantity of the food.



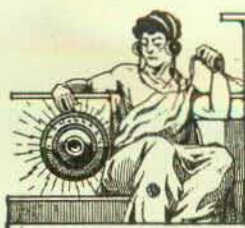
Photos by Herbert

Hey! Hey! The vivacious "trotteur" frock is breaking records for popularity. In navy blue rep with embroidered organdie collar, blouse, and trimmings, the model above is as full of youthful pep as its wearer, Nancy Carroll, screen player. The bolero jacket enhances the dainty crispness of the blouse and the skirt shows something unusual in box plaiting.

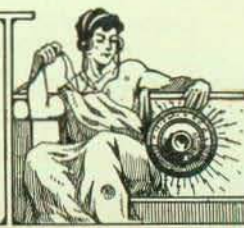
**Creamed Chipped Beef**

This dish is really a standard one. Here is a quick and easy way to prepare it. Put one-half cupful of shredded chipped beef into an iron skillet with three tablespoonfuls of butter or substitute. Let fry for a moment, then stir in enough flour to take up the grease. Stir in very slowly enough milk to make a smooth, thick gravy. Cook for ten minutes, stirring occasionally, and serve on buttered toast or mashed potatoes.

War breeds fraud, crime, vice and vagrancy; it yields pain, death and sorrow, and the common people are the ones who in large numbers must furnish the victims for the savagery.—H. H. Broach.



RADIO



Better Vacuum Tubes For Better Radio Receptions

By *AUSTIN C. LESCARBOURA*, Member A. I. E. E., and Member I. R. E.

THE present day receiving circuits are remarkably efficient. In fact, they have been perfected to such an extent that, if we disregard the possibility of some startling development or innovation, we can expect but little progress in this direction for some years to come. Realizing this, radio engineers have begun to pay attention to some of the vitally important but hitherto neglected parts of the receiving circuit. And they have found that the vacuum tube, that seemingly simple device which is really the heart of broadcast reception, offers a wide field for research and development.

In their efforts to improve the vacuum tube, the engineers first turned their attention to its mechanical construction. It goes without saying that the three elements of the tube must be properly spaced at the time of assembly if the desired electrical characteristics are to be attained. It is not so obvious, however, that these characteristics must be maintained if the tube is to function at maximum efficiency throughout its working life. Yet although such is indeed the case, most of the tubes on the market today lack rigidity, although it is not generally known, the fact is that the usual tube, simply tapped on the end, flatwise of the plate, will have its characteristics materially altered. This being the case, it at once becomes apparent that the usual tubes are subject to a genuine hazard in shipping and handling.

Service to Stabilize

With the idea of preventing this undesirable displacement of the elements of a vacuum tube, one progressive manufacturer has just developed an ingenious four-post or bi-plane structure. Supporting and reinforcing the elements both sidewise and endwise; this construction holds them rigidly in place under all conditions. And with a mica spacer fixing them at the free or top end of the tube, displacement becomes virtually impossible. Thus the characteristics, accurately attained in the original assembly, are permanently maintained even in the face of the rigors of railway transportation. As a matter of fact, the finished tube may be dropped on a hard surface and, if the glass bulb remains intact, the elements will not be shifted in the slightest degree.

The next consideration is the filament which, after all, is the heart of the tube itself. Unless this filament is capable of emitting a continuous stream of minute electrical discharges known as electrons, it cannot function properly. Now it is a fact that, although these filaments are manufactured by specialists, there is a wide variation among them; and although this variation cannot be detected by a mere examination of the wire, it shows up all too promptly in the finished tubes. This has led several tube manufacturers of late to install their own filament coating equipment. Thus, at great expense, some tube manufacturers are producing these vitally important com-

ponents to rigid scientific specifications rather than to a cost basis.

Next, and of equal importance, is the question of the vacuum. In their efforts to sell in a highly competitive market, many manufacturers habitually slight their pumping and sealing operations to such a degree that the quality of the vacuum is appreciably impaired. As a result of insufficient pumping, the supply of active chemical "getter," which is depended upon to clean up all the undesirable gases in the tube, is quickly depleted, and the gases are not reduced as they should be during the subsequent life of the tube. Then, too, the "getter" is often flashed in such a way that a metallic coat is deposited on the stem between the lead-in wires and causes a leakage path with a great deal of annoying and unaccountable noise.

In their efforts to produce a better vacuum tube, our progressive tube manufacturers have installed the latest and most improved types of exhausting and sealing equipment. By increasing the time devoted to the straight pumping process, an exceptionally high initial vacuum (about 15 microns) is obtained by purely mechanical means. The "getter," contained in a small metal cap, is then flashed directionally toward the base of the tube which is promptly sealed. Due to the fact that the initial vacuum is very high, there is always ample active "getter" left to effect a speedy clean up and to maintain what engineers refer to as a "hard" tube.

Black Sheep Get Through

The final steps in vacuum tube production are those of inspection and test. It has aptly been said that a tube is not better than the conscience of its maker, for the inspection process is largely a matter of separating the good tubes from the bad, and then seeing to it that only the good ones find their way into the hands of the radio public. The more rigid its mechanical construction and the more accurate its assembly, the better a tube is bound to be. Good tubes must be held to close tolerances, and close tolerances must be rigidly maintained for good tubes.

We often hear that we have reached the limit in vacuum tube design and that no radical departures can be expected. This, however, is entirely false. For example, the four-post, or biplane support, noted above, makes it possible to attempt the delicate spacing of elements. This will undoubtedly result in tubes of exceptional amplification and extreme sensitivity being developed within a few years. Again, refinements in the construction of delicate filaments point the way to tubes of exceptionally low current consumption. Such tubes will find a hearty welcome at the hands of those who are compelled to operate their sets on dry batteries in the absence of electric light current.

In order to appreciate the possibilities of

research and engineering, we have only to consider what has been done in connection with the 227 or heater-type A-C tube. Short life, changing characteristics, and imperfect or noisy vacuum are just a few of the defects formerly evident in this particular tube. Intensive research, however, soon located the seat of all these troubles and then proceeded to remedy them by the introduction of an entirely new form of cathode or electron emitter. Instead of a solid insulator tube with minute holes containing the filament, the latest innovation is a metal tube with tiny lavite corks at the ends through which passes the carefully centered heated wire. This new cathode heats up in about one-half of the time required in the original 227, while its life is fully as long, if not longer than that of the usual battery type tube.

More Improvements to Come

The 226 A-C filament tube has likewise been handicapped by short life and unstable characteristics. Exhaustive research in connection with the oxide coated filaments, together with adequate pumping, prompt sealing and ample "getter," has, however, resulted in long life, and the useful bi-plane support is sufficient guarantee that the elements will never be anything but stable.

These are just a few samples of what intelligent research and engineering has already accomplished. Many other tubes, notably the 171-A and the 280 filament rectifier, present unusual opportunities for perfection and development. And whether or not we shall effect these desirable improvements depends entirely upon the extent to which we rely upon the research laboratory in seeking the solution of our problems. At the present time, let us repeat, our circuits are on a stabilized basis; therefore, if our broadcast reception is improved in the immediate future, we shall most likely be indebted to the refined vacuum tube.

Lepers Apparently Cured

The Public Health Service has recently authorized the probational release of eight lepers from the National Leprosarium at Carville, La., as no longer a menace to the public health. These eight lepers have been under treatment at the national leper home for varying lengths of time, ranging from two to seven years. It is of interest to know that leprosy, the dread disease of the centuries, is beginning to be conquered by improved modern scientific medical treatment.

The National Leprosarium at Carville, La., has been operated by the U. S. Public Health Service for a little more than seven years. During that time 37 lepers have been released or paroled as being no longer dangerous to the public health. Only one of these lepers has suffered a relapse and has had to resume treatment. More than 300 lepers are now under treatment at this institution.

Stopping the Overnight Unfair Firm in St. Louis

By ARTHUR SCHADING, Business Representative, L. U. No. 1

THE lighting fixture question is one of great interest to electrical workers. The electrical worker should put up a defense against this giant branch of the electrical industry that has for years attacked the electrical workers.

Our Constitution requires us to insist upon the assembling and wiring of all electrical lighting fixtures.

To protect this scheme of invasion upon the electrical worker it necessitates the combined efforts of all electrical workers over the U. S. A. and Canada who must immediately put their shoulders to the wheel and prevent this industry from getting away from the I. B. E. W., and later cause us more worry than at this time.

For years we have been combating this non-union condition in St. Louis and our first discovery was to gain discipline within the local union as a whole, giving each man an opportunity to vote as he chooses without a come back later from the administration in power.

One of our first great lifts in this attack was a circular letter but the cause of the circular letter was the real beginning.

We discovered on lighting fixtures that usually the wiring was completed and in; pulling a job of this kind necessitated the removal of other trades mostly with just one or two electricians still remaining on the job and about finished.

Sink or Swim

About this time the "survival of the fittest" was taking place in the Building Trades Council, and I knew that the electrical worker would have to sink or swim in this fight because the electrical worker is a basic trade on any building, and a great factor when properly organized.

The electrical worker being a belligerent animal was not inclined to be led, he was inoculated with a rebellious characteristic and had to be either persuaded or whipped in line and the following is what happened.

After a few years of fighting with every trade in the Building Trades Council and some outside of the Building Trades Council and not losing these battles, we established ourselves as a trade that was going to survive.

The next move was to get a letter to the builders and architects insisting upon our work and especially on assurance in writing before we would proceed or complete the electric work in any building:

To Whom It May Concern:

"It has been the policy of a few owners, architects, engineers and contractors to start electrical installations with union workmen, who are members of our organization, and later finish the work with non-union men after the balance of the union trades are off the job.

"This has caused a lot of trouble on buildings recently and we have, therefore, made a definite ruling on this matter to protect our interests and the public, who have been doing their work entirely with our men. It is not our idea to work a hardship on anyone; still for our own protection, we feel that the following rules will be beneficial to everyone who has occasion to use our men.

After March 15, 1923, when work is put on the market for figures, we would like to encourage owners, architects, engineers and contractors to take figures on a complete

job, including motor connections, fixtures and all electrical work connected with the building. Where it is impossible to include fixtures on any part of the work, due to the fact that complete information is not available, a letter to our organization was sent out stating that when the work is finally determined it will be handled with our men, will be sufficient. Should no such assurance be given us we will not allow our men to proceed with any work on a proposed building.

"We are notifying all of the electrical contractors signed up with us regarding the above ruling, and we feel sure that this decision will prevent a great many strikes and misunderstandings in the future.

"WALTER O'SHEA,
"Recording Secretary,
"I. B. E. W., Local No. 1.

"P. S. To substantiate our claim to this work, we are enclosing herewith a copy of our jurisdiction."

The above was immediately followed by a letter to place us in immediate touch with our membership to create a "push button" organization in defensive measures without affecting the entire membership—that is to isolate each case the same as some contagious disease.

"April 21, 1923.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Am inclosing a slip and return envelope for your convenience.

"Fill out the inclosed which will be very helpful in bringing about a system that will facilitate matters of the greatest importance to you as a member of No. 1.

"The object in view is to be in touch with every member of No. 1, in case of accident or in assisting any contractor or his men in charge to reach such men as he wishes in as short a time as possible, then again to prevent any man going to work for a firm that has over night gone unfair, also in the event of stopping all men from working for a firm who has not paid his men on regular pay day, so as to prevent a greater loss of pay.

"A thousand reasons could be given and many have come up under my present nine months of service as your business representative.

"I am appealing to you as one of a large board of directors to assist me with this project.

"There is nothing compulsory about this measure, and only comes as an appeal; you can use your own discretion as to filling out the inclosed slip.

"The strictest confidence can be placed in this matter, as it will be impossible for any petty concerns to get any information that will in any way embarrass any one.

"We have had cases as to members being injured, one member trying to locate another, also some deaths and feel sure that if you knew the confusion that is connected with these matters and for no reasons than neglectfulness in systematizing this end of the local's affairs, you would fill out this slip in full, immediately.

"You will find enclosed envelope addressed and stamped for your convenience, with hope of an immediate reply.

"Your fraternally,

"A. SCHADING,
"Business Representative."

Unusual good response was received on this letter; this was a greater factor in the success of this plan. The first on record to fall was the following:

"May, 1923.

"COPY OF AGREEMENT OR ORDER TO
E. A. KOENEMAN ELECTRIC CO.,
COVERING THE A. D. T. SPRINKLER
WORK AT SAMUEL HAAS NEW BUILD-
ING AT JEFFERSON AND LOCUST ST.,
CITY.

"E. A. Koeneman Elec. Co.,
"1420 Pine St.,
"City.

"Gentlemen:

"We hereby authorize you to install all necessary conduits, wiring and insulation for the sprinkler system on our new building which is being erected at Jefferson and Locust Streets.

"Kindly proceed with this work at once.
"Yours truly,
"SAMUEL HAAS.

"Verification on signature was made by Harry Haas 'personally by me' owing to Samuel Haas being in New York at the time.

"A. SCHADING."

The verification of signature had to be made to be acceptable to the board. Some of the following which do not need any further explanation is hereby submitted as a follow up to watch developments.

"October 11, 1923.

"Mr. A. Schading,
"Local No. 1, I. B. E. W.,
"St. Louis, Mo.
"Dear Sir:

"This is to notify you that we have a signed contract with the board of trustees of Shriners Hospital, for Crippled Children, dated October 10, 1923, with the stipulation that same be completed on or before thirty-first day of December 1923, and signed October 11, 1923, to assemble, wire and hang the electric lighting fixtures for the above mentioned hospital.

"This will assure you that same will go through the union man.

"Very truly yours,
"E. A. KOENEMAN ELECTRIC CO.,
"E. A. KOENEMAN."

A railroad company falls in line as follows:

February 16, 1924.

"1. Pulling cable in and through the large conduit, extending between place near railroad company's gate at Papin Street and the transformers of new power house, including herewith the laying of any extension to said large conduit if by railroad company considered necessary.

"2. Installing sub-station and switchboard in railroad company's new power house and extending any and all electric lines from said switchboard to railroad company's new structures, among which are its machine shop, power house, sheet metal shop, store building and transfer table.

"3. Installing such electrical appliances for power, for lighting and for any other and different purposes required by railroad company in connection with said structures or any part thereof as shall be designated by railroad company's engineer.

"Mr. A. F. SCHADING,

"Steward,

"Missouri Pacific Railroad Shops."

(Continued on page 614)

CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

MOTOR GENERATOR COMPENSARCS

Troubles

All compensars are carefully inspected in the factory and tested on a projection arc lamp under actual operating conditions (as near as they can be secured in a factory), so that when received by the customer they are all ready to be set up and run. Every effort is made that the machines shall give perfect satisfaction to the manager and operator.

If trouble is experienced do not blame the machine until you are certain that the trouble does not lie either in some other part of the equipment or in some unusual local condition.

Machine Does Not Start

If the machine does not start when the switch is closed, first examine the fuses and make sure that the current is on at the switch terminals. It sometimes happens that a single fuse has blown on a three-phase three-wire outfit in which case the compensarc will run as a single-phase machine but if stopped will not start again until the blown fuse has been replaced if a single-throw switch be used. However, if a double-throw starting switch be used the compensarc will be started up on the unfused side, therefore the missing fuse must be detected by the operation of the machine while running. If a fuse is missing it can usually be detected by the unusual noise made by the machine while running, by the motor end heating excessively and more particularly by change in speed with change in load and general unsteadiness of the arc. If a fuse be blown it should be replaced at once, for it may save the burning out of the motor.

Sparking at the Brushes

When a vicious sparking develops under the brushes of the compensarc it is an indication that something is wrong. The most usual causes are:

(a) Dirt on the Commutator or Brushes.

The brushes should be removed from the holders and wiped off occasionally so that they will not become gummy and stick in the boxes. When brushes are dirty they will not make proper contact with the commutator and sparking will result. It is a good plan to take the brushes out of the boxes once a week and carefully clean them. Do not take the pigtailed loose from the brush-holders and be sure to place the brushes back in the boxes in their original position for if they are turned around poor contact is made.

(b) Uneven Wearing of the Commutator.

Uneven wearing of the commutator will sometimes result in the mica protruding slightly above the commutator surface. In this case the commutator should be trued up. There should be a slight endwise movement of the armature, about 1/16 inch, which will cause the brushes to wear evenly across the face of the commutator and prevent their wearing grooves in the commutator face.

(c) Wrong Spring Pressure on the Brushes.

There should be just sufficient pressure on the brush springs to insure good contact between brushes and commutator.

(d) Open or Short Circuit in Armature.

This trouble will most often occur near

where the armature winding is connected to the commutator and results generally from a bruise in handling or some foreign body getting caught in the armature or from a chip caught when commutator is being turned or repaired. If an open circuit the trouble is very apparent, since the long heavy spark accompanying it generally eats away the mica between the segments on each side of the break and thus shows its location. A short circuit in the armature will show at once by the excessive heating and perhaps smoking of the coil or coils short circuited, and if the operation is continued, the machine will be burned out. Where trouble of this kind is suspected, the necessity of prompt attention by an electrician is obvious.

(e) Overload.

If considerably more current is being taken by the lamp than the machine is designed for, sparking may result. See that the machine is not excessively overloaded.

(f) Brushes in Wrong Position.

If the brushes are left in the same position as when the machine is received, trouble will not occur from this cause. If brushes are ever moved or changed see that they are put back where they belong and that marks on brush yoke and bearing housing agree.

Machines Make Excessive Noise

This is most often due to a weak floor or to the machine not setting firm and level. If the noise seems to be in the machine itself and nothing can be observed out of place, send for an electrician, as the trouble may be serious.

TUNGAR BATTERY CHARGER

Troubles

Probably no other apparatus of its kind or purpose is so simple as a Tungar. The following directions are given to aid in keeping your Tungar in regular service 365 days in the year.

If on turning on the dial switch the bulb does not glow:

1. See whether the alternating current supply is on.

2. Examine the supply line fuses. If these are blown or are defective replace them with 10-ampere fuses for a 115-volt outfit or with 6-ampere fuses for a 220-volt outfit.

3. Make sure that the bulb is screwed well into the socket.

4. Examine the contacts inside the socket. If they are tarnished or dirty, clean them with sandpaper.

5. Try a new bulb. The old bulb may be defective.

6. Have the switch arm make good contact on the regulating switch.

If the bulbs light but no current shows on the ammeter:

1. Examine the connections to the batteries, and also the connections between them. Most troubles are caused by imperfect battery connections.

2. Examine the fuse inside the case. If this is blown or is defective, replace it with a 12-ampere fuse.

3. See that the clip is on the wire of the bulb.

4. The bulb may have a slow leak and therefore may not rectify. Try a new bulb.

If the current on the ammeter is high and cannot be reduced:

1. The ammeter may be sticky; tap it lightly with the hand. The ammeter will not indicate the current correctly if the pointer is not on the zero line when the Tungar is not operating. The pointer may be easily reset by turning slightly the screw on the lower part of the instrument.

2. Be sure that the batteries are not connected with reversed polarity.

3. The alternating-current supply may be abnormally high. Make sure that the primary connection is made to the tap nearest to your supply voltage.

Always keep a spare bulb on hand that has been tested for at least one complete charge before being placed in reserve. All Tungar bulbs are made as nearly perfect as possible, but occasionally one is damaged in shipment. It may look perfect and yet not operate. For this reason try out all bulbs on receipt.

Instrument Installations

The wiring of the switchboard should be completed before the instruments are mounted. Do not hammer on the switchboard after the instruments are installed, as a jar is liable to injure the pivots or break the jewels used in the suspension of the moving elements.

If paper templates accompany the instruments they should be used for drilling the switchboard.

When there is no current flowing through the instrument, and it is properly leveled, the needle should indicate zero. A slight deviation from zero will not cause any appreciable error in indications above one quarter of the maximum deflection. The indications of the instruments are practically unaffected by stray fields, but it is advisable to place transformers, and wires carrying heavy currents, at a safe distance from all indicating instruments.

Type RF Ammeters are self-contained up to and including 200 amperes.

Ammeters up to and including 80-ampere capacities should be used with current transformers on circuits in excess of 2,300 volts.

Ammeters of 100-ampere capacities and above should be used with current transformers on circuits in excess of 750 volts.

It is recommended that current transformers be used with all ammeters on circuits of more than 750 volts in order to safeguard the switchboard attendants.

All voltmeters are made with capacities up to and including 750 volts for use without potential transformers.

All voltmeters are used with external resistors.

When ordered with potential transformers, the scales are marked in secondary volts, unless otherwise specified.

Voltmeters for circuits of over 750 volts full scale must be connected to the secondaries of potential transformers, the primaries of which are connected across the circuit to be measured. The secondary voltage of potential transformers must be suited to the capacities of the instruments with which the transformers are used.

The usual precautions necessary when working with high tension circuits should be taken in installing and handling instruments not protected by transformers and operating from high voltage lines.

EVERYDAY SCIENCE

Electricity Furnishes Two-Thirds of United States Horsepower

The total capacity of prime movers (that is, water wheels, steam engines, turbines and internal combustion engines) in public utility plants, factories, mines and quarries in the United States on January 1 of this year was 56½ million horsepower according to the Federal Power Commission. This total does not include railroad locomotives motor vehicles or water craft.

Approximately two-thirds of this entire prime mover installation is in electric public utility plants, which now have a total installed capacity of 37¼ million horsepower, including railway as well as electric light and power stations.

The prime mover capacity of the country has almost doubled since 1910 and has increased more than threefold in the last quarter century, according to the Commission.

Healthful Electricity

Ordinarily we think of electricity as adding greatly to man's efficiency and comfort. A recent electro-therapeutic show in New York has called attention to electricity's numerous uses for health.

At that show there was assembled an astonishing array of mechanism to be used for promoting physical well-being. There were electric baths, automatic electric exercisers adapted to the needs of individual muscles, electric rejuvenators, electric heating pads, blankets and socks, and so on, through a long list.

One of the newer and less familiar devices was the diathermic apparatus, a heater that warms from within instead of from the outside. Previously, hot applications have been placed on the surface of the body and the heat has had to penetrate slowly, losing some of its warmth in process. The new device consists of two electric plates engendering heat which is greatest midway between them. The warmth therefore can be directed to the interior of the body, leaving the surface comparatively cool.

The uses of electricity seem to be limited only by human ingenuity in discovering them. And that, too, seems to be limitless.

Electricity Saves Truck Farmer Thousands of Dollars Annually

It is reported that a truck farmer near Danville, Va., operating a 32 acre farm is saving from \$2,000 to \$4,000 each year on an investment of only \$900 in electrical equipment.

The farm is irrigated by means of overhead pipes, the water being pumped by a 20 HP electric motor. A large part of the farm is also wired for electric lights—not for the purpose of permitting night work, but as a prevention against loss by insects.

Electric light moth traps, three to an acre, consisting of a pan of kerosene placed about 10 feet above the ground and six inches under an electric light have been installed. The moths, attracted by the light, drop into the kerosene and are destroyed. Before these traps were installed approximately half of the tomato crop was often lost, and this loss has been reduced by at least 50 per cent, resulting in the saving of from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year.

NITROGEN FROM THE AIR

Bituminous Coal Used in New Process

The United States is a large consumer of nitrogen compounds. Part of this supply is obtained in the form of ammonia liquor produced in the manufacture of coke or manufactured gas. From present indications, the production of nitrogen at Wilson Dam, Muscle Shoals, is apt to be disappointing, both as to quantity and price. A large part of the nitrogen used in the United States comes from Chile.

Several processes have been developed to extract nitrogen from the air, four-fifths of which is free nitrogen—a no-account, unsociable, obstinate gas which won't work with other elements unless it is tortured into so doing by some fixation process. The process invented by a Frenchman named Claude will whip free nitrogen into line in what will probably be the largest plant in the United States for the manufacture of blue water gas from bituminous coal. These are some of the things that will be done to this gas to produce nitrogen:

It will be unmercifully squeezed; subjected to a temperature of 350 degrees below zero, again squeezed under a pressure of 14,700 pounds per square inch, or 1,000 atmospheres, then heated to approximately 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and the finished product will be anhydrous ammonia.

The original raw material is bituminous coal, from which uncarburetted water gas will be produced. In this process, live steam is blown through a bed of incandescent coal, decomposing the steam and giving up its hydrogen, which forms about 50 per cent of the resultant water gas. Usually coke or anthracite coal is used in this process, but in the new plant raw bituminous will be substituted.

The plant will have a capacity of 8,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day. The water gas is forced through scrubbers to cool and purify it and then put through precipitators which will remove all the tar. The gas is then compressed and scrubbed with various liquids to remove the carbon dioxide, benzol, naphthalene and every particle of water. The temperature of the gas is then reduced to 350 degrees below zero, at which temperature the methane and carbon monoxide are liquefied and removed. For the present, these two chemicals will be used for fuel under the boilers to help generate the steam used in the process. The remaining gas, which is mostly hydrogen with a small amount of nitrogen in it, is further treated and mixed so that the proportion is about 75 per cent hydrogen and 25 per cent nitrogen, and then subjected to a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres, which gives the gas a density of approximately one-third of that of water. The gas under this high pressure is subjected to further treatment, and heated to a temperature of approximately 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which converts a portion of the mixture into anhydrous ammonia. The daily production will be about 25 tons of anhydrous ammonia. This chemical can be used as a refrigerant, or for the manufacture of nitrate of ammonia or other ammonia salts, or for conversion into nitric acid by the ammonia oxidation process.

How Much Water Flows Over Niagara Falls?

How much water flows over the great Niagara cataract? Engineers measured the flow in the Niagara River in 1917, and concluded that 200,000 cubic feet per second made the drop—the biggest drop of water in America. Since 1917, the level of the water in Lake Erie has lowered slightly, thus reducing the flow over the Falls. In order to determine how much, engineers have shot a line across the river at Goat Island just above the Falls and are installing a cable from which sounding of the river depth will be made. They will soon know the rate of flow, almost to the gallon, and can then calculate how much of the water is put to work making electricity and how much is wasted. About 96 per cent of the river goes over the Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side. The center of the crest is moving backward eight feet each year.

Baking 40,000 Loaves of Bread Electrically

A huge traveling oven, operated and heated solely by electricity, has recently been installed by a baking company in Brooklyn, New York. This oven has a capacity of 4,500 pounds of bread per hour and a total daily output of 40,000 loaves.

The oven is of the flat conveyor type, 117 feet long, 11 feet wide and 5 feet high. It is built of steel, thoroughly insulated with magnesia and covered on the outside by vitrified white tiles.

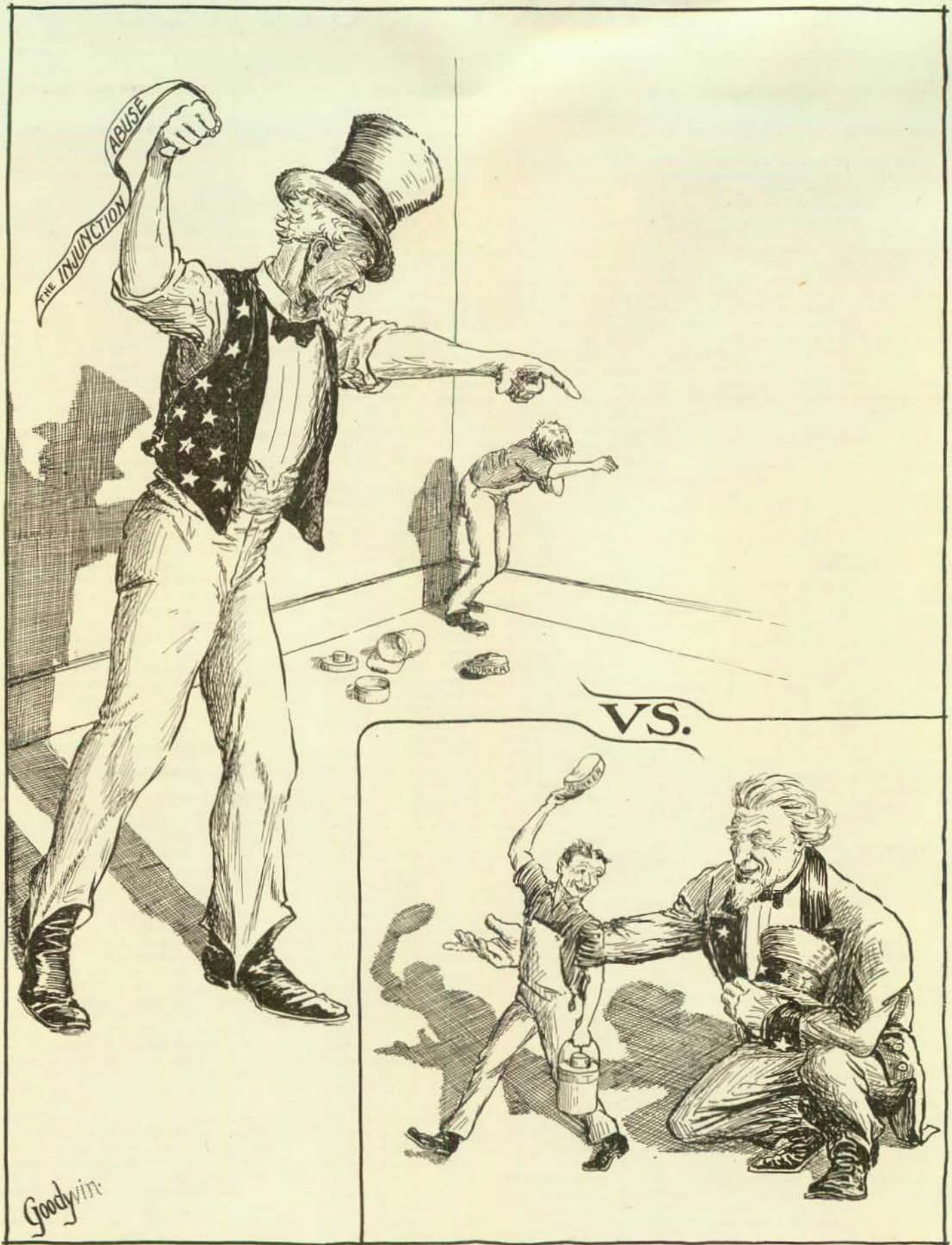
For each kilowatt hour of electricity used, approximately 12 pounds of bread are baked. The loaves of dough are placed in one end and by means of a traveling conveyor, which forms the bottom of the oven, emerge at the other end perfectly baked, ready for wrapping and delivery without any attention on the part of attendants other than loading and unloading.

Peter Witt Designs A New Street Car

There is only one Peter Witt and he lives in Cleveland, Ohio. His life work has been in the operation and development of street car service, and he has just designed a new double deck de luxe car which he fondly hopes will attract a very considerable and lucrative riding patronage to the street car company.

This car has two decks, the lower of which will provide seats for 48 passengers and a number of standees, whereas on the upper deck the passengers will be limited to 25, and for each will be provided a swivel chair similar to that of the Pullman cars. For this de luxe service an extra charge will be made. Mr. Witt evidently believes that passengers will pay an extra charge for the privilege of having a reserved, comfortable seat, similar, in some respects, to the special accommodations provided by the Pullman Company on steam trains.

The success of this car when built will be watched by street railway men throughout the country with a great deal of interest, as it follows the belief which many have had for some time that the proper way to meet the competition of the motor bus and private automobile is to furnish a de luxe service at a higher rate of fare to attract people who would not ordinarily use the regular street car.

FRIEND OR DRIVER?

Gold Bricks of Science Shown Up By Expert

By PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY, Electrical Engineer, University of Wisconsin

IN a series of syndicated cartoons a character by the name of Andy Gump bought rights in a perpetual motion device. It will not do for us to be too severe on the gullibility of Andy, for if a record were made of the money spent on devices whose principles of operation are essentially the same as the device with which Andy Gump intended to revolutionize the industrial world, we would all be astounded by the sum.

Of these large sums of money, some have been wasted with no intent to defraud, but with the mistaken notion that everything is possible. In fact, almost daily someone being amazed by the accomplishment of the seemingly impossible remarks, "everything is possible." Now the facts of the matter are that in the mechanical realm, or in the realm of machinery everything is not possible even if Baron Munchausen did report that he lifted himself over the river by his boot-straps. Only such things are possible whose operation conforms to and does not transcend certain well established physical laws.

It is entirely possible that some significance of these laws is obscure, for man may, for years if not ages, overlook the perfectly obvious, nevertheless, it may be safely predicted that no device of man will ever transcend these laws.

Newton's Three Laws

The most fundamental of these are the so-called Newton's three laws of motion and the law of conservation of energy. In fact, the law of conservation of energy is merely an extension of Newton's third law, which says: action is equal to reaction and in the opposite direction. This simple and apparently obvious statement of an obvious physical experience is seldom fully comprehended by many students of mechanics. Stated in another way this law means that no push or pull can be exerted unless there is something to push or pull against. Therefore, in spite of Baron Munchausen's assertion, he could not lift himself off the ground by pulling on his boot-straps. The only way in which he could lift his weight from the ground was to push against the ground with a force equal to his weight. How simple and silly some one will say, but suppose the question or problem is put in the following form: A horse is attached to a wagon on a hillside, the horse pulls with a force of 500 pounds, with what force does the wagon pull, at once we get several answers. Again, suppose the statement is that the horse pulls with a

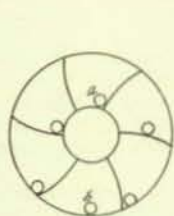


FIGURE 1

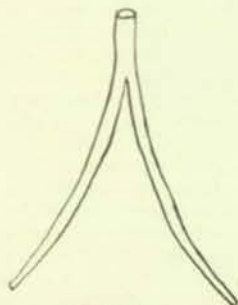


FIGURE 2

force of 500 pounds uphill and the wagon pulls with a force of 500 pounds downhill, in which direction will the wagon move, or is it stationary? From personal experience with students of all ages and of all degrees of scholastic training, I am certain that my

No article that Professor Jansky has written has so vividly revealed the close relation of science to life, and the interpenetration of the facts of science to the moral world. Everyone will enjoy reading this article.

readers will give three different answers.

In the above question the general principle is somewhat disguised, but an analysis will disclose it. Suppose, however, that we disguise the principle still farther by considering the effect of applying the brakes on the distribution of the pressure on the front and rear wheels of an automobile. Does the pressure during the time the brakes are applied remain the same as before their application? Again during the period of acceleration "pick up" of an automobile is there any change in the pressure on the wheels and why? Perhaps the most puzzling application of the principle is the influence of the flywheel of an automobile when turning a corner.

Andy Gump's "Bust"

This article is not a course on mechanics and mechanical principles. Its aim is to point out that underlying some of the apparently incomprehensible phenomena are simple and incontrovertible principles which control. More than one explanation is possible of the impossibility of the Andrew Gump perpetual motion device shown in Fig. 1. The simplest and perhaps the most easily grasped is to compare it with Baron Munchausen's achievement, that is, lifting oneself by his boot-straps.

The balls are assumed to fall from position A to position B, and in so doing they do work. In order to do more work, they must again ascend to point A from point B, that is, each ball must lift itself from B to A and thus an inanimate object is supposed to be as clever as the famous explorer whose escapades provided entertainment in our childhood days. It may be of interest to point out that Andy Gump's invention was known some 300 years ago. So long does it take a fallacy to die. Is it any wonder that the charlatan and quack reap a golden harvest?

The history of man's groping for an understanding of the universe of which he is an infinitesimal part shows that whenever he encountered a physical phenomenon which he did not understand, or which did not conform to his experience, he at once ascribed the phenomenon to the activity of some superior being under the mistaken notion that this satisfactorily explained the manifestation. A device whose operation was apparently inexplicable by any known laws implies by its name this assumption of divine power. I of course refer to the divining rod which in the earlier days was so widely used for locating underground waters, minerals, and even money. The divining rod was a forked stick as shown in Fig. 2 which, when grasped in the hands with the palms up and the thumbs out as sketched in Fig. 3 showed a marked tendency to turn down. This tendency to turn down was so strong at times that in turning it took the skin off the operator's fingers.

Without going into the many fanciful ex-

planations offered for its operation, it may be worthwhile to relate the operation to the law of forces mentioned above. The left hand in bending the left prong of the stick exerts a force both downward and horizontally on the head A. If the right prong were cut off the head would move in an arc of a circle to the right. This tendency to move to the right is counterbalanced by the force exerted by the right hand, but the downward component of the force exerted by both hands is counteracted by the upward forces of the two hands exerted near the extremities of the two prongs. Stable equilibrium, or the upright position of the rod, can be maintained only so long as the upward force of the hands and the downward force on the head are in the same plane. If the head A tips either forward or backward, the vertical forces are no longer balanced and the stronger the grip, the greater the downward force on the head and the rod turns apparently against the will of the operator, whereas the greater the bending moment he exerts the greater the twisting force. Again, the supposed intervention of a superhuman agency in the affairs of men yields to a simple scientific explanation, and yet I would not be surprised to have someone, even today, challenge the correctness of the above explanation by citing instances that come under his own observation wherein subterranean water was located by such a device. The common performance of a magician in which he removes a nice fat rabbit from a plug hat, or from a brown derby, is familiar to everyone. Nevertheless, it is unscientific and unbusiness-like to buy brown derbies with the expectation of having rabbit soup.

Fortunes Frittered Away

The second fundamental scientific principle that Andy Gump's 300 year old contrivance attempts to contravene is known as the law of the conservation of energy. In simple language, this principle means that in any operation involving the conversion of energy from one form into another form, no energy is either annihilated or created; the sum total of the energy put into the converter is equal to the energy converted plus the losses. The number of attempts to contravert this fundamental principle is legion,

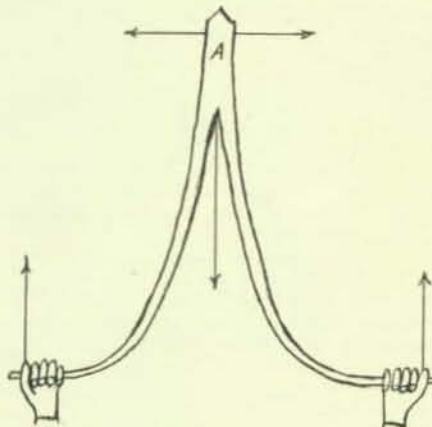


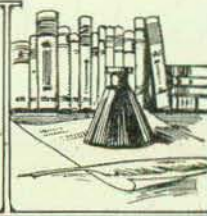
FIGURE 3

and the amount of money spent and wasted on such futile devices would pay a goodly portion of the national debt. While the attempts to invent self-creative energy devices date back to the time of Archimedes, and every such an attempt has failed, "hope

(Continued on page 614)



CORRESPONDENCE



The Chicago and Alton Case

Through the Eyes of the Members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

MY ability as a writer is very limited, but, regardless, I will attempt to give the "low-down" on this six years under company union rule, and, at the same time, on going along with our local in conjunction with C. and A. System Federation No. 29. At times it looked anything but bright to us, but by our concerted efforts (that is, six shop crafts), we were able to bring about a satisfactory settlement. This settlement has not been equalled yet, but can be if the same effort is put forth elsewhere.

After we, the electrical workers, signed up to go back to work in October, 1922, we did not lose membership, as some organizations did, but after it looked as though our efforts were fruitless, some of the fellows slipped, feeling they could not afford to pay for two cards. But, regardless, the spirit was there, which is plainly shown afterwards. Our local went down as low as 10 men, but when we staged our come-back we were 100 per cent, which is necessary in war.

On May 29, 1923, we were refused conference to negotiate changes in rates of pay, rules and working conditions. We then made an ex-parte submission to the United States Railroad Labor Board. On November 21, 1923, the Labor Board ordered the receivers to meet us in conference. This the receivers refused to do.

Then, on November 12, 1924, we presented a petition to Judge Carpenter of the U. S. District Court, for an order directing the receivers to comply with the Railroad Labor Board's decision. The receivers objected to our intervention, and they presented a petition, asking the court for instructions.

This action was very slow, but on July 7, 1925, the case was postponed until October 6, the court feeling he did not have authority to decide the question officially. As the question was in the court, our case moved very slowly, and one cannot imagine the questions the general chairmen on the case were asked; and, in most cases he had to make up some sort of an answer.

In conjunction with the slow-moving courts, we had another slow mover, Father Time. He seems slow, but he is sure, and in May, 1926, he brought about the Railway Labor Act, passed by Congress and approved by the President in June, 1926.

It was agreed by both parties, that the petition of the receivers and answer of the employees be stricken from the files.

In November, 1926, we, the representatives of the shop craft employees duly designated and authorized to act in accordance with the provisions of the Railway Labor Act, requested receivers of the Chicago and Alton to confer with us in regards to making an agreement concerning rates of pay, rules, and working conditions. The receivers refused us this conference and also refused to join us in mediation. We invoked the services of the U. S. Board of Mediation, but mediators were unable to bring about a

READ

The Woodchopper gives life meaning by L. U. 308.

Texas has a State Association by L. U. 500.

Santa Barbara is friendly by L. U. 413.

The Chicago and Alton case—important, interesting, by System Federation 28.

Lindell gets autumn-drunk by L. U. 46.

L. U. 1037 makes hay.

Railway and telephone politics in San Francisco by L. U. 151.

Scranton installs vitaphone, and hums with prosperity by L. U. 81.

Memphis makes giant strides by L. U. 474.

A state association for Rhode Island by L. U. 192.

Need of organizing radio installment men by L. U. 1.

Letters that inform, guide, thrill and inspire from every section of the United States, Panama and Canada.

settlement after more than a year's delay.

In March, 1928, officers of eight organizations, other than the shop crafts, of the Chicago and Alton employees, met with the receivers and asked them to meet us and allow us to exercise our rights according to the law. The receivers stated they desired the advice or instructions of the federal court and deferred a reply to await such instructions. In May, 1928, Judge Carpenter entered an order that the receivers not meet us at the request of the eight organizations.

So, after five years, we were just where we had started in May, 1923; but, regardless of that fact we did not give up.

At this stage of the game, we will set aside the courts, legal phrases, and other technicalities, and get down to just plain railroading. Things have formed so that I will illustrate our moves in the form of train movements.

We have been informed by the signalmen that the signals are in first class condition, and endorse our movement. The approval of the maintenance of way as to the track was secured. The clerks were asked to prepare the bills and call the crews, which they agreed to. It was very necessary to have the train proceed under orders, which the telegraphers were very glad in which to give their assistance. And, of course, it was very necessary that the train be prepared.

The carmen had inspected, connected up the air, and taken down the blue flag, and were ready for the engine. The electricians had performed their various duties, and focused the headlight, preparatory for unexpected obstacles appearing in our journey. The blacksmiths had shortened the draw bar between the engine and tank, so that the

train would proceed with but little roughness. The sand pipes were given particular attention by the sheet metal workers, so that slippery rails might be overcome. The machinists had given the engine a thorough inspection and had put every part of the machinery in first class condition. The firebox, flues, and in fact all the boiler parts were faultless, due to the efficiency of the boilermakers. In fact, the engine was 100 per cent perfect.

The engineers, firemen, conductor and trainmen were called, and were on the job, and the train was ready to proceed. The signal was given and we, the 14 organizations on August 16, 1928, requested a conference with receivers; the purpose being to iron out some of our differences.

After some exchanging of letters and conversation, we were admitted to enter the receivers' office. That was all: just allowed to enter. The shop crafts were just spectators, and not a party too. Although we were denied a voice, we were addressed in the correspondence. On the conclusion of this conference, we were informed the receivers had not changed their minds as to meeting the shop crafts in their bona fide organizations.

We, the 14 organizations' general chairmen, then turned the matter over to the international officers who were on the job with us. They, the officers, asked for a conference which was granted, but they received the same answer we did as to recognition of the shop crafts.

The receivers were asked to join us in mediation, which they declined; but, regardless, the services of the board of mediation were invoked.

Prior to the arrival of the mediator, the committees of all of the organizations on the property were convened, and a strike ballot prepared; which was accepted by all organizations, without a single protest.

In the meantime, Mediator Thos. Bickers arrived in Chicago, and at once got into the controversy. And at this time I will say too much credit cannot be given him for his activities in bringing about a settlement, considering the difficulties against which he worked, and, particularly his own personal prearranged pleasures, namely, a vacation and a wedding anniversary.

After his arrival we, to show we represented the majority, went out on the property and secured signed cards from approximately seven-eighths of the employees, protesting the company union, and intimating their desire to be represented by the bona fide organizations, of the Chicago and Alton System Federation No. 29.

This we felt was a very advanced and satisfactory step toward settlement, and the management, it was evident, considered it likewise. And, from then on it was down grade for us.

On October 6, 1928, A. P. Titus, general manager of the C. and A. Railroad for the management, and B. M. Jewell, president of the Railway Employees Department, for the employees, accepted and signed a memorandum of agreement, as follows:

"1. Write Schedule with Federated Shop Crafts to cover wages and rules for em-

ployees, as the present wages and rules are applied.

"2. This agreement to consist of present rules 1 to 168 inclusive, with the following exceptions and understandings:

"a. Present practice of paying off to be understood as compliance with Rule 22.

"b. Rule 33. Hearings will be conducted as at present and not unreasonably extended on Company time to the extent of becoming burdensome or interfering with the efficiency of the service.

"c. There shall be no coercion or intimidation or seniority affected, of employees as a result of this agreement.

"d. No grievances to be taken up dating prior to the date of this agreement.

"e. Rule 3 and other overtime rules to be changed to conform to standard rules, such as now in effect on the C. and N. W., C. M. S. T. P. and P., and other standard schedules.

"f. Rates of pay to be changed to conform to standard rates in such schedules.

"g. Rules 28 and 144, seniority, to be modified to conform with standard rules or as may be agreed to between the committee and the superintendent of motive power.

"h. Eliminate Rules 14½, 24½ and 29.

"3. Agreement to remain in effect for one year from date of agreement and thereafter unless thirty (30) days written notice has been served by either party.

"Accepted,

"A. P. TITUS,

"B. M. JEWELL."

"10-6-28.

In addition to the memo of agreement, it was deemed advisable to secure an understanding in behalf of the 14 standard labor organizations, now acknowledged a party to the dispute. Therefore, Attorney Richberg was called upon to agree to a satisfactory stipulation with the Counsel, Strawn, for the Receivers. This was accomplished, and under date of October 12, 1928, the representatives of the 14 standard railroad labor organizations so advised the respective attorneys by letter.

The negotiations of the agreement covering the shop crafts covered approximately one week, and we now have a schedule worth while. The membership of the I. B. E. W. have been well taken care of in the general and special craft rules, evidenced by a comparison with other agreements in effect on different railroads.

The membership on the Alton, and particularly the undersigned, desire to extend to the International, to Vice President McGlogan and Representative Jenkins, their sincere thanks for extending to us their co-operation and helpfulness during all of these negotiations.

L. H. SAMPLE,

General Chairman,

I. B. E. W.—Chicago and Alton Railway.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTRICAL WORKERS ASSOCIATION

1151 E. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Editor:

I appreciate I am going to cover several subjects in this letter, and perhaps I am going to require more space than I am entitled to, which I hope will not be the case. The subjects are so vital and so important in my opinion that I feel sure you will grant me all consideration entitled, which the Pennsylvania Association will fully appreciate. Therefore, as I was up at Wilkes-Barre Friday, October 12, Saturday 13th, and Sunday 14th, and have first hand knowledge of my subjects, and as I just received my October WORKER and feel gratified to see my letter and Brother Clark's notification of the Erie convention and hope to see a

good attendance of delegates from all local unions of the state, and the report of Brother Schwartz of Local No. 81 on the meeting of the Association Executive Board at Scranton, and appreciate the advancing work of the board on the Pennsylvania License Act for journeymen of the state. All local unions of the state having received copies of said Act, I hope their officers and members have acquainted themselves thoroughly with its contents and provisions.

As I understand the Danville, Pa., Asylum case between Local No. 163 and 686, and the I. O., the incident should be considered at the Erie convention from the angle of the need of a closer co-operation between the International and the State Association. When conditions come up such as have arisen in this case, I don't believe we should air our troubles through the WORKER, but I believe it good policy to bring before the membership frankly that the present methods as shown by the representative who was instructed by the I. O. to this assignment who stated the many years he has represented the policy of the I. O. of years gone by, from the effect of said policy as exemplified through and by his conduct of this case is not qualified to bring harmony and better co-operation between the individual local membership and the International, which he represents. It is not my intent to embarrass either this representative or the I. O. nor to act as judge and jury. But I can readily see that this matter constitutes a jurisdictional matter that the locals concerned are able to conciliate themselves and had no need for attention from the I. O. and did not appeal for any assistance from the I. O. The appeal was made by the foreman of the contractor who carries a union card working for an unfair contractor as I have been informed, and to my knowledge was not justified in his appeal.

We believe in free speech to enable us to better understand our problems and with that thought in mind for closer relationship and co-operation between our International and our local unions through an efficient State Association, recognized more fully by the officers of the I. O., and as this case fully demonstrates the need of more conscientious appreciation of the advancement of the day, we should stick more closely to our constitution and give better co-operation and consideration. "Enough for that."

I journeyed to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and was agreeably pleased to find that the Central Labor Union were having a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary and Workers' Education Conference at Union Hall, No. 12 East Market Street, Saturday and Sunday, October 13 and 14. This subject or subjects you will note I have talked and have exercised some few years of endeavor to assist in various ways in its promotion, and it was with great pleasure and gratification I attended the three sessions, and saw a committee appointed by Miss Mary Kelleher, District Representative of the Textile Workers International, now located at Scranton, to formulate plans to place a women's auxiliary in every labor union possible in the district covering Luzerne and Lackawanna Valleys, covering all towns surrounding the three largest cities in the two counties, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Hazleton. Enough to say that it was a grand success.

That able warrior, Mrs. Grace Klueg, vice president, Women's Auxiliary of the International Association of Machinists, addressed the meeting. Subject, "The Importance of Women's Auxiliaries to the Labor Movement." If she is allowed to and is able with the efficient co-operation of Miss Edith Christen-

sen, executive secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League of Philadelphia, I feel a personal gratification that in the near future our membership of the locals now affiliated with our State Association will appreciate the valuable help their wives and women folks will be to their jobs and local conditions when the women know and understand what the union really means to them and their children and their homes. Much can be said on this subject on the necessity of the State Association taking this matter of women's auxiliaries as a subject matter to build the local unions stronger, which will of course build the State Association stronger.

I would like to comment on each feature, but of course space will not allow, therefore I will cover the whole meeting by stating that I believe it has been the means of promoting what is, and has been seriously needed in that part of Pennsylvania for many years, and it is my firm belief that as the auxiliary movement spreads and grows to a healthy growing body of women, that and only that is the salvation of the labor union movement in our International jurisdictions and I am convinced it is the one thing needed in that part of Pennsylvania. Not only for our locals there, but the whole union labor movement in that whole district, and much credit should be extended to all those pioneers who worked out to the successful conclusion of these meetings. Now for the reaction.

I have confidence that with serious, right-thinking women behind this movement, Pennsylvania will yet give a good account of its assignment on the battlefields for union labor. If I am spared by my Heavenly Father, I will have more to say on this subject. Enough for that at this time.

Believing I have all the space reasonably granted I will assume to see one page some day headed under "Women's Auxiliaries Department" in our WORKER as a department of its own.

W. F. BARBER,
Honorary Secretary.

L. U. NO. 1, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Editor:

There is something on my mind and for some time I've thought and thought about it. Here it is. What is the I. B. E. W. doing in the radio game? How long are they going to sit on the chair, feet cocked up, smoking and dreaming for their ship to come in? How about organizing the radio-tricians from among our members—the custom set builders? Why not encourage the rank and file to take all this work they can get to give this so-called technical information to the poor, misguided public? I feel confident we have men in the organization at large that can service practically any set and don't need forty-eleven meters but by listening and placing their hands at certain places they can tell you where and what it is. Why not take one circuit at a time, cut it up and dissect it for the why and how? Why not have a sheet or two in the bulletin, where if members are stumped they can ask the question box? I'm not talking about curves and waves, I mean common horse sense. Why can't there be radio schools in all localities, manned by I. B. E. W. members? Let's do something before it is too late. There is plenty of work that we can't get from Mother Bell and won't because we have waited too long.

In the writer's opinion, the so-called dynamic speaker is about 35 per cent of its rated efficiency; also the superheterodyne is the peer of all receivers. I wonder how many of the other cities with broadcasting

stations have the operators signed up as St. Louis has—thanks to Schading.

Some day there are going to be a few real positions open, in fact, right now there are some. What are you going to do? Do you fellows want to stay down all your life? Wouldn't you like to have a white collar job, or do you just want to be satisfied just to put in so many hours a week, crawl over boilers, in and out of holes, take the scum and filth that at times are very obnoxious and offensive? I may seem a little too impertinent but I can see quite a few dollars that could be picked up on the side and at the same time establish I. B. E. W. as an organization that can do the finer and better class of electrical work. Let's make our organization supreme in everything, bar none. Let's make up before it is too late.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap. Why not try to put yourself on a higher plane? Why not give your family the things that others have? The day of skull dragging is fast slipping by and sooner or later you must do something. Do it now. Any suggestions will be acknowledged, so let's go. Write me and I'm sure the International Office will gladly co-operate. This is a stupendous task. We have never failed and to do so will be your peril.

EDW. EISELDER.

L. U. NO. 12, PUEBLO, COLO.

Editor:

We hope our friends and former members have not forgotten us, for we are still here, going along about the same as ever. I am sorry to be unable to broadcast the fact that we have a new wiring ordinance, but we have not been able to put it over so far.

Our union conditions generally are nothing to be proud of at present, the "rats" are getting stronger and bolder and we are working hard to hold what we have in our line of work.

We have not forgotten the "home proposition" and all are getting older every year. Soon we will have a lot of candidates for an old folk's home. The electrical workers surely ought to be as progressive as the carpenters are, but the carpenters recently opened a fine home for disabled members in Florida.

WM. M. FRENCH.

L. U. NO. 18, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Editor:

As I have recently been elected press secretary I will endeavor to spread some of the good news No. 18 has to tell. We have just completed a new wage scale, and schedule of working rules with the Bureau of Power and Light which goes into effect November 1, next, and which provides \$8.50 per day for journeymen linemen and \$9 per day for cable splicers, and other increases all along the line. Will try to have a copy of the agreement to be printed in our JOURNAL next time.

Work is fairly plentiful around Los Angeles now, and at about the same old price with the above exception. L. U. No. 18 is very fortunate in having a crackerjack of a business agent, Brother Charles M. Feider. He's got a brand that is too slippery for a lot of these fellows that have not seen fit to belong the Brotherhood in the past, and the result is a lot of new faces in the meetings, which are very lively for the past few weeks.

We have got a good organizing campaign on here in Los Angeles now, and everyone should help all they can and keep it going. We need to organize the surrounding towns, and the men working with the privately owned concerns, in order to properly sup-

OUR UNKNOWN SOLDIER HERO

*From beneath the rows of poppies
Came to us, as in a trance,
An Unknown Soldier Hero,
Laid low by kulture's lance.*

*In the war-torn fields of Flanders,
With his buddies by his side,
For one great cause—democracy—
Our Unknown Hero died.*

*When the bugle call was sounded
And our country plunged in strife,
Our Unknown Hero heard it
And answered—with his life.*

*When at roll call he was absent
And he did not answer "Here!"
Then His Truest Buddy suffered
As She shed a silent tear.*

*Let us pay our Hero tribute,
Let us stand and doff our caps,
Let us pray for peace eternal
As the bugler sounds his "Taps."*

*Bow our heads and grant him worship;
Thanks to him, 'twas not in vain;
God grant peace unto the mothers
And the loved ones who remain.*

*War has caused this whole world sorrow,
Maimed, and killed, fraternity;
God grant peace unto the nations,
Peace unto eternity.*

*May God grant no further conflict,
May God grant that strife shall cease,
May God grant us peace eternal,
Let us boost the slogan, "Peace."*

W. C. EVERHARDT,
(Wirepatcher),
Local No. 1, I. B. E. W.,
St. Louis, Mo.

port the conditions prevailing with the publicly owned Bureau of Power and Light, and thus prevent working a hardship on them, as they are in keen competition with the privately owned corporations with their low wages, and poor conditions. Let us not forget our organization. I will try to write on a plan to benefit the whole Pacific Coast in another issue.

LEAL LENNERT.

L. U. 39, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Editor:

By the time this reaches you it probably will all be over including the shouting and we can again focus our attention to making our organization bigger and better, as when an organization gets to a point where there is no room for improvement it outlives its usefulness. This rule is applicable to mankind also. There is one thing I would like to see happen at our next convention, and that is to have the pension age limit lowered to either 50 or 55 years, that is to have the age clause read the same only the age limit lowered. I think that this is essential and that an assessment would be favorable for this purpose. It is nothing new this day and age for some of our "old timers" to be turned down due to their age limit. But better still if it could be enacted into a law and enforced. A law should be passed to compel all companies, corporations or trusts that refuse to hire men at a given age to pension all their employees on reaching that age limit. This of course could never be, but something should be done nevertheless as every branch of labor

whether organized or not is forcing this problem.

Brother Editor, is a motion in order at this time; if so, I wish to make the following motion: That the JOURNAL print a complete report of the Federal Trade Commission to date of said commission's findings in their investigation of the "power trust," and to print thereafter in each issue all the evidence that is brought to light each month.

I have heard several inquiries of why the JOURNAL dropped this subject so suddenly. In several localities throughout the United States there are thousands of electrical workers that this question directly affects, as practically all linemen's locals are one job locals.

Well, I guess I have commented enough for one time so will go back to the local's past efforts and promising future.

On September 21, we re-opened the office of business representative which had been closed for three months due to our financial condition. We were fortunate in being able to secure the service of Brother Walter Lenox, who has been away from this vicinity just long enough that he is not considered a stranger, but long enough to compare the outside world's conditions in comparison to our local conditions, and in his speech of acceptance (Hoover and Smith take notice) he outlined his position in a straight-forward, business-like manner. The Brothers found out his name is Walter, not George. So therefore they are not going to look for George to shoulder the complete responsibilities of the local.

On October 4, 1928, we amalgamated Cable-Splicer Local No. 78 with our local which satisfied the members who were not in sympathy with the move to hire a business representative, due to the local's finances (this includes myself) as this amalgamation leaves all doubt as to whether we can afford said office.

This amalgamation brings a lot of new life into our local and there is every indication that each meeting will be looked forward to by the members.

We are gradually becoming a bunch of "parliamentary hounds" and how. We have several members who can recite "Roberts Rules of Order" backwards. (Beat that ye scribes.)

Work is just as scarce as narrow-backs on a leatherneck's job. Our idle members could perhaps add another chapter to the book dedicated to our craft, viz: "Post hole digging made easy" or "how to become a lineman in 30 days."

Hoping you all enjoy a happy Thanksgiving and that you don't forget the fellow that isn't working. Probably my next article will deal on the economic problem.

ENYAW.

L. U. NO. 46, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

And now comes the winter months and with them the winter activities. Oh, boy! what could be sweeter than to be seated at the festive board calling for a second helping of everything in sight? Methings I'll get a season pass for the three-ring circus coming soon, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, Inc.

And while we are looking forward to the holidays let's not forget that were it not for the Pilgrim fathers' love of freedom and their thanks for the bountiful crops this new land gave them we would not now be celebrating to the fullest extent of our purse. What matters whether we have turkey on this day or not; if the spirit of thanksgiving is in our hearts a pot roast would taste just as good.

Speaking of baseball, if base hits were mince pie and runs turkey the Saint Louis Cards would have died of starvation in the "serious" which is now history.

By the way, here's the dope on the presidential candy-dates. Al Smith, personality plus, if he wins we'll all wear brown derbies; and my ears stick out too far, so to helmet the hat. Herb Hoover, he cut out our sugar, so sweet of him. Clean sweep for Herb with the vacuums all pulling for him. Herb's "oil" right though; so I pick him to win.

The Ladies Social Club have started the winter activities by putting on another of those justly famous cootie parties. You gotta hand it to the ladies, they put in a whole afternoon making Hallowe'en caps and what nots as this party is a Hallowe'en cootie party. More power to them. Mrs. Hilpert is now a member of the club, having joined in September, and she has already proven herself a worthy member by the whole-hearted manner in which she has entered the club's activities.

Our apprentice committee has promised to furnish me with data on the work they have accomplished in the schooling (night school) of our members. They have worked long and unselfishly to make it possible for all apprentices and those who desire to brush up on electricity in its various phases to have a chance to do so. The December issue shall cover their work in detail.

Pick ups of the day: Brother Philly Bill and myself talking over old times. Brother Creel revamping his radio. Brother Griffing now a B. T. delegate. Brother Peterson of the Times in a new Chrysler. Brothers Paul Enfield and Art Blank at Third and University and Brother Monte Label turning over a new leaf.

The frost is on the punkin
The juice is in the wire,
The plums are in the puddin'
And the turkey's on the fire.
"Poultry."

W. C. LINDELL.

L. U. NO. 48, PORTLAND, OREG.

Editor:

I am mailing you under separate cover a picture of a group of our boys who have just completed the wiring of what is claimed to be the largest electric sign in the world.

This sign was built by Neon tubing by the Electrical Products Corporation for the Richfield Oil Company. The word Richfield stands out in letters 60 feet high and has a total length of 725 feet. The letters are individually supported by wooden telegraph poles 100 feet long, from two to four being necessary for each letter.

The sign is erected on the hills 1,200 feet about the city and is legible for 20 miles,

and visible for 100 miles. Just to the right of the sign is the Standard Oil Company's search-light with its 10,000,000 candle power beam. Together they form an aviation beacon that should be a serviceable guide to flyers.

The electrical work on the sign furnished employment to 22 of our members for about three weeks.

The Electrical Products Corporation has been in business here for something over a year and during that time have erected nearly 1,000 signs, and are responsible, more than any other one agency, for the illuminating and beautifying of Portland.

They have used from 10 to 30 of our men all of the time as the maintenance as well as construction work is done by union labor. This has proved a boon to 48 as building construction has been none too good the past year.

I do not mean to convey the idea that we depend upon signs for street illumination as the city has spent \$1,000,000 in the past two years lighting the down-town streets and we have emerged from being one of the darkest cities of its size in the country to probably the best lighted one.

I am sending picture as well as this letter by air mail and hope it reaches you in due time and that you find it available for the November WORKER.

B. H. GRAHAM.

L. U. NO. 77, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

Old 77 is battling along trying to get the boys all lined up on the two power jobs, that is, so we can have them 100 per cent, then it will be much easier for the local officers to carry on the work and talk to the boss.

Our sister Local 46 and 77 are trying to co-operate a little better than we have in the past, these are jobs coming up from time to time that need the co-operation of the two locals to get over with them. I guess this does not apply to Seattle alone but to a great many other cities.

Brother Oscar Snyder has just returned to the job after being operated on.

Brother Roy Higgs is back on the job after being laid up for some time.

Brother Jack Breen has been laid up for nearly a year and is in bad shape yet, at the hospital.

Red Hardy is a pretty busy man these days, pushing a gang, making ready for our new street improvements.

Red O'Neil, our B. A., is kept pretty busy these days and I guess it is no trouble to find plenty to do and learn new stuff every day.

Local No. 77 was very sorry to learn of

the death of Brother E. J. Evans, and we feel that we have lost a true and loyal member to the great Brotherhood.

E. M. McDONALD.

L. U. NO. 81, SCRANTON, PA.

Editor:

As another letter is due the WORKER from Local No. 81 now is the time to get it in, to let the Brotherhood in general know that things are quite different around this digging. I am happy at this time to say that all our workers are busy and this is the first time that they all have been working since about 1925.

All of the work is out of town and not in our jurisdiction and Binghamton, N. Y., is after four of our men with no men to go. We have four men there at present, but I do not know how long the job will last.

Our business representative is run ragged trying to get men for odd jobs, and if they can be induced to work, Daley is the man to get them. My only hope is that the work will last all through the winter.

Most of our theatres are being equipped with movietone and vitaphone apparatus and of course our men are doing the work, and Fred Siebeck and Leo McGraw are getting to be experts at it with some good overtime which makes them feel O. K.

We have the International Office to thank for this work and hereby give them the credit for getting this work away from the would-be skates. More power to the International Officials and if the locals throughout the country will back them up we can expect the power work which so far has gotten away from us.

Brother Jacob Zeller out of No. 3, New York, was here putting in a Cutler-Hammer A. C. Printing Press board for the Scranton Republican for three or four weeks which gave work to Allen Beavers and Harold Williams. Brother Zeller is one of the oldest members by card number in the Brotherhood with a very low numbered card and which has been kept up to date. I was glad to make his acquaintance and hope to see him in the near future. The boys say he was a prince to work for, so good luck to you Jake.

Our president, Joe Culkin, has got a position now being in charge of a large breaker job with nothing to do but the brain work, for which he is capable.

Brother Ed Mitten, our vice president, is out in the bush getting in his fire wood for the winter, and before I forget we had the first snow of the fall today. I hear that William Brown of Harrisburg, superintendent for the Columbia Electric Company, is going to do the Bell job in Wilkes-Barre. We are glad to hear of him and hope he will give us a call in the near future.

But above all I hope the election has something to do with this work spurt and may the best man win, and continue to give everybody lots of work and then some more. This is enough chatter for this time.

RUSTY.

L. U. NO. 100, FRESNO, CALIF.

Editor:

Variety, Alice, or is it Edith? Somehow I forget, anyway what I started to say was, variety is the real spice of life, and if you don't believe it, listen.

I remember some few months ago, or was it years, that the worthy Editor called upon a couple of the worthy scribes to give him an earful of knowledge that had to do with the, at that time, great question before the house, namely, Why are you a union man? Remember?

Do you remember that "Bachie," and who



The boys in the picture are: Front row—B. L. Bilyen, W. D. Hamilton, H. H. Shillington, Joe Lake, C. Ramsey ("Permit man," "Stock boy"), Jas. Gillispie, John Blitte. Center row—C. Dunning, O. E. Thompson ("Permit man"), Alex. Ebel, B. A. McGregor, C. J. Rabideau (Foreman), Allison, Bill Anderson, Dietrich, Rosera, E. C. Coon, J. E. Wells. Back row—McGrath, Geo. Young, T. E. Lee (International Vice President), F. C. Ream (B. A. No. 48).

was the other, the "Copyist?" that wrote their reasons? And do you remember what it was they said? Not why they were union men, but how they happened to become one. No, don't get me wrong, I have no intentions of throwing bricks at anyone's playhouse, but I have had quite a few thoughts since that time about the same question and as yet I have failed to get the right answer.

And now what happens? Here comes another in the October JOURNAL and, not only asks, but answers in his words what a union man is supposed to be.

He may be right, at that; but I wonder. I wonder if the different scribes from 47 directions of these old U. S. A. and we may as well include Canada, Mexico, Panama and China if we have any members there, could give us a reason of "why I am a union man." And if 47 answer, I will bet you a box of candy that you get 47 reasons that are not alike. Go? All right, save me the next one.

I had a little experience in the few months just past that help to make me feel this way. You know. What is a union man? It had to do with the five day week, and how. I happen to live in a community where they still speak of those good old days and, while they may have been good, personally, I have never had it proved to me that they can't be beat, but you know, one thing at a time and do it well kinda keeps your hands full.

We used to work five and one-half days a week, some weeks, or maybe I should have said, some of them did. That takes in everyone in the building trades here. Then the B. T. got a notion that if we could get the five day week during the summer months, we might be able to keep it and it might help to keep a few more of the worthy Brothers from thinking that this is a H— of a world to live in, etc.

No, we were not able to get a raise for the gang, but we were able to get and keep the five day week, which just left a few of them talking to themselves, but what quite a few of the ones that were working said brought back to mind the question that I have asked, as well as the statement at the beginning of this little note, variety is the spice of life.

If every man that carried a union card in his pocket was a union man. No! I haven't the heart to say it. But I will let you in on a secret, you wouldn't have read so much about the strike in the coal fields of the east, and you wouldn't hear so much about the kids that are working in the textile mills, and a thousand and one other things that you read about every day in any paper that you care to pick up.

To thousands of working men today, unionism, in my mind, is a business. They work it just like Wall Street works its stocks and bonds; if it pays them at the time, they buy in today, and sell out tomorrow if things look gloomy.

Is it any wonder that you fight for what you get, and you fight if you keep it? Have I given up the ship? Not so you could notice it.

J. H. ROBINSON.

L. U. NO. 108, TAMPA, FLA.

Editor:

This letter is going to be hard to write as nothing interesting has happened here in the past month. I let last month slip by without sending in a letter and I'm expecting to hear about it from the bunch next meeting night. But they should do something worth while and then we would have interesting news to write for our Brothers to read.

I mentioned, in my last letter, the card man who comes in for the winter and finding contractors unfair to us rats it until spring-

time calls him home again. We can often put the rollers under such fellows if we can secure their names, which sometimes proves a difficult task. We have the name of one such man whose home is in Dayton, Ohio, where he carried a card for years, so he says. We are going to give him one more chance to right himself with us and then if he doesn't do so the L. O. will be notified. I guess our Brother locals are glad to get rid of such members though they are not always found out.

Have just read the letter from L. U. No. 245 in the October JOURNAL. Brother Duke-shire has voiced the conditions of many locals in that one. We would like to get the idea home to the non-union men of this locality that, though they will not affiliate with a union organization for their own betterment, they daily patronize all sorts of organizations by their purchases.

Building is at a standstill here. Brother Morgan and Brother Loveless have the only jobs of any size. Brother Morgan is working on our new cold storage plant, and Brother Loveless is wiring a couple of apartment buildings. The rest of us are doing any little job that comes our way.

Thanksgiving is upon us, and to the Brothers, one and all, we, of L. U. No. 108, extend our heartiest greetings for a happy Thanksgiving Day.

R. J. HAMILTON.

L. U. NO. 127, KENOSHA, WIS.

Editor:

This is to advise all union men and their friends that the Allen A. lockout of full fashioned hosiery workers which went into effect February 15, is still on. It looks to me as though the Allen A. Co., will soon be whipped in line. On October 31, the 27 men and women who were arrested for conspiracy, tried by jury and acquitted and later arrested for civil contempt were fined \$100 each by Federal Judge Geiger of Milwaukee, which fine if paid would have gone to the Allen A. Co. But rather than pay this \$2,700 to the Allen A. Co., these men and women have gone to jail for six months. Hope that all union men and women and their friends use their judgment in buying full fashioned hosiery until this lockout is settled.

J. A. LEICKEM.

L. U. NO. 130, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Editor:

Just a few lines to let the traveling Brothers know of the conditions in this locality. New Orleans has been widely advertised as a city of opportunity, and the most interesting city in America. It is mighty good, Brothers, if you have a bank roll.

We have good climate, plenty of sunshine, lots of sea food, fruits and early vegetables, lots of good shows and other things, and they cost money, so if you contemplate coming this way, don't forget your pocketbook.

The International Association of Municipal Electricians held their 33rd annual convention here last week and from all accounts they had a very constructive as well as enjoyable convention, selecting Boston as their next meeting place.

We have been since June negotiating an agreement with the contractors and are about as close right now as east and west. Quite a little work is on the market but it won't be ready until the spring of 1929.

If you are interested in racing, Jefferson Park opens Thanksgiving Day and the mutual sellers will welcome you.

This is the best I can offer you at this time, so good luck be with you.

E. T. BROWN, SR.

L. U. NO. 145, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Editor:

The remark of what a fine article appeared in the WORKER last month, from several of the Brothers at last meeting, when in reality no items were listed from Local No. 145 causes yours truly the said scribe to ponder. It seems from inquiry that the Brothers like comedy and humor connected with the dope in general and not so much cold facts, and from what I can dope out it runs somewhat along these lines.

Seated in his easy chair with several bottles of home brew at hand and a package of tailor mades (very much advertised) he pauses from his reading of the WORKER, to gaze at the clouds of smoke enveloping his cranium and drifts off into a subconscious state of mind wherein he beholds unwrapped before him a panorama of the progress of the organized worker, and sees so much that might have been done, how locals who are considered pioneers have decreased in membership, other locals once up and coming have entirely dropped out of the lime light, and Brothers once very active in union matters don't even attend meetings. He ponders awhile (and startles his wife who is reading the daily snort) by shouting something is wrong and knocks his cigarette ashes all over the overstuffed chair and then his fair spouse brings him back to reality.

Well, most of the Brothers are working, and if we have a favorable winter the prospects look fair. A few of our old members have drifted back to see the river freeze up and here's hoping they won't give that old excuse when it does freeze up "I know I am late, but the draw opened to let a boat go through." This has happened so had better have a new one; Brothers Burke or Judd might help them think of a good one.

Will subside for this time and hope the best man gets the honor of being the next President of the United States.

E. L. SMITH.

L. U. NO. 151, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Editor:

November 6 will soon be here and the voters will again have the opportunity to go to the polls and cast their ballot for or against any candidate or proposition that may be before them. I hope they all have not got to vote on as many as we have—only about 65 amendments besides the national ticket, and among them one to try to give the Market Street Railway, whose franchise begins to expire in 1929, a new lease of life by allowing them to surrender all of their franchises within six months and give them a revokable permit until such time as the city gets ready to take their system over but so hedged around that if they did try it would be almost impossible to do so. The most of it is only junk, taken over about four years ago by that great humanitarian corporation known by the general public as the Billesby Corporation. In that time they have spent a great deal of money doing work that should have been done in the last 20 years. Now they are telling the dear public what wonderful things they are doing and if all reports are true, and no doubt they are, they or some one else is spending from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per day trying to put over the perpetual franchise with practically no restrictions to it. The Billesby Corporation is one of the largest holding and operating companies in the United States. They did not get it doing charity work for the common people and if they get away with this I am afraid San Francisco will not long be able to boast of our five-cent street car fare. Mother Bell has not

as yet received permission to shake the Bay District down for their \$7,000,000 per year increase, and I do not believe they will unless they get it from the courts as the Los Angeles Street Railway did.

C. D. MULL,
Business Agent.

L. U. 192, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Editor:

The great question of the hour, "What party will direct our national problems for the next four years?" will have been decided before this issue goes into print. It is an opportune moment to put before our members a reminder of our own elections in the near future. We should now begin to plan for the strengthening of our organization by selecting for officers those members who have the interests of the Brotherhood as a whole at heart rather than those who work mainly for individual achievement.

But it is not alone within our various locals that we need to be foresighted in our plans. We, here in Rhode Island, would be greatly benefited by the enactment of a state license law similar to those in effect in Massachusetts and New York. Several attempts have been made to have such a law passed, but up to the present the measure has not succeeded in getting beyond the committee on bills which has the power to decide what may come up for legislation. This committee is most frequently composed of members from our rural communities and, under our peculiar form of state government, a member from a district representing perhaps 200 persons has an equal voting right with a member from our cities representing thousands, where the largest number of our workers prevail. Having surmounted this tremendous barrier and succeeding in having the bill passed by the legislature, we are still liable to defeat at the hands of a commissioner of finance, who have the veto power over any bill calling for expenditure of state funds.

There is also the matter of promoting friendly relations between neighboring locals. We have the smallest state in the Union, also the densest population. Many times our journeymen find themselves in an awkward position since the privileges of a free exchange of cards have been withdrawn.

It behooves each and every member of our organization to bear in mind the many advantages that we may gain by having our efforts properly directed. We should strive to elect able and efficient officers and to give them our earnest support by a constant attendance and active participation in our meetings.

This apparent lack of interest by such a large proportion of our members in affairs of the Brotherhood was no doubt largely responsible for the situation created by a local business agent and a New York member of the International Executive Board, who recently treated us to an unsavory mixture of New York and Rhode Island politics and incidentally destroyed most of the good work done by the International Vice President and our district organizer.

T. H. FITZSIMMONS.

L. U. NO. 210, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

Well, as our good friend Bill Rogers says: "I only know what I read in the papers." But good old summer time is over again and we are just on the verge of winter again. Looking back as we do, wondering what we did with it. Well, what I started out to say is that we are moving along holding our own at least, when along comes the good news

On every job—

There's a laugh or two!

Our buddie, the Duke of 245, sends in some more of his characteristic verse. Duke is good and getting better: he keeps in practice, too, which is more than we can say about a lot of other good guys who used to help us out with this column:

Your Buddie

When the power is off, and you're aloft, and about to pick up the load—
You're in a storm and your clothes are wet;
lightning flashing down the road—
You kind of dread to make that tap,
You know the results of one mis-hap.
Who stands on guard across the arm, to keep you clear and out of harm?

Your buddie.

A bank of kettles right near by have stopped production, they're out of power;
The sub then shows the line is dead, and you find the trouble on a tower.
You climb the steel in a blinding rain,
And carefully place your static chain;
Who stands alert there by your side, to see that all ropes are securely tied?
That's your buddie.

Perhaps 'tis he that works them hot, and you are there to share his lot?
Although he makes the joints alone, there's two of you with a single thought.
You carefully watch each move he makes,
And discourage any chance he takes—
You silently guard without a pause: when he needs you you are there, because—
That's your buddie.

That time that you were sick in bed, and didn't show up, stayed home instead;
Remember? you had a cold. And all the day the fever was rushing to your head;
You laid real still, but ghostly white,
Thought it never would again get night;
But finally when the work was o'er, who came a-rushing to your door?
That was your buddie.

When a lineman's work and life is done, and in rest and peace we go to dwell,
And we go to that place reserved for us, after a long hard trip to hell—
But you know that there your friends will be,
Every lineman friend you'll expect to see;
And while you're being introduced to the devil, who'll be handing you a shovel?
Your buddie.

DUKE OF 245.

A Bright Idea

I'm just a poor weak woman!
She whimpered with a snuffle;
And he, with great acumen,
Replied to her: "Oh, piffle!
If you feel that way, why not wed?
In union there is strength," he said.

Co-ed: There's soap in this food.
Waiter: That's all right. It's to wash the food down.—*Yellow Crab.*

"May I take your picture?" said the photographer to the telephone operator who was out horseback riding.

"Yes," said the voice with the smile, while she tried to wheel her steed into line. "But hold the line a minute while I adjust the plug."

No More War

There is a story that a sailor, failing to return to his battle cruiser on time, was apprehended in citizen dress and dragged before his superior officer. "I read about how the big nations had all signed that Kellogg treaty," he explained, "and I just thought you wouldn't need me any more."

College graduate's mother: "Here's a letter from our boy at last."

His Dad: "Has he got a job yet?"
"Yes; he's washing dishes in a restaurant."
"That's good! He told us he was gonna clean up a million."

Unsolved

An old countryman had been about Vancouver for some time without work, but finally got a job cutting the slabs into stove lengths.

The hazy circle at the outer edge of the circular saw had a tremendous fascination for him and at last he put his finger over it to see just what it was. His finger came off. As he stood gazing at the bleeding stump, the foreman came along. "Well, what's the matter here?" he asked.

"Blime me if I know," was the reply. "You see I just put my finger over the saw like that * * * My gawd, there's another one gone!"—*Forbes.*

True Love

Engine-Driver's Sweetheart: "And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

"Do I? I've wrecked two trains that way already!"

"Oh, you darling!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Now we have the talking movies to joke about. Some of the jokes are new but most of them are just re-cast. For instance—

The director was looking over the extras for the cast of the new talking picture, and turned his attention to a husky colored applicant.

"You look all right, boy," he said, "but I don't know whether you can handle the lines."

"Feet, start goin'" ejaculated the black boy, "If I gotta handle lions I don' wanna be in no pitchuh, nevah!"

Also the sad case of the native of Georgia, who was discovered leaning dejectedly against the billboard:

"What's the matter?" asked a tourist. "You look gloomy."

"Times is terrible!" groaned the Georgia cracker. "Here I spent two years learning to read and now comes these talking pictures and it ain't necessary."

A strikebreaking agency had just shipped a crew of scabs to a railroad center during the shopmen's strike. A few days later the agency received a wire from the railroad boss which read:

"Send me another batch of strikebreakers, but please dig them out of fresher graves."

Grocer—"Now that I have decided to give you a job, I must tell you that early hours are the rule in this store."

New Clerk—"That's good. You can't close too early for me."—*Selected.*

from some of our North Jersey Brothers, saying we should send any Brother who happened to be on an indefinite vacation up their way.

I wish to take advantage of this medium to appeal to all the boys of Local No. 210, Atlantic City, to come out as regular as possible this winter, as we have secured a new meeting place on South Carolina avenue, No. 253. Ground floor, no long stairway to climb.

With the passing of this month we will have gone through another season of Thanksgiving, therefore, let us pause for just a minute and go back over the things that we should all be thankful for, and put forth every effort that we may reach even greater attainments at the end of another such season.

T. B. HAMM.

L. U. NO. 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

"Hallowe'en!" Night of goblins and witches and also a big night for boys. I can hear them cruising around outside, but if they find anything to move it will be because I've missed a trick.

The "Old Timers Club" attended a sour-kroust supper at Brother Edgar Martin's home in Northfield. While the full membership did not turn out, that made it "Jake" for those that did.

Can you imagine sour kroust with "smashed" potatoes that have been beaten into submission with milk and butter, fresh ham, spare ribs and knock-wurst with all the trimmings? I think Mrs. Martin over-estimated our capacity. To use the words of old man Buick—"when better feeds are provided," the Martins of Northfield, N. J., will build them!

Brother "Limber" Turner's trite remark (after the signal to "go" had been given) that Brother "Shiek" Heppard could do more with a fork than a monkey could do with a peanut, was putting it mild.

In our of our weak moments the writer consented to ride Brothers Harvey and Heppard over to the feed—to be entertained?? on the way with a duet on "The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used To Be." I might mention we have a gray Ford coupe, vintage No. 1923.

The evening classes at the vocational school have started to function with bang up classes. Brother Naylor instructing a class on transformers, Brother Harmon, motors, and the writer's elementary electricity and code.

The transformer class being fortunate in receiving some films from the General Electric Co., just clicked in time as the school now has a new projection machine.

Brother "Pete" Riley, Philadelphia, was a resident here this summer, renting a cottage in Ventnor. It was our hard luck we could not catch up with him.

What happened to Brother Bill Hagarty of Washington, D. C.? Has the policy of retrenchment put into effect by the administration reached the citizens of Cherrydale, Va.?

My hat's off to press secretaries Johnson, Local No. 98; "Rusty," Local No. 81, and Flea MacDonald, Local No. 83. More of that stuff boys!

G. M. S.

It fosters education and uproots ignorance. It has educated a great many uneducated foreign workers in orderly, democratic methods of representative government and majority rule. There has been no greater force for civic education outside of the public school than the labor union.—*Introduction to Economics, Ely.*

L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

Well, Brothers, I suppose that the old turkey is fat and ready for the assassination on the day of Thanksgiving. That is the day of the big feast. And with that big bird goes pumpkin pie, hot mince pie, cider, and (Oh, behave!). Those things ain't for linemen. But just for the novelty of the thing let's go back over 1923, these 10 months, and see if we have anything to be thankful for before the celebration. A straw vote would be no, but here are a few things that we should be thankful for: First, more men working at present than this time last year. Second, we have had steady work since the first of the year, and have enjoyed the same conditions for the last three years duration. Yes, I think we had better kill that bird and celebrate. It is true that we did not get what we expected as yet, but it is a long time until Christmas, and let's all hang up our stockings on that day and see what Santa Claus has for us. Who knows, maybe old Kris Krinkle will yet remember us.

Panhandling is excellent in Toledo now. The Y. M. C. A. just finished panhandling one million and a half dollars. And that is not so bad for a town of 300,000 inhabitants. When a money making establishment like the Y. M. C. A. can deliberately go on the streets and panhandle that amount in 10 days, and the police court is full of cases where poor devils are sentenced to from 10 days to six months every morning for the same thing only on a smaller scale, then it looks like something is wrong, not that I am in favor of any one individual or any million dollar corporation mooching the streets, yet I say what is good for the goose is good for the gander. The Y. M. C. A. won the war and it looks like there is another some place.

Yet if a laboring organization asks for a few pennies increase in wages, the protest comes from all these different million dollar organizations. The workingman pays his dues at the Y or he don't stay there. That like the greater amount of public spirited and otherwise charitable organizations, has many favors to sell you but few to give away.

These drives do one thing and that is, that it gives some of our most worthy citizens a chance to place themselves on a pedestal by donating a couple of hundred thousand that they have kept from the man that produces his marketed product for him at a scale of wages far below the standard of living prices. His donations make him a great man to the public. But if one of his underpaid slaves went to him with five starving children and himself sick and unable to work he would be turned over to the police. (Millions for glory, but not one cent for charity.) And in case that this man would be hurt while in the employ of this public hero, then he would get two-thirds of his wages from the state compensation board. One-third of his wages gone and doctor bills to be paid, makes his future bright. But the boss has another man in his place. Now can't you see why the civil war was fought?

Years ago when an employer of labor had use for a man he had to purchase him outright. He became his chattel property and if he got sick or disabled he had to be fed and doctored although he produced nothing. Now it is different, if one of our present day industrial slaves becomes ill he is cast aside and another is hired in his place and the incident is forgotten and the production never stops. Years ago a slave was given shelter and food and clothes. Today the slave is paid just enough for that same shelter, food and clothes, and the industries don't have to be burdened with a lot of extra slaves during the slack season when

the market is slow. Now the slave owner simply lays off the surplus laborers and hires others when he sees fit while in the years gone by he had a job picking out the fat marketable bucks and wenchies and selling off and buying again in the spring. The present system of today is much better, for there is no such thing as a slave getting old, for with this system at a certain age he is laid off to starve for himself and in time invariably finds some charitable home and passes away without friends and often is laid in a pauper's grave. It's a fine system, Brothers. There's rich men and there's honest men, then there's politicians and there's petty larceny, crooks who fill the jail that are guarded by the politician, and the honest man that earns his bread by the sweat of his brow while piling up wealth for the good samaritan, his employer. But, stop! Those are getting to be facts and facts from the worker's angle is radicalism. There will be an awful calamity in this country when the workers begin to talk facts among themselves.

White ways and the widening of streets here in Toledo have furnished plenty of work for us all summer and will last far into the winter months. Hundreds of miles of country lines have been built in this community alone with the completion of 70 miles of transmission line. A 132,000 volt tower line from Sandusky, Ohio, connecting the Toledo Edison and the Ohio power with its many subsidiaries as far east as Buffalo, N. Y. The big fish is fast eating up the little fish. In a very short time the big fish will have the sea of prosperity to itself and we will be the arteries that will pump the supply of currents in this sea, and now is the time to tax this fish with a sufficient toll in the form of a wage increase and maintenance of conditions. If we were a million dollar concern and wanted to float this increase it would be easy, simply to sell stock this year and promise the stockholder a small dividend and next year sell enough to pay off this promised dividend and keep this up each year, robbing Peter to pay Paul and in a few years the public would respect us as great promoters. But we as a body of poor workers can't do this and neither can we float a bond issue to compensate us for our personal expenditures for we are not politicians. So we must use our only weapon, labor's weapon—strike. This every one tries to avoid. But 90 per cent stand in readiness to revert to these methods if others fail. The average worker is getting weaker but wiser and as he gets wiser our wage disputes will be easier to straighten out. We, here in Toledo are hoping to avoid a walk out, and have put trust in other methods and all hope that our little dispute will be satisfactorily taken care of in time for Christmas (Gott Mit Uns).

These columns are full each month of items pertaining to the trials and tribulations of the common lineman and his helper. But the aristocratic hiker, what of him? I mean the hot stick man. We have a crew of that sort here. They treat their ropes, they treat their sticks, and they treat each other. Our hot stick crew consists of four foreigners from East Toledo. Walter Cominess and Bob Hatfield do the hot stick work, helped and captained by Herm Schissler and hauled rapidly from place to place by chauffeur "Shorty" Teff. When these boys go forth to battle the equipment looks like surveyors climbing up to hear Pikes Peak.

It is natural that the name H. Hoover will appear in print at this time, but this happens to be Harry and not the Hooverizing Herbert of world war fame and Harry Hoover has moved again, and wants his address changed from 601 Peppy Street to 1314 Forest Ave., Toledo, Ohio, and listen, G. M. Bugnizet, get your pencil and paper out and

get ready: new copy, William Hewes has changed his abode from 1312 Walnut St., to 208 Eastern Ave., Toledo, Ohio, and Eaton Adams tells me that he is not getting the JOURNAL at all at his address at 1728 Ontario St., Toledo, Ohio. And last is the name of James M. Griesinger of 1219 Brookley Blvd., R. R. No. 3, Toledo, Ohio, says that very suddenly his JOURNAL quit coming about six months ago without reason and Jimmie's dues have always been paid to date. Put these boys right, please and oblige.

One of our members here lives up very close to the Michigan line in a place called Sylvania. I found it by chance upon several occasions. But each time I try to visit our Brother there, I have found several cars parked in front and figured that he had company enough without my little bit, but I will catch you alone some time, Jess.

One of the oldest members of No. 245 is confined in a hospital here, Fred Holtz is having some obstructing cataracts removed from the old lamp. Good luck, old kid. William Ossenbaugh is a papa again. This makes three now. Two future linemen and a 1942 flapper.

EDWARD E. DUKESHIRE.

L. U. NO. 308, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Editor:

Humanity is hemmed in by so many influences that from time immemorial, no real effort has been made to gain control of the impulses that run loose in the world. It has been, and still is, easier to let things go as they will rather than exert the will to direct them. But the dividing line between success and failure is found at that stage where aimless drifting ceases.

We are all creatures of emotions, passions, circumstances and accident. What the mind will be, what the heart will be, what the body will be, are problems that are shaped to the drift of life, even when special attention is given to any of them.

If you will sit down and think for a while you will be surprised to know how much of your life has been mere drift.

Look at any created life, and see its effort to express itself. The tree sends its branches toward the sunlight; struggles through its leaves to inhale the air; and, even underground, sends forth its roots in search of water. This you call inanimate life; but it represents a force that comes from some source and goes to some equilibrium.

Man is a higher animal, and animal life is a higher vegetation. There are more millions of flesh cells in your body than your mind could conceive or your pencil could write in figures, yet not one of these cells originated otherwise than in a vegetable, nor could it have been originated but for some force that existed in and of the cell itself.

We propose to call this force mere energy, and you may give it any scientific name you please. It has been named by various investigators, but the terms used do not help us to understand it any the better. In fact, whenever a new book is written, the author, believing that his invention of a few hundred scientific words will establish a new science and draw us all to his feet, loads the volume with long and unbearable terms until its interest sinks with its weight. Once in a while a short, simple word is necessary to the explanation of a new idea; but the disposition of scientific writers to invent hundreds and thousands of long technical terms has loaded their special literature with an incubus that for the most part throttles it.

There is no place on the globe where energy is not found. The air is so loaded with it that in the cold north the sky shines in boreal rays; and wherever the frigid tem-

A NEW SERIES OF HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS



LABOR DAY PARADE, 1899

1, John L. Collins. 2, Gabriel Malloy. 3, Joseph Driscoll. 4, Charles Green. 5, Vincent Fish. 6, Gilbert Nelson. 7, Erickson. 8, Miles Paul. 9, Michael Gavin. 10, Edw. Collins. 11, John Stauff. 12, Fred Jackson. 13, Michael O'Malley. 14, "Kid" Maitland. 15, William Knapp. 16, Dickerson. 17, James L. Collins. 18, William O'Donnel. 19, George Levine. 20, "Kid" Blake. 21, George Rau. 22, Bob McCarthy. 23, Edw. Kelly. 24, Henry Knapp. 25, William McDonald. 26, "Red" Lowery. 27, Sidney Brennon. 28, Arthur Chisholm. 29, "Stormy" Walsh. 30, Ed. Haeltfielt. 31, Charles LaMarr.

Through the courtesy of Phillip Bender, L. U. No. 9, we begin herewith a new series of historic photographs, reviving the old days of union life in Chicago. The subject of this month's picture is "Labor Day, 1899," showing the local when it was still "National" Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

perature yields to the warmth, the electric conditions may alarm man. Water is but a liquid union of gases, and is charged with electrical, mechanical and chemical energies, any one of which is capable of doing great service and great damage to man. Even ice in its coldest phase, has energy, for it is not subdued, nor even still; its force has broken mountain rocks into fragments.

This energy about us we are drinking in water, eating in food and breathing in air. Not a chemical molecule is free from it; not an atom can exist without it. We are a combination of individual energies.

Now back to earth again; how about your insurance? The importance and value of insurance are not sufficiently appreciated. In human undertakings the great words are Safety, Certainty, Security. Insurance makes certainty possible, eliminates the factor of danger and final failure. Be insured, be safe, and work better, because you feel better. If some of the Brothers would raise their voice in meetings as they talk politics, we would go somewhere.

Demand the union label on everything. Thanks!

THE WOODCHOPPER.

The function of the machine is to liberate man from his burdens, and to release his energies to the building of his intellectual and spiritual powers for conquests in the field of thought and higher action.—*Dear-born Independent.*

L. U. NO. 313, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Editor:

Here are a few lines from the boys of the Diamond State.

Wilmington is looking for the much heralded prosperity era due to appear at most any date. We are hoping to see the building trades council stage a come back. We know that the contractors of Wilmington and vicinity are anxious to see some change that will eliminate the fluctuation in labor prices and we are trying to find some workable plan whereby these contractors will want to come half way to make this condition possible.

We are very grateful to Brother Mead, our representative in this district, for the effort he has put forth in this, our opportunity for betterment. May he continue along with us.

We are completing a job at the Todds Cut shops for the United Engineers Constructors, Inc., of Philadelphia. These shops belong to the Pennsylvania Railroad. We are also working on the engineering building at Delaware College, at Newark, Del. This job is moving very slow. The Hatzel Buehler, Inc., of New York are the electrical contractors. Wilmington has several large jobs to be built in the near future and we are hoping to have the building trades council reorganized so we can handle this big work the way that it should be. Things are moving slow just now. Some of the boys are working on short time at present. Some time ago I

stated that the local has started the wheel a-going, and we hope to have it traveling at full speed by spring. Will let you hear from us in the next WORKER.

O. C. WALLS.

L. U. NO. 329, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Editor:

Hello, World! Dawgone!

Yes, of course you guessed it. this is Shreveport, Local Union No. 329.

It has been quite a little while since we have had any mention in the WORKER and we want to keep in touch with other organizations, so think it is time we should have another letter here.

Local No. 329 has made wonderful progress towards making Shreveport 100 per cent union and the good work never lags a minute; we take advantage of every opportunity presented. Incidentally, this has been the most prosperous and best year we have experienced in several—lots of work, fair conditions, agreeable co-operation and in fact everything that goes toward bringing about a good job.

There has been some substation and powerhouse work going on here for the last several weeks but believe that it is just about winding up; it evidently has been a very healthy job, judging from the additional weight Brother Sam Hughes has accumulated since he left us to go over there. It is a matter of guess work as to whether or not he will be able to secure a belt a little larger.

Brother P. J. Trahan has also become one of the "gravy train" crew; he, along with Brother Curley Hudson, is shooting trouble now.

It seems that we are going to have among us shortly several chicken farmers. Brother Robert Horn is a pioneer and evidently his success and enthusiasm have been an inducement to several other of our Brother members.

The Louisiana State Fair is now in full swing and it is one of the best we have had; it always creates a little extra work for some roving Brother. Speaking of roving Brothers makes us think. Several of our old Brother members have come through here lately; Brother Dick Pasley, for one.

Perhaps our nice warm weather is an inducement. We are having real summer weather and still fish but I guess before long we will have to change that to hunt—the writer is by the way a better hunter anyway.

I don't believe there is anything more of interest to write at this time. We still have the same officers and Brother K. D. Hardin is still the business agent. Our meeting nights have changed to the second and fourth Thursday, though, and remember, we are always glad to have any Brother with us.

Any traveling Brother can get in touch with us through Brother Hardin, the business agent.

WALTER J. (STORMY) DAVIS,
Recording Secretary.

L. U. NO. 353, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.

Editor:

Our local had a very good turnout for our Labor Day parade this year. There were about 150 members on parade.

Members who work on Labor Day are subject to an assessment of the day's pay at double time for working.

Members working for the exhibition board, at the Exhibition Grounds, are exempted from the assessment.

Our Labor Day committee, of which

Brother Ed. Forsey was chairman, had a very nice float in the parade.

There was an illuminated sign on the float consisting of the letters, "I. B. E. W." on both sides. Fifty-six, ten watt 32 volt lamps were used, the current being supplied by a 750 watt Delco light gasoline engine set. Our boys lined up for the parade in Queen's Park near the new government building on Grovenor St. We had a 32 piece band to help us march. Just as our section of the parade started it began to rain and it



L. U. 353 KNOWS HOW TO BUILD FLOATS

drizzled off and on until we reached the Exhibition grounds. Enclosed are pictures of the float which are good considering the weather.

We had a big meeting last Thursday. Brother Ingles gave us a great talk on trade union history of the electrical workers, reminding us of the days when our "International Representatives" were forced to travel via side door pullmans, without any salary, to visit locals in various communities.

A clause by clause discussion was also taken up of the new agreement, upon which the committee are working.

P. ELSWORTH.

L. U. NO. 358, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Editor:

Work in the jurisdiction of Local No. 358 appears good at present. Public Service Switching station job going good, about 150 journeymen and helpers on at present. Expect big lay off in one to two weeks as current will be turned on. Not much other work going on.

I am inclosing news item from the Perth Amboy Evening News of October 1, telling about our Twenty-fifth Anniversary Jubilee Banquet. We had the honor of having Brother Edw. J. Kloter, International Vice President with us at one of the best get-together affairs held by Local No. 358 or any of the locals in this city.

Electrical work on the Perth Amboy to Tottenville, N. Y., bridge has been finished. Underground service work, P. S. Electric Company, about finished up, no other jobs in view as yet.

WM. H. McDONOUGH.

Electrical Workers at Anniversary Banquet

A jubilee banquet in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local No. 358, was held in Masonic Hall on State Street, Saturday night.

The local was organized February 21, 1903, and the final charter members were taken in during the month of September, 1903. The local union takes in electrical workers in this city and various parts of Middlesex county and all joined Saturday evening to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary. Wives of the members, friends and other invited guests joined in making the affair a success.

Peter F. Campbell, chairman of the committee and assistant to the city electrician,

started the activities of the evening by introducing Prosecutor John E. Toolan, legal advisor of the local union, as toastmaster. The prosecutor spoke of the progress made by the local organization and of the fine turnout for the anniversary event.

William McDonough, organizer of the local union; City Electrician Jay B. Franke, E. S. Sofield, International Vice President Edward F. Kloter; Edward J. Bachman, president of the local and first registered apprentice; Edward Schroeder, business agent of Local 52, Newark; Deputy Commissioner Joseph Maloney; Joe Braen, Local 1021, B. E. W., of Paterson; Robert Lewis, business agent Local Union 675, Elizabeth, and Fred T. Colton, member of Local 675, Elizabeth, and a candidate for the general assembly in this county, were the other speakers. The progress of the local electrical union, good fellowship by Local 358, the necessity of union workers sticking together, the fine turnout for the banquet and similar matters were discussed.

J. McGuire, Paterson; Clarence Hook, business agent of Plainfield; J. Turner, Local 52, Newark; E. Reilly and Fred Newman, New Brunswick 456, and representatives from Trenton, Jersey City, New York, Baltimore, Md., Asbury Park and Morristown were also in attendance.

Mrs. Harreskov served the banquet, the menu being as follows: Fruit cocktail and salad, soup, roast fish and potatoes, chicken, lettuce and tomato salad, ice cream and cake and coffee. Tangaard's Bluebird orchestra furnished music during the evening. The entertainment was in charge of the Bert Lowe entertainment bureau of New York City. Dancing followed.

The committee on arrangements included: Peter F. Campbell, chairman; President Edward J. Bachman, Financial Secretary Victor Larson, Treasurer William J. Clausen, Business Agent Edward S. Sofield, Executive Chairman John C. Boll, Press Secretary William H. McDonough, Trustee T. Skyberg, and Ways and Means Committee Andrew J. Sheehy.

Prizes awarded during the evening were given by Guth Electrical Company, Amboy Lighting Company, Raritan Electrical Supply Company, Coutts Electrical Company, O. K. Electrical Supply Company, and Frank Woglom, stationery and supplies.

L. U. NO. 413, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Editor:

"Old Spain in America"

Santa Barbara is world-famous for its Spanish Architecture, matchless scenery and as an all-year playground. Situated on the slopes of the sunny Santa Ynez Range, this picturesque Spanish city looks out over the azure blue and protected waters of the Santa Barbara Channel. The "Old Spanish Days Fiesta" held in midsummer, has become one of America's most colorful and scintillating events. Mission Santa Barbara, founded St. Barbara's Eve (December 4th), 1786, tenth of the famous California Missions dotting the Padre Highway, from San Diego to Sonoma, is the mecca of tourists. Rich in early Spanish romance it proudly stands today, faithfully restored and as the Franciscan Padres built it 141 years ago. The city looks out upon rugged Santa Cruz, Anacapa and Santa Rosa Islands, 27 miles to seaward, and on San Miguel Island in the distance. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, conqueror of uncharted seas and discoverer of Santa Barbara, was buried on San Miguel Island, January 3, 1543.

Santa Barbara is just 100 miles north of Los Angeles and 370 miles south of San

Francisco, on the Scenic Pacific Coast Highway. The city has a population of 37,000 and covers an area of an approximately 16 square miles (altitude, sea level to 4,000 feet), and is protected from wind, tides and undertow by the guarding Channel Islands.

We meet every Friday night, in Hall No. 3, at the Labor Temple, and the following is a list of our members, which we are printing in hopes that secretaries of other active locals will publish a list of their members, in this way enabling us to become better acquainted and help keep track of stray Brothers:

President, R. A. Brockman. Vice President, Leo Penrose. Financial Secretary, W. M. Bertram. Treasurer, H. Dickman. Chairman of Sick Committee, Fred S. Cook. Recording Secretary, Robert Springer. City Electrical Inspector, H. V. Dobson.

Allen, H. P.	Lloyd, Robert
Allen, I. B.	Lossman, J.
Albers, Geo.	Luce, C.
Bryce, Peter C.	Mosingo, J.
Brockman, R. A.	Murphy, R.
Brock, Floyd	Miller, Dan
Brady, L. V.	Mulard, J.
Brewer, W. P.	Martin, H. I.
Bertram, Walter	Newman, J.
Bleiley, J.	O'Reilly, J.
Cusack, M. S.	Osborne, F.
Cruse, W. M.	Pellamounter, H.
Cook, F. S.	Penrose, Leo.
Cardin, Russell	Pratt, H. I.
Cicero, Richard	Planbeck, C.
Cherrie, Harry	Porter, E. W.
Campbell, W.	Robertson, M. W.
Davis, Dan	Rue, J. A.
Dobson, H. V.	Rear, Rudy
Dickman, H.	Saunders, M.
Eddington, Floyd	Smith, C.
Funke, Worner	Smith, Walter
Glenn, Hugh	Simon, C.
Glaister, Percy	Safford, Ed.
Gregg, Jack	Simpson, Wm.
Goggia, Peter	Springer, R.
Hiedenreich, F.	Todd, J.
Hoelscher, A. H.	Tracy, W. M.
Hill, C. J.	Turner, C.
Haberlitz, E.	Winstrom, E.
Johnson, Wm.	Wilson, F.
Johnson, H. A.	Welch, Wm.
Langmack, H.	Wallace, Ed.
Leslie, T., Jr.	

To comrades of the Spanish American War, I would love to have been in Havana, Cuba, at the last convention. Hope that a comrade will drop me a few lines. I served on the U. S. Dolphin in Cuban waters.

W. H. WELCH,
Admiral Bacon Camp.

L. U. NO. 474, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Editor:

Some few months past I was very proud and grateful to the membership of L. U. No. 474 for electing me press secretary and especially to Brothers Polk, Byrd, F. S., and Joe Wenzler, for it was they that nominated and made such flowery speeches in my behalf. But at this time I find myself wondering what it's all about, this business of press secretary.

Local No. 474 doesn't create national news and for that reason it is very hard to write an article of interest for the WORKER. If the article is pertaining to local activities, it's the local men that are mostly interested and if they were interested enough in union affairs to read the WORKER they would surely be present at all local meetings and learn what is going on. But, still, I guess it's like getting a letter from home to the boys out of L. U. No. 474 that are on the road, so here goes.

Well, I guess I could tell the Brothers about the barbecue and picnic for L. U. No. 474 members, sponsored by Brothers A. R. McGoldrick and Frank Canale, last month; it was a real one, barbecue and everything. Brothers Morgan, Chism, Giles and Smokey were on the entertainment committee, and we had plenty of it. In fact it was such a success that the Brothers have already planned to make it an annual affair, possibly semiannual or even oftener than that. By the way, it was a stag picnic.

Yes, we had a Labor Day parade and made a wonderful showing, all in white uniforms with white felt hats. No doubt the best showing Local No. 474 has ever made in public. I note that several of the locals won first prize in their parades. Fine, we haven't been able to figure out just why we didn't do the same.

We were very glad to have one of our old members, Brother H. R. Martin, back with us last meeting night and enjoyed the talk he made on co-operation and the support which the membership owes their business agent and officers. Brother Martin has been away from us some four or five years and was here only on a visit. But I think he came back just to ride the press secretary. However, that's all right, Brother Martin. It won't be necessary for you to come again anytime soon.

Local No. 474 has made wonderful progress in the past two years. We are working for closed shops and have all the principal shops signed up. Our business agent, Brother E. W. Hilderbrandt, has done a lot of constructive work and has brought about a very friendly feeling between the contractors and the local. We are at this time negotiating a new agreement and feel sure that same will be brought about without destroying the relations that now exist and which lead to a promising future for the electrical industry in Memphis.

I wish to thank the local at Pekin, Ill., on behalf of Local No. 474 and men from Local No. 474 who spent some few months with them on power house job, for the square deal they extended our men, and will state that same bears out a brotherly spirit which should exist between all locals.

The Brothers who are acquainted with Brother C. E. Coley will be glad to hear that he is improving nicely after undergoing an operation and we hope he will soon be able to be with us again.

Well, Brothers, this article wouldn't be complete without this, and these are facts:

Business at present—slow.
Men loafing—12 to 15.
Immediate prospects—poor.
Future prospects—fair.

R. E. FELTUS.

L. U. NO. 477, SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

Editor:

As our press secretary, W. S. Montague, some time ago moved to San Francisco, we have not been represented in the WORKER.

We are very glad to report that although last winter was pretty much a catch-as-catch-can proposition, most of the Brothers have been busy all summer. There may not be any more hoodoo in a Presidential year than there is in the number 13, but nevertheless there are many people who do not derive much pleasure or enjoyment from either.

There has been one West Coast Theatre completed in San Bernardino this summer, one is now under construction here and one in each of the neighboring towns of Riverside and Redlands. All have been fair electrically, although the writer cannot recall

the names of the wiremen who handled the jobs.

Labor Day picnic in Riverside was quite a success, although many of the Brothers from Local No. 477 were unable to attend.

As I have not had time to gather any interesting material, I will close now and promise more news next month.

S. N. M.

L. U. NO. 492, MONTREAL, CANADA

Editor:

Meetings of Local No. 492 are still held at the old stand, but quite a number of the members are evidently unaware of the fact as they fail to show up on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. If the reason for their absence is that they don't like their officers, they will have an opportunity to change them next month—and remember, we will meet only once in the month of December—on the 12th—so paste this date in your hat and come up and elect your new board of officers for the year 1929, as election will take place on that night.

During the present month, November, we expect to have a joint meeting with the two other locals of Montreal at 417 Ontario Street East, in the large room upstairs to hear Mr. Mochon, chief electrical inspector for the province of Quebec, speak on the proposed electrical code which we hope to have effective in 1929. This should be of interest to every member of our organization as it vitally affects the whole electrical industry in Quebec. Notices will be mailed to members of Local No. 492, and if it has not taken place before this letter is in print, I hope every member of this local will make a special effort to hear Mr. Mochon. Now Brothers, don't forget these two important meetings, one in November and one on December 12. We expect to have refreshments, eats, etc., on this night.

It was good to see a letter in each of the last three WORKERS from L. U. No. 568 of Montreal, after a long absence, but we are sorry to see they have the same complaint as most locals, namely, poor attendance. However, carry on is the advice of

H. M. NEVISON.

L. U. NO. 500, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Editor:

Local Union No. 500 is still on the map and gaining ground little by little. We have finally gained Saturday afternoon off throughout the year.

Will state in due fairness to the officials of the San Antonio P. S. Company, that after holding us down on that point for the last two contracts, they voluntarily decided to continue after the summer months.

To some of you eastern Brothers it may seem that we are way behind times, but those who know this particular part of Texas, will agree that it is not so bad after all.

We have no members loafing at this time, but our inside Brethren are not so fortunate.

Our fair city is taking on a real holiday appearance as everyone is trying their best to welcome the legionnaires in proper style.

Although some of the other Brothers from this state might tell you about the same thing, I am going to take a chance and inform you that we now have a state body of electrical workers organized, and mighty proud of it.

WM. CARLSON.

The riches of a Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

—John Greenleaf Whittier, in *Our State*.

L. U. NO. 540, CANTON, OHIO

Editor:

I suppose I will get kicked out of my remunerative position if I don't attend to my duties as press secretary, but the reason I haven't time to place a pen in my lily white hand, and amaze you with my inspired writing is, because I'm very busy counting my money in the evenings.

I'm saving all this money to buy a home for electricians. It will be furnished with:

Stepladders that don't shake,
Sawblades that won't break
Dies that will cut a thread
That locknuts will love,
And make pipes butt.
All the conduit bent, and a
Reamer that will ream.

This sounds like an electrician's pipe dream.

I know this piece of poetry is good (and rotten) if you can call it poetry, but please don't send me any flowers on account of it.

Work seems to be picking up a little in our locality, but not enough to create any excitement.

We all extend our sympathy to Brother George Hoffman who fell, while he was at work, and injured himself severely. We hope that he will recover very soon. We also wish to say "hello," to Brother Fred Dougherty who is now in California. Write to us, Fred and tell us how everything is out there. No more card games since you've gone. I guess I did my duty this month so I say good-bye with a tear in my eye.

ED. GOLDSBERRY.

L. U. NO. 560, PASADENA, CALIF.

Editor:

Due to the fact that several of our officers resigned and some left town we found it necessary to elect new ones. The following are the officers for the coming year: President, C. R. Green; vice president, A. H. Morse; financial secretary, Paul Shigley; recording secretary, J. W. Francis; treasurer, Lloyd Barnes; foreman, W. W. Baxter; first inspector, J. E. Bell; second inspector, Merle Fisher.

Well, Brothers, our local is growing, as we have taken in some new members, and things in general are looking pretty good to get a lot more that are on the outside.

We lost one good member, Brother L. B. Gilman, as he has gone to Portland, Ore. He is a good union man and will be missed, but our loss is their gain.

Brother McGinn is the proud possessor of a new Ford car while Brother Bonn, a new member, sports a brand new Erskine.

Brother Bert Craig can scarcely hold himself in check, he wants to go to southern Oregon so bad. He says he wants to try ranching and get rich; at least be independent. More power to you, Bert.

Local No. 560 raised the initiation fee to \$50 for journeymen and \$25 for helpers. This in itself will prevent delinquent cards being dropped entirely when it costs that much to get back in.

We have a little excitement each meeting night when we raffle off a prize which Brother Barnes buys and brings with him. We have become suspicious of him as he sometimes leaves it at home and when he does he wins it. It adds a lot of fun to the meeting and some of the other locals might try it.

J. W. FRANCIS,
Secretary.

To argue with a man who has lost his reason is like giving medicine to the dead.—
Thomas Paine.

Before the
**U.S.
SUPREME
COURT**
Special Cases
of interest to
LABOR

No. 141

John Irving v. Alexander Barker. C. C. A. 5th Circuit (24 F. (2) 628).

Action under the Jones Seamen's Act. Whether contributory negligence bars recovery. Whether a defect in the vessel shifts the burden of proof as to negligence.

No. 142

Belt Railway Company of Chicago v. Ola Pfeifer, Administratrix. Appellate Court Illinois, First District. (October 19, 1927.) Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether there was evidence of negligence on part of the railroad. Whether evidence as to defective appliance was admissible.

No. 158

Nevada-California-Oregon Railway Company v. United States Court of Claims (Decided Feb. 27, 1928).

Whether a railroad is entitled to just compensation for losses during period of federal control, if the United States never took physical possession of or interfered substantially with the operation of the railroad.

No. 160

Virginian Railway Company v. J. E. Kirk, Supreme Court of Appeals, West Virginia (142 S. E. 434).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether there was evidence on part of the railroad. Whether the employee (a brakeman) was negligent when he jumped off a backing train and tried to outrun it in order to switch a derail. Whether the employee assumed the risk in acting so.

No. 162

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co. v. William Blankenhorn, et al. C. C. A. 9th Circuit (25 F. (2) 866).

Constitutionality of the Workmen's Compensation Act of California in so far as it denies a remedy by injunction to restrain the enforcement of awards made by the Industrial Accident Commission.

No. 178

Mrs. J. B. Ellis v. Associated Industries Insurance Corporation. C. C. A. 5th Circuit. (See also U. S. District Court in Texas, Nov. 30, 1926.)

Whether the American Refining Company is liable under the Workmen's Compensation Act of Texas, for the death of an employee, killed at one of the company's plants managed by a contractor.

No. 184

Southern Pacific Company v. Industrial Commission of Utah, et al. Supreme Court of Utah (264 Pac. 965).

Whether the state compensation act or the Federal Employers' Liability Act applies to an employee injured while cutting weeds on the main line right of way of an interstate railroad to remove the hazard of fire.

No. 197

P. N. Salisbury v. Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company. Supreme Court of Kansas (125 Kans. 131).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether there was evidence of negligence on part of the railroad.

(Prepared for ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL by Legal Research Service, Washington, D. C.; Gregory Hankin, Director.

No. 287

Beaumont, Sour Lake and Western Railway Co. v. Magnolia Provision Co. C. C. A. 5th Circuit (26 F. (2) 72).

Whether a railroad is bound by the tariff rates as filed, if they contain an obvious typographical error.

No. 294

Kansas City Southern Railway Co. v. J. L. Nectaux. C. C. A. 5th Circuit (26 F. (2) 317).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether an engineer, injured in a head-on collision due to the negligence of an employee of another railroad (a lessee of the tracks) may recover under the Act.

No. 297

Southern Pacific Co. v. Nelita Franklin. Supreme Court of California (265 Pac. 936).

Whether a railroad is liable for the full value of hand baggage entrusted to a red cap porter while the passenger was changing trains; whether the liability is limited to \$25.

No. 307

Thomas Carlo v. Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad Co. Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether a brakeman assumed the risk of his employment, or was negligent, when while crossing tracks he was run over by a train moving north on a southbound track. Whether the railroad was negligent in that no warning signal was given.

No. 308

Cora A. Poindexter, Administratrix v. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway Co. Supreme Court of Missouri (4 S. W. (2) 1065).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether an inspector who was making light repairs on a defective coupler was engaged in interstate commerce. Whether the car was intended for an interstate train.

No. 309

Bertha Wilson, Administratrix v. Missouri Pacific Railroad Co. Supreme Court of Missouri (5 S. W. (2) 19).

Action under the Federal Employers' Liability Act. Whether a brakeman who attempted to climb to the top of a car, but fell and was killed, when a board to which he held on, broke, came to his death through his own negligence or that of the railroad. Whether the Supreme Court has jurisdiction to issue a writ of certiorari if the petitioner failed to have the case transferred from Division No. 1 of the Supreme Court of Missouri to the Court en banc.

L. U. NO. 567, PORTLAND, MAINE

Editor:

My JOURNAL came early enough this month for me to look it over and perhaps furnish me with some up-to-date copy. This action I now regret since the many special articles by high-falutin writers of prominence make my task seem menial and my pen humble.

Candidly, I'm not entering as a contestant to deprive them of their enviable positions or to bask in the light of their literary brilliance, and just as candidly I'll wager they might be glad on some occasion to wheel the old bus into the protection of the L. W. Cleveland Service Station, where in spite of theory they can dispense too fluently, they would gaze with admiration while Blake or Pledger or Soper untangled some of the cross piled short circuits on some complicated ignition system.

However, I'm not here to start any arguments, so I'll promptly heave to and get down to my own business, which is to chronicle the events of world-wide interest that have happened within the jurisdiction of L. U. No. 567 in the past month—only to find my job completed.

It would not be amiss at this point to call the attention of any who might be interested to the result of the radio situation that was such a problem between the local and the L. W. Cleveland Company.

President-Business Agent (pro tem) Nicholson and Mr. Emmons, president of the company, had several conferences that must have been annoying to both and with all due credit and fairness to each, the ultimate result being an agreement whereby Mr. Emmons agreed to work his several radio men, so classed, eight hours per day and under union conditions. So far as I have been able to determine from expression in the local, the arrangement is satisfactory to all and since the radio game is a seasonal one, we feel fortunate that we have been able to control them and trust they may benefit accordingly.

Our signed agreement with the contractors terminates in May, 1929, but is to run concurrently at the \$1.12½ per hour rate unless either party shall notify the other six months previous to expiration and, since we are already in receipt of several such notices we are fairly certain of some definite action in May.

President Nicholson is trying hard to form a radio class and promote educational work among the members but so far his activity is confined chiefly to efforts which are to be regretted, since his ability and generosity would be of value in a wider field.

Local No. 567 and her sister Local No. 333, of Portland, on a recent Monday night had a joint supper and entertainment program. A fried clam menu and all the fixings was in order and everyone who didn't get filled up was either long of appetite or couldn't eat clams. Surely, if some of our western Brothers could drop in on us and see a mess of clams, as is, before frying they would hardly consider our popular form of banquet as delectable, and my attempt to compare them to anything else beggars description.

Dexter Cooper's Quoddy Bay tidewater project is again in the limelight and has developed to such an extent that an international committee representing Canada and the United States has been appointed to investigate the damage that may be inflicted to the immense sardine industry. This may be seriously impaired by the disturbance of fertile hatching beds that lie within the area proposed for flood reservoirs.

M. M. MCKENNEY.

L. U. NO. 584, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

In glancing through the September issue of the JOURNAL I see where Brother Woodall, scribe of our sister Local No. 1002, has us on the pan, but am at a loss to find out what it is all about. Constructive criticism is always welcome, but when a Brother doesn't like your ways just because they are your ways then that is something else again.

Our idle member list is in very fair shape and while we have never tried to fence any Brother out we have never been addicted to the indiscriminate acceptance of travelers unless there was a fair chance of furnishing some employment to the traveling Brother.

So if we can't run our affairs to suit the Brother and if he really knows what we could do to better our conditions, he is not doing his full duty to his Brothers unless he comes out and tells us. That seems reasonable, does it not? I realize that we all have our little idioms and idiosyncrasies to exercise from time to time.

Was glad to see a letter from our neighbor Local No. 1141 at Oklahoma City. The boys have had an uphill fight over there, but I believe they are going to win through in good shape.

I believe the state Labor Day celebration over there gave them a great deal of moral support at least.

Have noticed the list of Brothers placed on the pension roll by the last meeting of the I. E. C., and published in the October JOURNAL. These Brothers have grown gray in the service and this should be our roll of honor. This is new territory out here and we don't have so many of the older members as are found in the larger locals, although we have a number of old cards with us.

The letter of Local No. 418 contains some good dope for rescue work. More attention to this kind of work could profitably be paid in local meetings in place of the incessant wrangling over little things which takes up so much of our time and accomplishes nothing.

There are always a few members in any organization, who, by reason of their regular attendance, their interest in the organization, and willingness to work on committees, or serve as delegates at any time are considered, and spoken of as a clique, and it is this clique, or faithful few, who have to maintain an organization and conditions for the majority who stay at home and send their dues in by some of the clique. They just don't like us fellows, we are so rough.

We have some members who enjoy the best of conditions, rarely miss a day's work, but don't attend a meeting of their union from one end of the year to the other. Then, when some little legislation comes up that needs attention, they want to know "what are you guys trying to put over, anyway?"

This letter will perhaps kick up a little dissension but my year as press secretary is nearly up anyway. One or two more letters after this one. (Hear the Editor's sigh of relief.)

We lost the electric work on the ice palace here; quite a big job, too. Don't seem to be able to get all crafts to function in a building trades council.

The carpenter's union is the weak sister in our council here. They just won't support the other crafts. We have lost one other job before this one through the same craft.

I was amused at the letter from Local No. 83, having had similar experience here. These long tails have to put in so much work per day if it takes 14 hours to do it.

It seems strange that men will stand in their own light when they can pick up their school history and see that this country was founded on union principles. But you can't get those birds to see it. Some of them would join the union if they thought it would be all right with the boss, but the boss he says no. And so the old fight goes on and on. But it's a good old world after all—best I ever saw.

What's the matter with some of our regular press secretaries? Missed several of them in the October issue. But there are several new ones whom we welcome and hope they'll come back again. Duke's lawn party reminds me of a garden party which I attended once, and which turned out to be the same as his lawn party. We planted potatoes, onions, radishes and what have you. Duke's letters are interesting and any of you Brothers who are not reading them are missing something. Look for him under L. U. No. 245, Toledo. I'm not getting anything for this boost, but like the colored parson, I am in a receptive mood.

Thus endeth this spasm. S. A. KING.

L. U. NO. 586, HULL, QUEBEC, CAN.

Editor:

It looks as though fall was here in earnest. From where I am sitting I can see several big maples with leaves all turned and a great many have fallen. The Canadian landscapes are very beautiful this time of year.

We are getting down to work for the winter in our local, after the summer when it is hard to hold the interest of anyone. We are organizing a campaign for new members with the help of our International Representative and also getting after the talking picture game. One union contractor has already signed up one theatre and we are watching the others closely.

The first of this month was marked by the entrance of a new power plant coming on the line. It is one of Gatineau Power Companies that has just been finished at Pagan Falls on the Gatineau River, about 40 miles from this city. It has now six units operating and intend in the near future to extend to 12, making a total output of 440,000 horse power. When this is complete it will be the largest hydro plant on this continent.

This company is supplying the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission with 250,000 H. P. transmitted to Toronto at 220,000 volts. They also are adding one unit of 34,000 to each of their plants at Framus Rapids and Chelsea Falls on the Gatineau River. There are already three units in operation in each of the plants. And adding another to the plant at Bryson on the Ottawa River. These plants are within 50 miles of this city. It is just a sample of the growth of Canada in the last two years.

We have plenty of work at present in the city; our biggest job is the Canadian National Railway's Hotel, Chateau Laurier, on which they are building a large addition, which is run by a union contractor, the Canadian Comstock Co. of Montreal. Also several smaller buildings going up.

The general contract has been let for Confederation building of the Dominion Government, to Peter Lyle of Montreal; the Canadian Comstock stands in a fair way of getting this job as well.

As this is my first letter to the JOURNAL I will stop here and see how the bunch takes this dose.

C. B. POMEROY.

To one who to tradition clings,
This seems an awkward state of things.
—The Bab Ballads.

L. U. NO. 723, FORT WAYNE, IND.

Editor:

In this corner we have Battling Bogen-schutz with Slam Bang Kronmiller as his second, over here we have One Swipe Ryan, the Arcola kid, with Poker-face Dawson as his second. Perry Loraine will referee the bout, but as yet the bout hasn't been pulled off.

Warren Firestone and John Ufheil went hunting on their vacations. They brought back 39 cotton tails as a testimonial. James Cooney started for Cleveland, Ohio, to spend his vacation, but got as far as Lorain, Ohio. He became sea sick and had to return home.

Herbert Romine is a farmer of some repute. On his farm in Bluffton he raised turnips weighing six pounds and sugar beets four feet long. The farm consists of 40 acres of new ground full of stumps and roots. The old blind mare sure got a workout this last season.

Everett Plum has given up farming. While in Illinois, he has a record of husking 185 bushels of corn in 10 hours.

Red Johnson bought a small patch with an eight-room house in the Rhubarbs. Marble porch columns and matched tile in the bath room. He intends to start a goat milk dairy, there are many under-nourished children in his neighborhood.

Frank Chrzan, that son-in-law of pa's, is a horse shoe pitcher of some renown. He is so good he can light matches with shoes at 40 feet.

The Merchant of Venice has nothing on Speed Lotz. Speed sells anything from a button to a load of hay, but mostly clothes. There must be a little Jewish blood in him, \$5.98, \$7.48, \$8.98.

Walter Moser, our sheik lineman, likes to get his tools on in the morning, then stand on Calhoun Street so as to give the girls a treat.

Steve Baker is so good with a gun that he does his hunting for game this year with a revolver. Steve says a shot gun is too heavy to drag around all day.

Shorty Bickel has been using all his spare time in putting in a steam heating plant in his home. The draft wasn't very good so Shorty procured an eight-foot extension for his chimney, but his wife objected to putting it up, she said it made the place look like a pickle factory.

Jake Madden has taken up the new sport, that of pike hunting. The old Isaac Walton has been doing pretty good and brings home the evidence.

Tom Fleming has been sick for the past four weeks with the flu. Harry Sutton is in charge of Tom's truck. Jack Loraine is getting along nicely. With a little more time Jack will be better than ever.

L. G. McPherson is again confined to the Hope Methodist Hospital. Mac has had quite a siege of it.

Herman Derolph, the old war horse of labor, has left this part of the country and landed in Louisville, Ky. Let us hear from you often, Herman.

The days of the little red school house have passed and consolidated school houses have come to stay in Sharon, Pa. Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Neal.

Harry Arnold has come into his own. He is playing right tackle on the Pyramid football squad.

ANTHONY J. OFFERLE.

L. U. NO. 728, FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Editor:

Well, Brothers, the old Corona and I will try to do another one. She has been mighty faithful, but her days are numbered, but at that she still does her best regardless

of the treatment that I subject her to. Now Brothers, if we could just get all our members to do that, wouldn't this old union be riding high?

I expect that the Editor will fall out of his chair when he gets this letter so early, but I decided to grab opportunity by the horns

The Proper Care and Feeding of Your Baby

By J. Rozier Biggs, M. D., Medical Director, Union Cooperative Insurance Association

Published in the interest of better babies and happier homes by the Cooperative Insurance Company, Incorporated, Executive Offices, Washington, D. C.

THE PROPER CARE AND FEEDING OF YOUR BABY

The health, growth and happiness of a baby depends largely upon his mother. The proper care of a baby is a great responsibility. But, with proper care as outlined in this booklet the baby should be healthy, and, therefore, the home happy.

The purpose of this article is not to supplant the physician, but to aid him in keeping the baby healthy. When your baby is sick, call a physician at once, and do not



DR. J. ROZIER BIGGS

attempt to wean your baby without first discussing the matter with your physician, and take his advice in preparing the artificial feedings.

Breast Feeding

There are many reasons why you should nurse your baby. These are the most important ones:

Breast milk is the only perfect food for the baby.

It is always ready and never sour, and does not have to be prepared or measured.

It is nature's food, was intended for your baby, and will make him strong and healthy.

Breast milk is safer; is free from germs and dirt, and protects your baby from many dangers and diseases.

Statistics show that 10 bottle-fed babies die to one fed on the breast.

Breast milk contains the proper elements of food in the right proportion.

Breast-fed babies seldom have bowel trouble, which is so often fatal in bottle-fed babies, especially in hot weather. Your baby will have the best chance of living if breast fed.

and get it over with before the last minute.

Things have been going pretty well for Local No. 728 the past month but the financial secretary which is us has not enjoyed the past month to any great extent, so you see I am not in any too good a humor to produce a letter that will interest the majority of the readers of the WORKER, but readers, I could sure tell the ones that don't read the WORKER an ear full, but if they were the kind of Brothers that read the WORKER I wouldn't have all of these evil thoughts in my mind, so what's a fellow to do? Please let me ask it.

Well the blow is about over in our jurisdiction and we are about to settle back to rest once more. We rested so long down here that the past month's work has practically worn us all out. We have eight men working nearly full time and Brothers, that is a big event here.

I want to tell you this, Brothers, that work or no work, hurricanes and high water, I wouldn't trade Florida for any place I know of, and I have been on a couple of cherry tree limbs.

Before this is read the election will be over and somebody will be elected and some of us will be disappointed and some of us will be happy. But nevertheless, Brothers, how much better off are we than we ever were politically? They may be grand old parties to the politicians, but I think they are too old for organized labor. Let's get a new one; it couldn't be any worse than the old ones if it wasn't so grand. A donkey and an elephant might be a good emblem for something, but I would have more respect for one copied after the statue of liberty, and it might be better lived up to. Who wants to act like a jackass, or one of them babies with a tail on both ends, and get this, Brothers, I am not a follower of any of the other big side issues. Well, Brothers, if you have had the patience to stay this far, I want to tell you that if I don't have any bad breaks I will probably write another one next month, but if I and a couple Brothers that are up the country meet before that time, it may be a sad story written by some one else. No, Brothers, I don't think it would pay to come to Florida for work this winter. We are hunting for it and just as soon as we get the exact location we will put it on the air.

EARLE WARREN.

L. U. NO. 912, COLLINWOOD, OHIO

Editor:

The article in the September JOURNAL has borne considerable fruit and the dissatisfaction and distrust (not jealousy) which have been seething under the surface in this local have been partly eradicated.

Investigation shows that the International Representative involved was misquoted during his absence, due to some executive board members misunderstanding his arrangements for the handling of the organizing at the car shops. This matter has been settled to the satisfaction of everybody and such matters will be handled on the floor of the local in the future as they should be. An enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Brother Evans settling this matter amid fireworks and blarney.

Presidential election is now over and results will tell whether we used our vote intelligently. We can now turn our attention to the nomination and election of our local officers. Nomination, first meeting night in December and election, second meeting night in December.

Our entertainment committee is planning some entertainment on election night for all members and registered men. Come up and cast your vote and enjoy a pleasant even-

ing. To those who attended last year we promise a bigger and better program, plenty of smokes and eats.

BILL BLAKE.

L. U. NO. 948, FLINT, MICH.

Editor:

We have about 100 members, all of whom are working at present. We have enjoyed a very prosperous summer and things look fairly good but there is nothing rushing at the present time. We are just finishing a big job for the Fisher Body Company which has employed as high as 200 men all summer. Through this job we have become acquainted with several traveling Brothers.

Although our local is new, thanks to our business agent, Brother Floyd Amie, and our executive board, we are gaining ground.

One of our old faithful Brothers, Earl Stoffer, left us last month for Phoenix, Ariz. A dinner party was given in his honor at Frankemuth, Mich. The bill of fare consisted of chicken and — ginger ale. And, boys, if you like chicken you surely missed plenty. A chicken stripping contest (of the feathered variety, I mean) was held between Brothers Rutherford, Bradley and Maddox, the honors being carried away by Brother Maddox, he having consumed 15 wings, four breasts, 11 legs, and 27 gizzards. There was a little dispute as to who won the contest, so it was repeated last Thursday night, and now there is no doubt as to who is the winner. Brother Maddox is the champion. Brother Bradley won the bottle emptying contest. A Masonic ring was presented to Brother Stoffer when he left, as a gift of appreciation for the good work he has done for this local and organized labor in general.

We have made a change in our by-laws, which makes it necessary to attend at least two meetings per month. If not, it costs one buck per meeting and it sure is bringing results. We are beginning to see new faces that we had almost forgotten. It was necessary to tear out a partition a few weeks ago to enlarge our hall. Boys, let's all turn out to meeting and make it necessary to remove another one. Let's make L. U. No. 948 one of the strongest locals in the organization.

Enjoyed very much Brother W. Waple's letter on the subject, "Why Am I a Union Man?" He sure hit the mark. Let's hear from you again Brother.

Was asked in a downtown store last week, why I demanded the label on my clothing. Does it make them any better? The merchant asked: Why aren't these overalls at \$1.99 as good as Carhart's at \$3 or do you want to pay a dollar extra just to have the label on them?

Well, boys, let's stick together and make him answer this question. Demand it, boys, and maybe we won't have to look all over town to find a union made garment. Let's put a few of these scab outfits to the wall.

Demand the label.

GEORGE E. STAFFORD.

L. U. NO. 1002, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

Just about time to break into print again. First I want to mention the bad luck of our old friend, Brother Frank Shawnessy; he was with the Sinclair Oil Co. A pole fell with him September 2nd. Brother Frank got one arm and one leg broken and he is still in the hospital, but doing fine.

Everything is looking better all the time; since the last writing we have obligated four new members on one job, but we are not satisfied to stop. We want more members. We sure have plenty of timber to work on,

and then drive across this great state and see the wire and insulators in the air and then to see the short line of parade at our state Labor Day celebration. I think the obligation should be changed so it would work in the recollection cells of some of our ex-members and it might do some of the so-called card men good. So if every member and ex-member would keep the obligation in mind, that might make some difference.

If the readers remember, I have at the close of my letters added a short verse of Scripture. For some reason the verse doesn't look right. I don't know whether the verse doesn't suit the Editor or because it is a lineman writing, but the verse is added to the tail of the letter in such a way that it looks like the whole letter was a quotation from the Bible, so I am omitting the Scripture and wishing all a joyous Thanksgiving dinner with turkeys, cranberries and all the trimmings.

(Editor's Note: Apologies, Brother.)

Yours for a greater I. B. E. W.

O. L. WOODALL.

L. U. NO. 1037, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Editor:

Brother Roberts, press secretary of Local No. 435, is now covering the Winnipeg territory so well that I think there is very little left for me to say. However, we are no calamity howlers and I can truthfully say that all members of L. U. No. 1037 are working, peacefully. Well, I will modify that just a little, and say fairly peaceful. They have all been working, are working and prospects for work are fairly good. You Brothers down in the States can't go to work and elect a dinky little thing like a president without upsetting the whole country, industrially. Why don't you all go about your regular business and, well, just go and vote intelligently for the man you want and hope he gets in, and, well, by cripes, vote anyway,

whether your man has a chance to get in or not.

Talking about peace. Last night was our regular meeting and it was far from peaceful. We had a good turnout and all looked to an early dismissal when, bang! one Brother thought he was getting a raw deal and precipitated an argument which lasted for some time. It ended in the Brother leaving the hall very sore and very dissatisfied. Another disgruntled member.

Alas, there are only too many who refuse to abide by the majority vote. It is too bad that the members of an organization such as ours (I am quite sure this is not an isolated case) cannot agree among themselves; and the same parties concerned expect the employer to agree with their particular view, no matter how distasteful it may appear to him. Get together and pull together and even if you do think you haven't got a square deal, if the majority of the members say you have take your defeat like a man and hope for a better deal the next time.

Local No. 1037 is pleased indeed to accept greetings from L. U. No. 559, Kenora. We are glad indeed that your conditions have improved and that your letters are back in the JOURNAL again.

We are enjoying the finest fall in many years and if the snow does not come too soon I shall probably next month tell you all how Brother Davenport made a non-stop run across the Red River from Winnipeg to St. Boniface in one day with his flivver.

Allow me to commend Brother Duke-shire's letter in the August JOURNAL. I have read it once and I'll read it again.

IRVINE.

I look to the trade unions as the principal means for benefiting the condition of the working classes.—Prof. Thorold Rogers, University of Oxford.

LOCAL UNION NO. 1037

Winnipeg, Canada, October 26, 1928.

To the Officers and Members of Local Unions of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

Greetings:

Local Union 1037, of Winnipeg, Canada, are making an appeal to you for assistance for one of our members, Brother Fred Madison, who early this year had the misfortune to fall from a pole and received fractures of the vertebrae, which has left him totally disabled for the balance of his life. Although he received compensation according to the laws of Iowa, this small amount has been used up in hospital and doctors' bill.

The following is the certificate of the attending physician:

To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that Fred Madison was admitted to the Iowa Lutheran Hospital as a patient on May 17, 1928, with fracture of the third, fourth and fifth lumbar vertebrae with cord involved. He is wholly and totally disabled and will probably continue to be so. Any benefits from lodges or any organization will be justly due him.

(Signed) J. W. MARTIN, M.D.,
Attending Physician.

Brother Madison requests that we make this appeal for financial aid so that he will be placed in a position to start in some small business and in that way earn a livelihood. We would therefore ask that you kindly send a donation to help this Brother. All contributions to be sent to Mr. J. Horn, Financial Secretary of Local No. 1037, 165 James Street East, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Approved by:

J. P. NOONAN,
International President.
J. L. McBRIDE,
Executive Board Member.

G. McDONALD,
President.
A. A. MILES,
Secretary.

L. U. NO. 1141, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Editor:

I have just finished perusing Brother Hamilton's letter to the WORKER in the September issue, on the conditions existing at Local No. 108, Tampa, Fla. I find that their conditions are similar to the ones that we also have to contend with here in Oklahoma City, in regard to the non-union shops and the card men that leave their local union and go to another city where the conditions are already bad and after noting same, hide their cards deep in their pockets and rat it as long as they can keep the job or the job keeps them and then leave for their homes again. Brothers, what kind of fellows are those that are so completely devoid of even a manly principle?

The industrial activities remain about the same here at the present writing. All members are working, also some of the new Brothers that have come recently. However, about this time of the year work begins to slacken up, but is holding its own at present. There has been an unusual amount of building going on in the months just passed, but work has been somewhat exaggerated by the advertisement of the open shop element of this city, for the different crafts. Their advertisement reads similar to the following: "Wanted: building craftsmen of various trades, etc. Open shop. No labor trouble. Compensation according to individual merit. American plan open shop." I write this to warn the inexperienced of this kind of bait and advise them to be wary of such advertisements, for there is always a nigger in the wood pile somewhere. Now your individual merit is judged by whom? Not you, of course. Who fosters the open shop in your city and why? Who does it benefit? Why are the wages among the wage earners so small in a city where the open shop plan is in the majority? Why does your boss join the Chamber of Commerce, the open shop division, the business men's club, the employers' association and the shop and contractors organization? Wake up, Brothers, you have been sleeping long enough, boost your local union, pay your dues promptly, and get others of your trade to join your organization, and protect your interest, like your employer joins his organization to protect his interest.

We can be grateful that this year we have had the pleasure to see most of the big work go to fair contractors and members of this union, and it has given work to the majority of us. We are anticipating more work and better working conditions with the coming of the New Year. Have the local executive board working to draw up a new agreement to be presented to the contractors and a committee revising the old by-laws of this local which have just about become obsolete with the new conditions since they were printed.

MONDAY.

L. U. NO. 1154, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Editor:

With the 25 drawing near will apply to the correspondence columns with a few items from Local No. 1154. Our attendance is averaging up at a fair rate considering all obstacles that stand in the way of the members attending meetings on a Wednesday night, such as prize fights, choir practice, night school, etc. Just can't quite understand why everything is booked for Wednesday night. Good thing they don't play golf after sun down for we might lose Brother Peeke. Well, everybody in the local is work-

ing at the present writing and if the business agent don't stop coming down on the Kinney Company's new sub-station job and stealing our men, there never will be a sub, as your truly happens to be shop steward on that job. Looks like Brother Al Speede is going to have to buy a stop watch for some one. Off again, Geo. Wild, on again, Neilson, off again, Neilson, on again, Wild. Seems like every time Red Harrington sees the B. A. coming he goes after a drink.

We are going to have a new set of by-laws; anyhow, we have a committee appointed to meet, discuss, and alter our book of by-laws. We have been trying to get a report on this committee for the past several meetings and all we get is progress although I heard that one member went to the Main Street Follies instead of the meeting. He is yet to be penalized, so watch out Brother! Hope that they put in those by-laws that the press agent should have a typewriter, and make them plain enough so all the members will understand them to the extent that Brother Earl Glascock can't holler out of order. By the way, the Brother is in Texas.

Say, Brother Burck, press agent of Local No. 481, why don't you donate a few lines to these columns? For information, please communicate with Brother Pebody of Local No. 1154, 1418½ Second St., Santa Monica, Calif.

Brother Johnnie Harrison returned from Nevada. He reports lots of work but poor pay, so back to good old sunny California, where the name wind has been taken out of the dictionary. They all come back. Brother Ham Norgard, our past business agent, now carries a black cat for a mascot. Anyhow, he brought one in the lodge room the other night. Heard that Brother Pres Strickland was about to purchase a brown derby.

I would like to hear from Brother Frank Glab of Local No. 72, Waco, Texas, recording secretary, as I understand. Brother Glab and myself trooped together on the Great Cosmopolitan Shows, season 1905, and those were good old days. Brother Glab, you use to say after you quit trooping, that every time that a show came to Waco, I was on it. I believe, Brother Glab, that the last time we met, I was with the Great Parker Shows No. 1 Co. season 1911, at the Cotton Palace Exposition. Good luck to you old boy.

Our auditing committee is on the job 100 per cent and getting accurate results. I think part of those accurate results should be credited to the hospitality of the good wife of Brother Al Speed, who is never lacking with the delicate and wholesome lunches prepared for the boys of that committee. I had not better say anything, or else the entire local will try to be made a part of that auditing committee.

Let's have a smoker.

The boys on the Kinney job are all wearing gloves but me, and I am using mine to carry soldering paste in. I am thinking of going into the blacksmith business. I got my anvil at least, I found one in my tool box. If some generous Brother will leave hammer and tongs, I'll be about set.

Saw a sign on our bulletin board in the hall the other night: Wanted, electrician, qualifications, must be three speeds ahead. B. and O. Electric. No objections to a man that will work a little of his extra time with the boss for experience and promotion. If any of the Brother readers are interested in this position, please communicate with Brother George Wild for particulars. Brother Mike Ambrose is working in the picture studios. I suppose next time we see him he will be a talking picture, and we will let it go at that.

O. B. THOMAS.

Public Speakers May Talk too Loud

The reason why speakers with high-pitched, squeaky voices are often understood much better in public meetings than louder-voiced persons who speak in deep, booming tones is explained by facts about the reverberation of sound waves recounted by Mr. E. C. Wente, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York City, in a recent issue of the private periodical of that institution, the "Bell Laboratories Record." Mr. Wente's discussion also explains why it is that this is reversed when the speaking is in the open air; so that a retired army colonel with a booming voice is then heard to perfection while his mouse-voiced competitor may be entirely inaudible. It all depends, Mr. Wente points out, upon the way in which the higher and lower tones of the voice behave when reflected from the walls of a room. Most of the energy of a voice is in the lower tones, corresponding to the deep bass tones of an organ. But it is not these tones that carry the meanings of spoken words. That is done largely by the higher tones; like the shrill, treble notes of a piccolo. In many auditoriums, Mr. Wente states, the walls reflect the lower, booming tones best, so that these echo back and forth across the room and drown out the shriller tones needed for recognition of spoken syllables. If a speaker talks in a loud bass voice in such a room the powerful low tones often reverberate so much that the more necessary higher ones cannot be heard. The speaker is heard badly, quite literally, because he is talking too loud. Out of doors, on the other hand, these low tones go off harmlessly into the surrounding space and do not interfere with their shriller, more significant companions.

Average Man Would Live For Centuries

A new way of comparing the dangers of accident in different occupations, by the number of years needed for the average person exposed to risk to kill himself taking it, was used by engineers of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, of New York City, in presenting to the recent Annual Safety Congress figures concerning the subway lines operated by that company. Safety statistics are usually computed, it was pointed out, as the proportions of accidents or deaths to the total population. This method is often misleading for it fails to take into account the number of hours during which the average person is exposed to risk of accident. In computing safety in the subway, for example, the number of passengers carried each year was multiplied by the minutes of average ride. That gave the total number of passenger-minutes of risk of accident during the year, just as railways compute their traffic in passenger-miles or in ton-miles of freight. Dividing this passenger-minute total by the number of passengers killed by accident, the Interborough engineers computed that the average passenger waiting to be killed by accident could ride in the Company's subways twenty-four hours a day for 11,728 years before his time would come. Computed on this same basis of exposure to risk the average person would be killed by accident after 1,600 years on New York City streets and after 1,200 years of riding in an automobile.

It is hoped that this right (of labor to organize and bargain collectively) will never again be called in question by any considerable number of employers.—Administrative Committee, National Catholic War Council.



"LIBERTY'S A GLORIOUS FEAST"—BURNS

"I'm afraid we shall, and with a smile, too, so that you won't see us doing it."

"I call that devilish."

"I call it natural. Look at a man who's growing old; notice how very gracefully and gradually he does it. Take my hair—your aunt says she can't tell the difference from month to month. And there it is, or rather isn't—little by little."

Frances Freeland, who during Felix's long speech had almost closed her eyes, opened them, and looked piercingly at the top of his head.

"Darling," she said, "I've got the very thing for it. You must take some with you when you go to night. John is going to try it."

Checked in the flow of his philosophy, Felix blinked like an owl surprised.

"Mother," he said, "you only have the gift of keeping young."

"Oh! my dear, I'm getting dreadfully old. I have the greatest difficulty in keeping awake sometimes when people are talking. But I mean to fight against it. It's so dreadfully rude, and ugly, too; I catch myself sometimes with my mouth open."

Flora said quietly: "Granny, I have the very best thing for that—quite new!"

A sweet but rather rueful smile passed over Frances Freeland's face. "Now," she said, "you're chaffing me," and her eyes looked loving.

It is doubtful if John understood the drift of Felix's exordium, it is doubtful if he had quite listened—he having so much to not listen to at the Home Office that the practice was growing on him. A vested interest to John was a vested interest, culture was culture, and security was certainly security—none of them were symbols of age. Further, the social question—at least so far as it had to do with outbreaks of youth and enthusiasm—was too familiar to him to have any general significance whatever. What with women, labor people, and the rest of it, he had no time for philosophy—a dubious process at the best. A man who had to get through so many daily hours of real work did not dissipate his energy in speculation. But, though he had not listened to Felix's remarks, they had ruffled him. There is no philosophy quite so irritating as that of a brother! True, no doubt, that the country was in a bad way, but as to vested interests and security, that was all nonsense! The guilty causes were free thought and industrialism.

Having seen them all off to Hampstead, he gave his mother her good-night kiss. He was proud of her, a wonderful woman, who always put a good face on everything! Even her funny way of always having some new thing or other to do you good—even that was all part of her wanting to make the best of things. She never lost her "form!"

John worshipped that kind of stoicism which would die with its head up rather than live with its tail down. Perhaps the moment of which he was most proud in all his life was that when at the finish of his school mile, he overheard a vulgar bands-

man say: "I like that young —'s running; he breathes through his — nose." At that moment, if he had stooped to breathe through his mouth, he must have won; as it was he had lost in great distress and perfect form.

When, then, he had kissed Frances Freeland, and watched her ascend the stairs, breathless because she would breathe through her nose to the very last step, he turned into his study, lighted his pipe, and sat down to a couple of hours of a report upon the forces of constabulary available in the various counties, in the event of any further agricultural rioting, such as had recently taken place on a mild scale in one or two districts where there was still Danish blood. He worked at the numbers steadily, with just that engineer's touch of mechanical invention which had caused him to be so greatly valued in a department where the evolution of twelve policemen out of ten was constantly desired. His mastery of figures was highly prized, for, while it had not any of that flamboyance which has come from America and the game of poker, it possessed a kind of English optimism, only dangerous when, as rarely happened, it was put to the test. He worked two full pipes long, and looked at the clock. Twelve! No good knocking off just yet! He had no liking for bed this many a long year, having, from loyalty to memory and a drier sense of what became one in the Home Department, preserved his form against temptations of the flesh. Yet, somehow, tonight he felt no spring, no inspiration, in his handling of county constabulary. A kind of English stolidity about them baffled him—ten of them remained ten. And leaning that forehead, whose height so troubled Frances Freeland, on his neat hand, he fell to brooding. Those young people with everything before them! Did he envy them? Or was he glad of his own age? Fifty! Fifty already; a fogey! An official fogey! For all the world like an umbrella, that every day some one put into a stand and left there till it was time to take it out again. Neatly rolled, too, with an elastic and button! And this fancy, which had never come to him before, surprised him. One day he, too, would wear out, slit all up his seams, and they would leave him at home, or give him away to the butler.

He went to the window. A scent of—of May, or something! And nothing in sight save houses just like his own! He looked up at the strip of sky privileged to hang just there. He had got a bit rusty with his stars. There, however, certainly was Venus. And he thought of how he had stood by the ship's rail on that honeymoon trip of his twenty years ago, giving his young wife her first lesson in counting the stars. And something very deep down, very mossed and crusted over in John's heart, beat and stirred, and hurt him. Nedda—he had caught her looking at that young fellow just as Anne had once looked at him, John Freeland, now an official fogey,

an umbrella in a stand. There was a policeman! How ridiculous the fellow looked, putting one foot before the other, flirting his lantern and trying the area gates! This confounded scent of hawthorn—could it be hawthorn?—got here into the heart of London! The look in that girl's eyes! What was he about, to let them make him feel as though he could give his soul for a face looking up into his own, for a breast touching his, and the scent of a woman's hair. Hang it! He would smoke a cigarette and go to bed! He turned out the light and began to mount the stairs; they creaked abominably—the felt must be wearing out. A woman about the place would have kept them quiet. Reaching the landing of the second floor, he paused a moment from habit, to look down into the dark hall. A voice, thin, sweet, almost young, said:

"Is that you, darling?" John's heart stood still. What—was that? Then he perceived that the door of the room that had been his wife's was open, and remembered that his mother was in there.

"What! Aren't you asleep, Mother?"

Frances Freeland's voice answered cheerfully: "Oh, no, dear; I'm never asleep before two. Come in."

John entered. Propped very high on her pillows, in perfect regularity, his mother lay. Her carved face was surmounted by a piece of fine lace, her thin, white fingers on the turnover of the sheet moved in continual interlocking, her lips smiled.

"There's something you must have," she said. "I left my door open on purpose. Give me that little bottle, darling."

John took from a small table by the bed a still smaller bottle. Frances Freeland opened it, and out came three tiny white globules.

"Now," she said, "pop them in! You've no idea how they'll send you to sleep! They're the most splendid things; perfectly harmless. Just let them rest on the tongue and swallow!"

John let them rest—they were sweetish—and swallowed.

"How is it, then," he said, "that you never go to sleep before two?"

Frances Freeland corked the little bottle, as if enclosing within it that awkward question.

"They don't happen to act with me, darling; but that's nothing. It's the very thing for any one who has to sit up so late," and her eyes searched his face. Yes—they seemed to say—I know you pretend to have work; but if you only had a dear little wife!

"I shall leave you this bottle when I go. Kiss me."

John bent down, and received one of those kisses of hers that had such sudden vitality in the middle of them, as if her lips were trying to get inside his cheek. From the door he looked back. She was smiling, composed again to her stoic wakefulness.

"Shall I shut the door, Mother?"

"Please, darling."

With a little lump in his throat John closed the door.

CHAPTER XVII

The London which Derek had said should be blown up was at its maximum of life those May days. Even on this outer rampart of Hampstead, people, engines, horses, all had a touch of the spring fever; indeed, especially on this rampart of Hampstead was there increase of the effort to believe that nature was not dead and embalmed in books. The poets, painters, talkers who lived up there were at each other all the time in their great game of make-believe. How could it be otherwise, when there was veritably blossom on the trees and the chimneys were ceasing to smoke! How otherwise, when the sun actually shone on the ponds? But the four young people (for Alan joined in—hypnotized by Sheila) did not stay in Hampstead. Chiefly on top of tram and bus they roamed the wilderness. Bethnal Green and Leytonstone, Kensington and Lambeth, St. James's and Soho, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, West Ham, and Piccadilly, they traversed the whole antheap at its most ebullient moment. They knew their Whitman and their Dostoevsky sufficiently to be aware that they ought to love and delight in everything—in the gentleman walking down Piccadilly with a flower in his buttonhole, and in the lady sewing that buttonhole in Methnal Green; in the orator bawling himself hoarse close to the Marble Arch, the coster loading his barrow in Covent Garden; and in Uncle John Freeland rejecting petitions in Whitehall. All these things, of course, together with the long lines of little gray houses in Camden Town, long lines of carts with bobtail horses rattling over Blackfriars' Bridge, long smells drifting behind taxicabs—all these things were as delightful and as stimulating to the soul as the clouds that trailed the heavens, the fronds of the lilac, and Leonardo's Cartoon in the Diploma Gallery. All were equal manifestations of that energy in flower known as "Life." They knew that everything they saw and felt and smelled ought equally to make them long to catch creatures to their hearts and cry: Hosanna! and Nedda and Alan, bred in Hampstead, even knew that to admit that these things did not all move them in the same way would be regarded as a sign of anemia. Nevertheless—most queerly—these four young people confessed to each other all sorts of sensations besides that "Hosanna" one. They even confessed to rage and pity and disgust one moment, and to joy and dreams the next, and they differed greatly as to what excited which. It was truly odd! The only thing on which they did seem to agree was that they were having "a thundering good time." A sort of sense of "Blow everything!" was in their wings, and this was due not to the fact that they were thinking of and loving and admiring the little gray streets and the gentleman in Piccadilly—as, no doubt, in accordance with modern culture, they should have been—but to the fact that they were loving and admiring themselves, and that entirely without the trouble of thinking about it at all. The practice, too, of dividing into couples was distinctly precious to them, for, though they never failed to start out together, they never failed to come home two by two. In this way did they put to confusion Whitman and Dostoevsky, and all the other thinkers in Hampstead. In the daytime they all, save Alan, felt that London ought to be blown up; but at night it undermined their philosophies so that they sat silent on the tops of their respective buses, with arms twined in each other's. For then a something seemed to have floated up from the mass of houses and

machines, of men and trees, and to be hovering about them, violet-colored, caught between the stars and the lights, a spirit of such overpowering beauty that it drenched even Alan in a kind of awe. After all, the huge creature that sat with such a giant's weight on the country's chest, the monster that had spoiled so many fields and robbed so many lives of peace and health, could fly at night upon blue and gold and purple wings, murmur a passionate lullaby, and fall into deep sleep!

One such night they went to the gallery at the opera, to supper at an oyster-shop, under Alan's pilotage, and then set out to walk back to Hampstead, timing themselves to catch the dawn. They had not gone twenty steps up Southampton Row before Alan and Sheila were forty steps in front. A fellow-feeling had made Derek and Nedda stand to watch an old man who walked, tortuous, extremely happy, bidding them all come. And when they moved on, it was very slowly, just keeping sight of the others across the lumbered dimness of Covent Garden, where tarpaulin-covered carts and barrows seemed to slumber under the blink of lamps and watchmen's lanterns. Across Long Acre they came into a street where there was not a soul save the two others, a long way ahead. Walking with his arm tightly laced with hers, touching her all down one side, Derek felt that it would be glorious to be attacked by night-birds in this dark, lonely street, to have a splendid fight and drive them off, showing himself to Nedda for a man, and her protector. But nothing save one black cat cat came near, and that ran for its life. He bent round and looked under the blue veil-thing that wrapped Nedda's head. Her face seemed mysteriously lovely, and her eyes, lifted so quickly, mysteriously true. She said:

"Derek, I feel like a hill with the sun on it!"

"I feel like that yellow cloud with the wind in it."

"I feel like an apple-tree coming into blossom."

"I feel like a giant."

"I feel like a song."

"I feel I could sing you."

"On a river, floating along."

"A wide one, with great plains on each side, and beasts coming down to drink, and either the sun or a yellow moon shining, and some one singing, too, far off."

"The Red Sarafan."

"Let's run!"

From that yellow cloud sailing in moonlight a spurt of rain had driven into their faces, and they ran as fast as their blood was flowing, and the raindrops coming down, jumping half the width of the little dark streets, clutching each other's arms. And peering round into her face, so sweet and breathless, into her eyes, so dark and dancing, he felt he could run all night if he had her there to run beside him through the dark. Into another street they dashed, and again another, till she stopped, panting.

"Where are we now?"

Neither knew. A policeman put them right for Portland Place. Half past one! And it would be dawn soon after three! They walked soberly again now into the outer circle of Regent's Park; talked soberly, too, discussing sublunary matters, and every now and then, their arms, round each other, gave little convulsive squeezes. The rain had stopped and the moon shone clear; by its light the trees and flowers were clothed in colors whose blood had spilled away; the town's murmur was dying, the house lights dead already. They came out of the park into a road where the latest taxis were rattling past; a face, a bare

neck, silk hat, or shirt-front gleamed in the window-squares, and now and then a laugh came floating through. They stopped to watch them from under the low-hanging branches of an acacia tree, and Derek, gazing at her face, still wet with rain, so young and round and soft, thought: "And she loves me!" Suddenly she clutched him round the neck, and their lips met.

They talked not at all for a long time after that kiss, walking slowly up the long empty road, while the whitish clouds sailed across the dark river of the sky and the moon slowly sank. This was the most delicious part of all that long walk home, for the kiss had made them feel as though they had no bodies, but were just two spirits walking side by side. This is its curious effect sometimes in first love between the very young. . . .

Having sent Flora to bed, Felix was sitting up among his books. There was no need to do this, for the young folk had latch-keys, but, having begun the vigil, he went on with it, a volume about Eastern philosophies on his knee, a bowl of narcissus blooms, giving forth unexpected whiffs of odor, beside him. And he sank into a long reverie.

Could it be said—as was said in this Eastern book—that man's life was really but a dream; could that be said with any more truth than it had once been said, that he rose again in his body, to perpetual life? Could anything be said with truth, save that we knew nothing? And was that not really what had always been said by man—that we knew nothing, but were just blown over and about the world like soughs of wind, in obedience to some immortal, unknowable coherence! But had that want of knowledge ever retarded what was known as the upward growth of man? Had it ever stopped man from working, fighting, loving, dying like a hero if need were? Had faith ever been anything but embroidery to an instinctive heroism, so strong that it needed no such trappings? Had faith ever been anything but anodyne, or gratification of the aesthetic sense? Or had it really body and substance of its own? Was it something absolute and solid, that he—Felix Freeland—had missed? Or again, was it, perhaps, but the natural concomitant of youth, a naïve effervescence with which thought and brooding had to part? And, turning the page of his book, he noticed that he could no longer see to read, the lamp had grown too dim, and showed but a decorative glow in the bright moonlight flooding through the study window. He got up and put another log on the fire, for these last nights of May were chilly.

Nearly three! Where were these young people? Had he been asleep, and they come in? Sure enough, in the hall Alan's hat and Sheila's cloak—the dark-red one he had admired when she went forth—were lying on a chair. But of the other two—nothing! He crept up-stairs. Their doors were open. They certainly took their time—these young lovers. And the same sore feeling which had attacked Felix when Nedda first told him of her love came on him badly in that small of the night when his vitality was lowest. All the hours she had spent clambering about him, or quietly resting on his knee with her head tucked in just where his arm and shoulder met, listening while he read or told her stories, and now and again turning those clear eyes of hers wide open to his face, to see if he meant it; the wilful little tugs of her hand when they two went exploring the customs of birds, or bees or flowers; all her "Daddy, I love you!" and her rushes to the front door, and long hugs when he came back from a travel; all those later crookings of

her little finger in his, and the times he had sat when she did not know it, watching her, and thinking: "That little creature, with all that's before her, is my very own daughter to take care of, and share joy and sorrow with. . . ." Each one of all these seemed to come now and tweak at him, as the songs of blackbirds tweak the heart of one who lies, unable to get out into the spring. His lamp had burned itself quite out; the moon was fallen below the clump of pines, and away to the north-east something stirred in the stain and texture of the sky. Felix opened the window. What peace out there! The chill, scentless peace of night, waiting for dawn's renewal of warmth and youth. Through that bay window facing north he could see on one side the town, still wan with the light of its lamps, on the other the country, whose dark gloom was graying fast. Suddenly a tiny bird twittered, and Felix saw his two truants coming slowly from the gate across the grass, his arm round her shoulders, hers round his waist. With their backs turned to him, they passed the corner of the house, across where the garden sloped away. There they stood above the wide country, their bodies outlined against a sky fast growing light, evidently waiting for the sun to rise. Silent they stood, while the birds, one by one, twittered out their first calls. And suddenly Felix saw the boy fling his hand up into the air. The sun! Far away on the gray horizon was a flare of red!

CHAPTER XVIII

The anxieties of the Lady Mallorings of this life concerning the moral welfare of their humbler neighbors are inclined to march in front of events. The behavior in Tryst's cottage was more correct than it would have been in nine out of ten middle or upper class demesnes under similar conditions. Between the big laborer and "that woman," who, since the epileptic fit, had again come into residence, there had passed nothing whatever that might not have been witnessed by Biddy and her two nurslings. For love is an emotion singularly dumb and undemonstrative in those who live the life of the fields; passion a feeling severely beneath the thumb of a propriety born of the age-long absence of excitements, opportunities, and the aesthetic sense; and those two waited, almost as a matter of course, for the marriage which was forbidden them in this parish. The most they did was to sit and look at one another.

On the day of which Felix had seen the dawn at Hampstead, Sir Gerald's agent tapped on the door of Tryst's cottage, and was answered by Biddy, just in from school for the midday meal.

"Your father home, my dear?"

"No, sir; Auntie's in."

"Ask your auntie to come and speak to me."

The mother-child vanished up the narrow stairs, and the agent sighed. A strong-built, leathery-skinned man in a brown suit and leggings, with a bristly little moustache and yellow whites to his eyes, he did not, as he had said to his wife that morning, "like the job a little bit." And while he stood there waiting, Susie and Billy emerged from the kitchen and came to stare at him. The agent returned that stare till a voice behind him said: "Yes, sir?"

"That woman" was certainly no great shakes to look at: a fresh, decent, faithful sort of body! And he said gruffly: "Mornin', miss. Sorry to say my orders are to make a clearance here. I suppose Tryst didn't think we should act on it, but I'm afraid I've got to put his things out, you know. Now, where are you all going; that's the point?"

"I shall go home, I suppose; but Tryst and the children—we don't know."

The agent tapped his leggings with a riding-cane. "So you've been expecting it!" he said with relief. "That's right." And, staring down at the mother-child, he added: "Well, what d'you say, my dear; you look full of sense, you do!"

Biddy answered: "I'll go and tell Mr. Freeland, sir."

"Ah! You're a bright maid. He'll know where to put you for the time bein'. Have you had your dinner?"

"No, sir; it's just ready."

"Better have it—better have it first. No hurry. What've you got in the pot that smells so good?"

"Bubble and squeak, sir."

"Bubble and squeak! Ah!" And with those words the agent withdrew to where, in a farm wagon drawn up by the side of the road, three men were solemnly pulling at their pipes. He moved away from them a little, for, as he expressed it to his wife afterward: "Look bad, you know, look bad—anybody seeing me! Those three little children—that's where it is! If our friends at the Hall had to do these jobs for themselves, there wouldn't be any to do!"

Presently, from his discreet distance, he saw the mother-child going down the road toward Tod's, in her blue "pinny" and corn-colored hair. Nice little thing! Pretty little thing, too! Pity, great pity! And he went back to the cottage. On his way a thought struck him so that he well-nigh shivered. Suppose the little thing brought back that Mrs. Freeland, the lady who always went about in blue, without a hat! Phew! Mr. Freeland—he was another sort; a bit off, certainly—harmless, quite harmless! But that lady! And he entered the cottage. The woman was washing up; seemed a sensible body. When the two kids cleared off to school he could go to work and get it over; the sooner the better, before people came hanging around. A job of this kind sometimes made nasty blood! His yellowish eyes took in the nature of the task before him. Funny jam-up they did get about them, to be sure! Every blessed little thing they'd ever bought, and more, too! Have to take precious good care nothing got smashed, or the law would be on the other leg! And he said to the woman:

"Now, miss, can I begin?"

"I can't stop you, sir."

"No," he thought, "you can't stop me, and I blamed well wish you could!" But he said: "Got an old wagon out here. Thought I'd save him damage by weather or anything; we'll put everything in that, and run it up into the empty barn at Marrow and leave it. And there they'll be for him when he wants 'em."

The woman answered: "You're very kind, I'm sure."

Perceiving that she meant no irony, the agent produced a sound from somewhere deep and went out to summon his men.

With the best intentions, however, it is not possible, even in villages so scattered that they cannot be said to exist, to do anything without every one's knowing; and the work of "putting out" the household goods of the Tryst family, and placing them within the wagon, was not an hour in progress before the road in front of the cottage contained its knot of watchers. Old Gaunt first, alone—for the rogue-girl had gone to Mr. Cutcott's and Tom Gaunt was at work. The old man had seen evictions in his time, and looked on silently, with a faint, sardonic grin. Four children, so small that not even school had any use for them as yet, soon gathered round his legs, followed by mothers coming to retrieve them

and there was no longer silence. Then came two laborers, on their way to a job, a stone-breaker, and two more women. It was through this little throng that the mother-child and Kirsteen passed into the fast-being-gutted cottage.

The agent was standing by Tryst's bed, keeping up a stream of comment to two of his men, who were taking that aged bed to pieces. It was his habit to feel less when he talked more; but no one could have fallen into a more perfect taciturnity than he when he saw Kirsteen coming up those narrow stairs. In so small a space as this room, where his head nearly touched the ceiling, was it fair to be confronted by that lady—he put it to his wife that same evening—"Was it fair?" He had seen a mother wild duck look like that when you took away its young—snaky fierce about the neck, and its dark eye! He had seen a mare, going to bite, look not half so vicious! "There she stood, and—let me have it?—not a bit! Too much the lady for that, you know!—Just looked at me, and said very quiet: 'Ah! Mr. Simmons, and are you really doing this?' and put her hand on that little girl of his. 'Orders are orders, ma'am!' What could I say? 'Ah!' she said, 'yes, orders are orders, but they needn't be obeyed.' 'As to that, ma'am,' I said—mind you, she's a lady; you can't help feeling that—I'm a working man, the same as Tryst here; got to earn my living." "So have slave-drivers, Mr. Simmons." "Every profession," I said, "has got its dirty jobs, ma'am. And that's a fact." "And will have," she said, "so long as professional men consent to do the dirty work of their employers." "And where should I be, I should like to know," I said, "if I went on that lay? I've got to take the rough with the smooth." "Well," she said, "Mr. Freeland and I will take Tryst and the little ones in at present." Good-hearted people, do a lot for the laborers, in their way. All the same, she's a bit of a vixen. Picture of a woman, too, standin' there; shows blood, mind you! Once said, all over—no nagging. She took the little girl off with her. And pretty small I felt, knowing I'd got to finish that job, and the folk outside gettin' nastier all the time—not sayin' much, of course, but lookin' a lot!" The agent paused in his recital and gazed fixedly at a bluebottle crawling up the window-pane. Stretching out his thumb and finger, he nipped it suddenly and threw it in the grate. "Blest if that fellow himself didn't turn up just as I was finishing. I was sorry for the man, you know. There was his home turned out-o'-doors. Big man, too! 'You blanky-blank!' he says; 'if I'd been here you shouldn't ha' done this!' Thought he was goin' to hit me. 'Come, Tryst!' I said, 'it's not my doing, you know!' 'Ah!' he said, 'I know that; and it'll be blanky well the worse for them!' Rough tongue; no class of man at all, he is! 'Yes,' he said, 'let 'em look out; I'll be even with 'em yet!' 'None o' that!' I told him; 'you know which side the law's buttered. I'm making it easy for you, too, keeping your things in the wagon, ready to shift any time!' He gave me a look—he's got very queer eyes, swimmin', sad sort of eyes, like a man in liquor—and he said: 'I've been here twenty years,' he said. 'My wife died here.' And all of a sudden he went as dumb as a fish. Never let his eyes off us, though, while we finished up the last of it; made me feel funny, seein' him glowering like that all the time. He'll savage something over this, you mark my words!" Again the agent paused, and remained as though transfixed, holding that face of his, whose yellow had run into the whites of the eyes, as still as wood. "He's

got some feeling for the place, I suppose," he said suddenly; "or maybe they've put it into him about his rights; there's plenty of 'em like that. Well, anyhow, nobody likes his private affairs turned inside out for every one to gape at. I wouldn't myself." And with that deeply felt remark the agent put out his leathery-yellow thumb and finger and nipped a second blue-bottle. * * *

While the agent was thus recounting to his wife the day's doings, the evicted Tryst sat on the end of his bed in a ground-floor room of Tod's cottage. He had taken off his heavy boots, and his feet, in their thick, soiled socks, were thrust into a pair of Tod's carpet slippers. He sat without moving, precisely as if some one had struck him a blow in the centre of the forehead, and over and over again he turned the heavy thought: "They've turned me out o' there—I done nothing, and they turned me out o' there! Blast them—they turned me out o' there!" * * *

In the orchard Tod sat with a grave and puzzled face, surrounded by the three little Trysts. And at the wicket gate Kirsteen, awaiting the arrival of Derek and Sheila—summoned home by telegram—stood in the evening glow, her blue-clad figure still as that of any worshipper at the muezzin-call.

CHAPTER XIX

"A fire, causing the destruction of several ricks and an empty cowshed, occurred in the early morning of Thursday on the home farm of Sir Gerald Malloring's estate in Worcestershire. Grave suspicions of arson are entertained, but up to the present no arrest has been made. The authorities are in doubt whether the occurrence has any relation with recent similar outbreaks in the eastern counties."

So Stanley read at breakfast, in his favorite paper; and the little leader thereon:

"The outbreak of fire on Sir Gerald Malloring's Worcestershire property may or may not have any significance as a symptom of agrarian unrest. We shall watch the upshot with some anxiety. Certain it is that unless the authorities are prepared to deal sharply with arson, or other cases of deliberate damage to the property of landlords, we may bid good-by to any hope of ameliorating the lot of the laborer."—and so on.

If Stanley had risen and paced the room there would have been a good deal to be said for him; for, though he did not know as much as Felix of the nature and sentiments of Tod's children, he knew enough to make any but an Englishman uneasy. The fact that he went on eating ham, and said to Clara, "Half a cup!" was proof positive of that mysterious quality called phlegm which had long enabled his country to enjoy the peace of a weedy duck-pond.

Stanley, a man of some intelligence—witness his grasp of the secret of successful plough-making (none for the home market!)—had often considered this important proposition of phlegm. People said England was becoming degenerate and hysterical, growing soft, and nervous, and towny, and all the rest of it. In his view there was a good deal of bosh about that! "Look," he would say, "at the weight that chauffeurs put on! Look at the House of Commons, and the size of the upper classes!" If there were growing up little shrill types of working men and Socialists, and new women, and half-penny papers, and a rather larger crop of professors and long-haired chaps—all the better for the rest of the country! The flesh all these skimpy ones had lost, solid people had put on. The country might be suffering a bit from officialism, and the tendency of modern

thought, but the breed was not changing. John Bull was there all right under his moustache. Take it off and clap on little side-whiskers, and you had as many Bulls as you liked, any day. There would be no social upheaval so long as the climate was what it was! And with this simple formula, and a kind of very deep-down throaty chuckle, he would pass to a subject of more immediate importance. There was something, indeed, rather masterly in his grasp of the fact that rain might be trusted to put out any fire—give it time. And he kept a special vessel in a special corner which recorded for him faithfully the number of inches that fell; and now and again he wrote to his paper to say that there were more inches in his vessel than there had been "for thirty years." His conviction that the country was in a bad way was nothing but a skin affection, causing him local irritation rather than affecting the deeper organs of his substantial body.

He did not readily confide in Clara concerning his own family, having in a marked degree the truly domestic quality of thinking it superior to his wife's. She had been a Tomson, not one of the Tomsons, and it was quite a question whether he or she were trying to forget that fact the faster. But he did say to her as he was getting into the car:

"It's just possible I might go round by Tod's on my way home. I want a run."

She answered: "Be careful what you say to that woman. I don't want her here by any chance. The young ones were quite bad enough."

And when he had put in his day at the works he did turn the nose of his car toward Tod's. Travelling along grass-bordered roads, the beauty of this England struck his not too sensitive spirit and made him almost gasp. It was that moment of the year when the countryside seems to faint from its own loveliness, from the intoxication of its scents and sounds. Creamy-white may, splashed here and there with crimson, flooded the hedges in breaking waves of flower-foam; the fields were all buttercup glory; every tree had its cuckoo, calling; every bush its blackbird or thrush in full even-song. Swallows were flying rather low, and the sky, whose moods they watch, had the slumberous, surcharged beauty of a long, fine day, with showers not far away. Some orchards were still in blossom, and the great wild bees, hunting over flowers and grasses warm to their touch, kept the air deeply murmurous. Movement, light, color, song, scent, the warm air, and the fluttering leaves were confused, till one had almost become the other.

And Stanley thought, for he was not rhapsodic "Wonderful pretty country! The way everything's looked after—you never see it abroad!"

But the car, a creature with little patience for natural beauty, had brought him to the crossroads and stood, panting slightly, under the cliff-bank whereon grew Tod's cottage, so loaded now with lilac, wistaria, and roses that from the road nothing but a peak or two of the thatched roof could be seen.

Stanley was distinctly nervous. It was not a weakness his face and figure were very capable of showing, but he felt that dryness of mouth and quivering of chest which precede adventures of the soul. Advancing up the steps and pebbled path, which Clara had trodden once, just nineteen years ago, and he himself but three times as yet in all, he cleared his throat and said to himself: "Easy, old man! What is it, after all? She won't bite!" And in the very doorway he came upon her.

What there was about this woman to produce in a man of common sense such peculiar sensations, he no more knew after seeing her than before. Felix, on returning from his visit, had said, "She's like a Song of the Hebrides sung in the middle of a programme of English ballads." The remark, as any literary man's might, had conveyed nothing to Stanley, and that in a far-fetched way. Still, when she said: "Will you come in?" he felt heavier and thicker than he had ever remembered feeling; as a glass of stout might feel coming across a glass of claret. It was, perhaps, the gaze of her eyes, whose color he could not determine, under eyebrows that waved in the middle and twitched faintly, or a dress that was blue, with the queerest effect of another color at the back of it, or perhaps the feeling of a torrent flowing there under a coat of ice, that might give way in little holes, so that your leg went in but not the whole of you. Something, anyway, made him feel both small and heavy—that awkward combination for a man accustomed to associate himself with cheerful but solid dignity. In seating himself by request at a table, in what seemed to be a sort of kitchen, he experienced a singular sensation in the legs, and heard her say, as it might be to the air:

"Biddy, dear, take Susie and Billy out."

And thereupon a little girl with a sad and motherly face came crawling out from underneath the table, and dropped him a little courtesy. Then another still smaller girl came out, and a very small boy, staring with all his eyes.

All these things were against Stanley, and he felt that if he did not make it quite clear that he was there he would soon not know where he was.

"I came," he said, "to talk about this business up at Malloring's." And, encouraged by having begun, he added: "Whose kids were those?"

A level voice with a faint lisp answered him:

"They belong to a man called Tryst; he was turned out of his cottage on Wednesday because his dead wife's sister was staying with him, so we've taken them in. Did you notice the look on the face of the eldest?"

Stanley nodded. In truth, he had noticed something, though what he could not have said.

"At nine years old she has to do the housework and be a mother to the other two, besides going to school. This is all because Lady Malloring has conscientious scruples about marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

"Certainly"—thought Stanley—"that does sound a bit thick!" And he asked:

"Is the woman here, too?"

"No, she's gone home for the present."

He felt relief.

"I suppose Malloring's point is," he said, "whether or not you're to do what you like with your own property. For instance, if you had let this cottage to some one you thought was harming the neighborhood, wouldn't you terminate his tenancy?"

She answered, still in that level voice:

"Her action is cowardly, narrow, and tyrannical, and no amount of sophistry will make me think differently."

Stanley felt precisely as if one of his feet had gone through the ice into water so cold that it seemed burning hot! Sophistry! In a plain man like himself! He had always connected the word with Felix. He looked at her, realizing suddenly that the association of his brother's family with the outrage on Malloring's estate was probably even nearer than he had feared.

"Look here, Kirsteen!" he said, uttering the unlikely name with resolution, for, after

all, she was his sister-in-law: "Did this fellow set fire to Malloring's ricks?"

He was aware of a queer flash, a quiver, a something all over her face, which passed at once back to its intent gravity.

"We have no reason to suppose so. But tyranny produces revenge, as you know."

Stanley shrugged his shoulders. "It's not my business to go into the rights and wrongs of what's been done. But, as a man of the world and a relative, I do ask you to look after your youngsters and see they don't get into a mess. They're an inflammable young couple—young blood, you know!"

Having made this speech, Stanley looked down, with a feeling that it would give her more chance.

"You are very kind," he heard her saying in that quiet, faintly lisping voice; "but there are certain principles involved."

And, suddenly, his curious fear of this woman took shape. Principles! He had unconsciously been waiting for that word, than which none was more like a red rag to him.

"What principles can possibly be involved in going against the law?"

"And where the law is unjust?"

Stanley was startled, but he said: "Remember that your principles, as you call them, may hurt other people besides yourself; Tod and your children most of all. How is the law unjust, may I ask?"

She had been sitting at the table opposite, but she got up now and went to the hearth. For a woman of forty-two—as he supposed she would be—she was extraordinarily lithe, and her eyes, fixed on him from under those twitching, wavy brows, had a curious glow in their darkness. The few silver threads in the mass of her over-fine black hair seemed to give it extra vitality. The whole of her had a sort of intensity that made him profoundly uncomfortable. And he thought suddenly: "Poor old Tod! Fancy having to go to bed with that woman!"

Without raising her voice, she began answering his question.

"These poor people have no means of setting law in motion, no means of choosing where and how they will live, no means of doing anything except just what they are told; the Mallorings have the means to set the law in motion, to choose where and how to live, and to dictate to others. That is why the law is unjust. With every independent pound a year, this equal law of yours—varies!"

"Pshaw!" said Stanley. "That's a proposition!"

"I give you a simple case. If I had chosen not to marry Tod but to live with him in free love, we could have done it without inconvenience. We have some independent income; we could have afforded to disregard what people thought or did. We could have bought (as we did buy) our piece of land and our cottage, out of which we could not have been turned. Since we don't care for society, it would have made absolutely no difference to our present position. But Tryst, who does not even want to defy the law—what happens to him? What happens to hundreds of laborers all over the country who venture to differ in politics, religion, or morals from those who own them?"

"By George!" thought Stanley, "it's true, in a way; I never looked at it quite like that." But the feeling that he had come to persuade her to be reasonable, and the deeply rooted Englishry of him, conspired to make him say:

"That's all very well; but, you see, it's only a necessary incident of property-holding. You can't interfere with plain rights."

"You mean—an evil inherent in property holding?"

"If you like; I don't split words. The lesser of two evils. What's your remedy? You don't want to abolish property; you've confessed that property gives you your independence!"

Again that curious quiver and flash!

"Yes; but if people haven't decency enough to see for themselves how the law favors their independence, they must be shown that it doesn't pay to do to others as they would hate to be done by."

"And you wouldn't try reasoning?"

"They are not amenable to reason."

Stanley took up his hat.

"Well, I think some of us are. I see your point; but, you know, violence never did any good; it isn't—English."

She did not answer. And, nonplussed thereby, he added lamely: "I should have liked to have seen Tod and your youngsters. Remember me to them. Clara sent her regards"; and, looking round the room in a rather lost way, he held out his hand.

He had an impression of something warm and dry put into it, with even a little pressure.

Back in the car, he said to his chauffeur, "Go home the other way, Batter, past the church."

The vision of that kitchen, with its brick floor, its black oak beams, bright copper pans, the flowers on the window-sill, the great, open hearth, and the figure of that woman in her blue dress standing before it, with her foot poised on a log, clung to his mind's eye with curious fidelity. And those three kids, popping out like that—proof that the whole thing was not a rather bad dream! "Queer business!" he thought; "bad business! That woman's uncommonly all there, though. Lot in what she said, too. Where the deuce should we all be if there were many like her!" And suddenly he noticed, in a field to the right, a number of men coming along the hedge toward the road—evidently laborers. What were they doing? He stopped the car. There were fifteen or twenty of them, and back in the field he could see a girl's red blouse, where a little group of four still lingered. "By George!" he thought, "those must be the young Tods going it!" And, curious to see what it might mean, Stanley fixed his attention on the gate through which the men were bound to come. First emerged a fellow in corduroys tied below the knee, with long brown moustaches decorating a face that, for all its haggardness, had a jovial look. Next came a sturdy little red-faced, bow-legged man in shirt-sleeves rolled up, walking alongside a big, dark fellow with a cap pushed up on his head, who had evidently just made a joke. Then came two old men, one of whom was limping, and three striplings. Another big man came along next, in a little clearance, as it were, between main groups. He walked heavily, and looked up lowering at the car. The fellow's eyes were queer, and threatening, and sad—giving Stanley a feeling of discomfort. Then came a short, square man with an impudent, loquacious face and a bit of swagger in his walk. He, too, looked up at Stanley and made some remark which caused two thin-faced fellows with him to grin sheepishly. A spare old man, limping heavily, with a yellow face and drooping gray moustaches, walked next, alongside a warped, bent fellow, with yellowish hair all over his face, whose expression struck Stanley as half-idiotic. Then two more striplings of seventeen or so, whittling, at bits of sticks; an active, clean-shorn chap with drawn-in cheeks; and, last of all, a small man by himself, without a cap on a round head covered with thin, light hair,

moving at a "dot-here, dot there" walk, as though he had beasts to drive.

Stanley noted that all—save the big man with the threatening, sad eyes, the old, yellow-faced man with a limp, and the little man who came out last, lost in his imaginary beasts—looked at the car furtively as they went their ways. And Stanley thought: "English peasant! Poor devil! Who is he? What is he? Who'd miss him if he did die out? What's the use of all this fuss about him? He's done for! Glad I've nothing to do with him at Becket, anyway! 'Back to the land!' 'Independent peasantry!' Not much! Shan't say that to Clara, though; knock the bottom out of her week-ends!" And to his chauffeur he muttered:

"Get on, Batter!"

So, through the peace of that country, all laid down in grass, through the dignity and loveliness of trees and meadows, this May evening, with the birds singing under a sky surcharged with warmth and color, he sped home to dinner.

CHAPTER XX

But next morning, turning on his back as it came dawn, Stanley thought, with the curious intensity which in those small hours so soon becomes fear: "By Jove! I don't trust that woman a yard! I shall wire for Felix!" And the longer he lay on his back the more the conviction bored a hole in him. There was a kind of fever in the air nowadays, that women seemed to catch, as children caught the measles. What did it all mean? England used to be a place to live in. One would have thought an old country like this would have got through its infantile diseases! Hysteria! No one gave in to that. Still, one must look out! Arson was about the limit! And Stanley had a vision, suddenly, of his plough-works in flames. Why not? The ploughs were not for the English market. Who knew whether these laboring fellows mightn't take that as a grievance, if trouble began to spread? This somewhat far-fetched notion, having started to burrow, threw up a really horrid mole-hill on Stanley. And it was only the habit, in the human mind, of saying suddenly to fears: Stop! I'm tired of you! that sent him to sleep about half past four.

He did not, however, neglect to wire to Felix:

"If at all possible, come down again at once; awkward business at Joyfields."

Nor, on the charitable pretext of employing two old fellows past ordinary work, did he omit to treble his night-watchman . . .

On Wednesday, the day of which he had seen the dawn rise, Felix had already been startled, on returning from his constitutional, to discover his niece and nephew in the act of departure. All the explanation vouchsafed had been: "Awfully sorry, Uncle Felix; Mother's wired for us." Save for the general uneasiness which attended on all actions of that woman, Felix would have felt relieved at their going. They had disturbed his life, slipped between him and Nedda! So much so that he did not even expect her to come and tell him why they had gone, nor feel inclined to ask her. So little breaks the fine coherence of really tender ties! The deeper the quality of affection, the more it "starts and puffs," and from sheer sensitive feeling, each for the other, spares attempt to get back into touch!

His paper—though he did not apply to it the word "favorite," having that proper literary feeling toward all newspapers, that they took him in rather than he them—gave him on Friday morning precisely the same news, of the rick-burning, as it gave to Stanley at breakfast and to John on his way to the Home Office. To John, less in

the know, it merely brought a knitting of the brow and a vague attempt to recollect the numbers of the Worcestershire constabulary. To Felix it brought a feeling of sickness. Men whose work in life demands that they shall daily whip their nerves, run, as a rule, a little in advance of everything. And goodness knows what he did not see at that moment. He said no word to Nedda, but debated with himself and Flora what, if anything, was to be done. Flora, whose sense of humor seldom deserted her, held the more comfortable theory that there was nothing to be done as yet. Soon enough to cry when milk was spilled! He did not agree, but, unable to suggest a better course, followed her advice. On Saturday, however, receiving Stanley's wire, he had much difficulty in not saying to her, "I told you so!" The question that agitated him now was whether or not to take Nedda with him. Flora said: "Yes. The child will be the best restraining influence, if there is really trouble brewing!" Some feeling fought against this in Felix, but, suspecting it to be more jealousy, he decided to take her. And, to the girl's rather puzzled delight, they arrived at Becket that day in time for dinner. It was not too reassuring to find John there, too. Stanley had also wired to him. The matter must indeed be serious!

The usual week-end was in progress. Clara had made one of her greatest efforts. A Bulgarian had providentially written a book in which he showed, beyond doubt, that persons fed on brown bread, potatoes, and margarine, gave the most satisfactory results of all. It was a discovery of the first value as a topic for her dinner-table—seeming to solve the whole vexed problem of the laborers almost at one stroke. If they could only be got to feed themselves on this perfect programme, what a saving of the situation! On those three edibles, the Bulgarian said—and he had been well translated—a family of five could be maintained at full efficiency for a shilling per day. Why! that would leave nearly eight shillings a week, in many cases more, for rent, firing, insurance, the man's tobacco, and the children's boots. There would be no more of that terrible pinching by the mothers, to feed the husband and children properly, of which one heard so much; no more lamentable deterioration in our stock! Brown bread, potatoes, margarine—quite a great deal could be provided for seven shillings! And what was more delicious than a well-baked potato with margarine of good quality? The carbohydrates—or was it hybocardrates—ah, yes! the kybohadrates—would be present in really sufficient quantity! Little else was talked of all through dinner at her end of the table. Above the flowers which Frances Freeland always insisted on arranging—and very charmingly—when she was there—over bare shoulders and white shirt-fronts, those words bombed and reboomed. Brown bread, potatoes, margarine, carbohydrates, calorific! They mingled with the creamy sizzle of champagne, with the soft murmur of well-bred deglutition. White bosoms heaved and eyebrows rose at them. And now and again some Bigwig versed in science murmured the word "Fats." An agricultural population fed to the point of efficiency without disturbance of the existing state of things! Eureka! If only into the bargain they could be induced to bake their own brown bread and cook their potatoes well! Faces flushed, eyes brightened, and teeth shone. It was the best, the most stimulating, dinner ever swallowed in that room. Nor was it until each male guest had eaten, drunk, and talked himself into torpor suitable to the company of his wife, that the

three brothers could sit in the smoking-room together, undisturbed.

When Stanley had described his interview with "that woman," his glimpse of the red blouse, and the laborers' meeting, there was a silence before John said:

"It might be as well if Tod would send his two youngsters abroad for a bit."

Felix shook his head.

"I don't think he would, and I don't think they'd go. But we might try to get those two to see that anything the poor devils of laborers do is bound to recoil on themselves, fourfold. I suppose," he added, with sudden malice, "a laborers' rising would have no chance?"

Neither John nor Stanley winced.

"Rising? Why should they rise?"

"They did in '32."

"In '32!" repeated John. "Agriculture had its importance then. Now it has none. Besides, they've no cohesion, no power, like the miners or railway men. Rising? No chance, no earthly! Weight of metal's dead against it."

Felix smiled.

"Money and guns! Guns and money! Confess with me, brethren, that we're glad of metal."

John stared and Stanley drank off his whiskey and potash. Felix really was a bit "too thick" sometimes. Then Stanley said:

"Wonder what Tod thinks of it all. Will you go over, Felix, and advise that our young friends be more considerate to these poor beggars?"

Felix nodded. And with "Good night, old man" all round, and no shaking of the hands, the three brothers dispersed.

But behind Felix, as he opened his bedroom door, a voice whispered:

"Dad!" And there, in the doorway of the adjoining room, was Nedda in her dressing-gown.

"Do come in for a minute. I've been waiting up. You are late."

Felix followed her into her room. The pleasure he would once have had in this midnight conspiracy was superseded now, and he stood blinking at her gravely. In that blue gown, with her dark hair falling on its lace collar and her face so round and childish, she seemed more than ever to have defrauded him. Hooking her arm in his, she drew him to the window; and Felix thought: "She just wants to talk to me about Derek. Dog in the manger that I am! Here goes to be decent!" So he said:

"Well, my dear?"

Nedda pressed his hand with a little coaxing squeeze.

"Daddy, darling, I do love you!"

And, though Felix knew that she had grasped what he was feeling, a sort of warmth spread in him. She had begun counting his fingers with one of her own, sitting close beside him. The warmth in Felix deepened, but he thought: "She must want a good deal out of me!" Then she began:

"Why did we come down again? I know something wrong! It's hard not to know, when you're anxious." And she sighed. That little sigh affected Felix.

"I'd always rather know the truth, Dad. Aunt Clara said something about a fire at the Mallorings'."

Felix stole a look at her. Yes! There was a lot in this child of his! Depth, warmth, and strength to hold to things. No use to treat her as a child! And he answered:

"My dear, there's really nothing beyond what you know—our young man and Sheila are hotheads, and things over there are working up a bit. We must try and smooth them down."

"Dad, ought I to back him whatever he does?"

What a question! The more so that one cannot answer superficially the questions of those whom one loves.

"Ah!" he said at last. "I don't know yet. Some things it's not your duty to do; that's certain. It can't be right to do things simply because he does them—that's not real—however fond one is."

"No; I feel that. Only, it's so hard to know what I do really think—there's always such a lot trying to make one feel that only what's nice and cosey is right!"

And Felix thought: "I've been brought up to believe that only Russian girls care for truth. It seems I was wrong. The saints forbid I should be a stumbling-block to my own daughter searching for it! And yet—where's it all leading? Is this the same child that told me only the other night she wanted to know everything? She's a woman now! So much for love!" And he said:

"Let's go forward quietly, without expecting too much for ourselves."

"Yes, Dad; only I distrust myself so."

"No one ever got near the truth who didn't."

"Can we go over to Joyfields tomorrow? I don't think I could bear a whole day of Bigwigs and eating, with this hanging—"

"Poor Bigwigs! All right! We'll go. And now, bed; and think of nothing!"

Her whisper tickled his ear:

"You are a darling to me, Dad!"

He went out comforted.

And for some time after she had forgotten everything he leaned out of his window, smoking cigarettes, and trying to see the body and soul of night. How quiet she was—night, with her mystery, bereft of moon, in whose darkness seemed to vibrate still the song of the cuckoos that had been calling so all day! And whisperings of leaves communed with Felix.

CHAPTER XXI

What Tod thought of all this was, perhaps, as much of an enigma to Tod as to his three brothers, and never more so than on that Sunday morning when two police constables appeared at his door with a warrant for the arrest of Tryst. After regarding them fixedly for full thirty seconds, he said, "Wait!" and left them in the doorway.

Kirsteen was washing breakfast things which had a leadless glaze, and Tryst's three children, extremely tidy, stood motionless at the edge of the little scullery, watching.

When she had joined him in the kitchen Tod shut the door.

"Two policemen," he said, "want Tryst. Are they to have him?"

In the life together of these two there had, from the very start, been a queer understanding as to who should decide what. It had become by now so much a matter of instinct that combative consultations, which bulk so large in married lives, had no place in theirs. A frowning tremor passed over her face.

"I suppose they must. Derek is out. Leave it to me, Tod, and take the tinies into the orchard."

Tod took the three little Trysts to the very spot where Derek and Nedda had gazed over the darkening fields in exchanging that first kiss, and, sitting on the stump of the apple-tree he had cut down, he presented each of them with an apple. While they ate, he stared. And his dog stared at him. How far there worked in Tod the feelings of an ordinary man watching three small children whose only parent the law was just taking into its charge it would be rash to say, but his eyes were extremely blue and there was a frown between them.

"Well, Biddy?" he said at last.

Biddy did not reply; the habit of being a mother had imposed on her, together with the gravity of her little, pale, oval face, a peculiar talent for silence. But the round-cheeked Susie said:

"Billy can eat cores."

After this statement, silence was broken only by munching, till Tod remarked:

"What makes things?"

The children, having the instinct that he had not asked them, but himself, came closer. He had in his hand a little beetle.

"This beetle lives in rotten wood; nice chap, isn't he?"

"We kill beetles; we're afraid of them." So Susie.

They were now round Tod so close that Billy was standing on one of his large feet, Susie leaning her elbows on one of his broad knees, and Biddy's slender little body pressed against his huge arm.

"No," said Tod; "beetles are nice chaps."

"The birds eats them," remarked Billy.

"This beetle," said Tod, "eats wood. It eats through trees and the trees get rotten."

Biddy spoke:

"Then they don't give no more apples."

Tod put the beetle down and Billy got off his foot to tread on it. When he had done his best the beetle emerged and vanished in the grass. Tod, who had offered no remonstrance, stretched out his hand and replaced Billy on his foot.

"What about my treading on you Billy?" he said.

"Why?"

"I'm big and you're little."

On Billy's square face came a puzzled defiance. If he had not been early taught his station he would evidently have found some poignant retort. An intoxicated humbebee broke the silence by buzzing into Biddy's fluffed-out, corn-gold hair. Tod took it off with his hand.

"Lovely chap, isn't he?"

The children, who had recoiled, drew close again, while the drunken bee crawled feebly in the cage of Tod's large hand.

"Bees sting," said Biddy; "I fell on a bee and it stang me!"

"You stang it first," said Tod. "This chap wouldn't sting—not for worlds. Stroke it!"

Biddy put out her little, pale finger but stayed it a couple of inches from the bee.

"Go on," said Tod.

Opening her mouth a little, Biddy went on and touched the bee.

"It's soft," she said. "Why don't it buzz?"

"I want to stroke it, too," said Susie. And Billy stamped a little on Tod's foot.

"No," said Tod; "only Biddy."

There was perfect silence till the dog, rising, approached its nose, black with a splash of pinky whiteness on the end of the bridge, as if to love the bee.

"No," said Tod. The dog looked at him, and his yellow-brown eyes were dark with anxiety.

"It'll sting the dog's nose," said Biddy, and Susie and Billy came yet closer.

It was at this moment, when the heads of the dog, the bee, Tod, Biddy, Susie, and Billy might have been contained within a noose three feet in diameter, that Felix dismounted from Stanley's car and, coming from the cottage, caught sight of that little idyll under the dappled sunlight, green, and blossom. It was something from the core of life, out of the heartbeat of things—like a rare picture or song, the revelation of the childlike wonder and delight, to which all other things are but the supernumerary casings—a little pool of simplicity into which fever and yearning sank and were for a moment drowned. And quite possibly he would have gone away without disturb-

ing them if the dog had not growled and wagged his tail.

But when the children had been sent down into the field he experienced the usual difficulty in commencing a talk with Tod. How far was his big brother within reach of mere unphilosophic statements; how far was he going to attend to facts?

"We came back yesterday," he began, "Nedda and I. You know all about Derek and Nedda, I suppose?"

Tod nodded.

"What do you think of it?"

"He's a good chap."

"Yes," murmured Felix, "but a firebrand. This business at Malloring's—what's it going to lead to, Tod? We must look out, old man. Couldn't you send Derek and Sheila abroad for a bit?"

"Wouldn't go."

"But, after all, they're dependent on you."

"Don't say that to them; I should never see them again."

Felix, who felt the instinctive wisdom of that remark, answered helplessly:

"What's to be done, then?"

"Sit tight." And Tod's hand came down on Felix's shoulder.

"But suppose they get into real trouble? Stanley and John don't like it; and there's Mother." And Felix added, with sudden heat, "Besides, I can't stand Nedda being made anxious like this."

Tod removed his hand. Felix would have given a good deal to have been able to see into the brain behind the frowning stare of those blue eyes.

"Can't help by worrying. What must be, will. Look at the birds!"

The remark from any other man would have irritated Felix profoundly; coming from Tod, it seemed the unconscious expression of a really felt philosophy. And, after all, was he not right? What was this life they all lived but a ceaseless worrying over what was to come? Was not all man's unhappiness caused by nervous anticipations of the future? Was not that the disease, and the misfortune, of the age; perhaps of all the countless ages man had lived through?

With an effort he recalled his thoughts from that far flight. What if Tod had rediscovered the secret of the happiness that belonged to birds and lilies of the field—such overpowering interest in the moment that the future did not exist? Why not? Were not the only minutes when he himself was really happy those when he lost himself in work, or love? And why were they so few? For want of pressure to the square moment. Yes! All unhappiness was fear and lack of vitality to live the present fully. That was why love and fighting were such poignant ecstasies—they lived their present to the full. And so it would be almost comic to say to those young people: Go away; do nothing in this matter in which your interest and your feelings are concerned! Don't have a present, because you've got to have a future! And he said:

"I'd give a good deal for your power of losing yourself in the moment, old boy!"

"That's all right," said Tod. He was examining the bark of a tree, which had nothing the matter with it, so far as Felix could see; while his dog, who had followed them, carefully examined Tod. Both were obviously lost in the moment. And with a feeling of defeat Felix led the way back to the cottage.

In the brick-floored kitchen Derek was striding up and down; while around him, in an equilateral triangle, stood the three women, Sheila at the window, Kirsteen by the open hearth, Nedda against the wall opposite. Derek exclaimed at once:

"Why did you let them, Father? Why

didn't you refuse to give him up?"

Felix looked at his brother. In the doorway, where his curly head nearly touched the wood, Tod's face was puzzled, rueful. He did not answer.

"Any one could have said he wasn't here. We could have smuggled him away. Now the brutes have got him! I don't know that, though—" And he made suddenly for the door.

Tod did not budge. "No," he said.

Derek turned; his mother was at the other door; at the window, the two girls.

The comedy of this scene, if there be comedy in the face of grief, was for the moment lost on Felix.

"It's come," he thought. "What now?"

Derek had flung himself down at the table and was burying his head in his hands. Sheila went up to him.

"Don't be a fool, Derek."

However right and natural that remark, it seemed inadequate.

And Felix looked at Nedda. The blue motor scarf she had worn had slipped off her dark head; her face was white; her eyes, fixed immovably on Derek, seemed waiting for him to recognize that she was there. The boy broke out again:

"It was treachery! We took him in; and now we've given him up. They wouldn't have touched us if we'd got him away. Not they!"

Felix literally heard the breathing of Tod on one side of him and of Kirsteen on the other. He crossed over and stood opposite his nephew.

"Look here, Derek," he said; "your mother was quite right. You might have put this off for a day or two; but it was bound to come. You don't know the reach of the law. Come, my dear fellow! It's no good making a fuss, that's childish—the thing is to see that the man gets every chance."

Derek looked up. Probably he had not yet realized that his uncle was in the room; and Felix was astonished at his really haggard face; as if the incident had bitten and twisted some vital in his body.

"He trusted us."

Felix saw Kirsteen quiver and flinch, and understood why they had none of them felt quite able to turn their backs on that display of passion. Something deep and unreasoning was on the boy's side; something that would not fit with common sense and the habits of civilized society; something from an Arab's tent or a Highland glen. Then Tod came up behind and put his hands on his son's shoulders.

"Come!" he said; "milk's spilt."

"All right!" said Derek gruffly, and he went to the door.

Felix made Nedda a sign and she slipped out after him.

CHAPTER XXII

Nedda, her blue head-gear trailing, followed along at the boy's side while he passed through the orchard and two fields; and when he threw himself down under an ash-tree she, too, subsided, waiting for him to notice her.

"I am here," she said at last.

At that ironic little speech Derek sat up.

"It'll kill him," he said.

"But—to burn things, Derek! To light horrible cruel flames, and burn things, even if they aren't alive!"

Derek said through his teeth:

"It's I who did it! If I'd never talked to him he'd have been like the others. They were taking him in a cart, like a calf."

Nedda got possession of his hand and held it tight.

That was a bitter and frightening hour under the faintly rustling ash-tree, while the

wind sprinkled over her flakes of the May blossom, just past its prime. Love seemed now so little a thing, seemed to have lost warmth and power, seemed like a suppliant outside a door. Why did trouble come like this the moment one felt deeply?

The church bell was tolling; they could see the little congregation pass across the churchyard into that weekly dream they knew too well. And presently the drone emerged, mingling with the voices outside, of sighing trees and trickling water, of the rub of wings, birds' songs, and the callings of beasts everywhere beneath the sky.

In spite of suffering because love was not the first emotion in his heart, the girl could only feel he was right not to be loving her; that she ought to be glad of what was eating up all else within him. It was ungenerous, unworthy, to want to be loved at such a moment. Yet she could not help it! This was her first experience of the eternal tug between self and the loved one pulled in the hearts of lovers. Would she ever come to feel happy when he was just doing what he thought was right? And she drew a little away from him; then perceived that unwittingly she had done the right thing, for he at once tried to take her hand again. And this was her first lesson, too, in the nature of man. If she did not give her hand, he wanted it! But she was not one of those who calculate in love; so she gave him her hand at once. That went to his heart; and he put his arm around her, till he could feel the emotion under those stays that would not be drawn any closer. In this nest beneath the ash-tree they sat till they heard the organ wheeze and the furious sound of the last hymn, and saw the brisk coming-forth with its air of, "Thank God! And now, to eat!" till at last there was no stir again about the little church—no stir at all save that of nature's ceaseless thanksgiving...

Tod, his brown face still rueful, had followed those two out into the air, and Sheila had gone quickly after him. Thus left alone with his sister-in-law, Felix said gravely:

"If you don't want the boy to get into real trouble, do all you can to show him that the last way in the world to help these poor fellows is to let them fall foul of the law. It's madness to light flames you can't put out. What happened this morning? Did the man resist?"

Her face still showed how bitter had been her mortification, and he was astonished that she kept her voice so level and emotionless.

"No. He went with them quite quietly. The back door was open; he could have walked out. I did not advise him to. I'm glad no one saw his face except myself. You see," she added, "he's devoted to Derek, and Derek knows it; that's why he feels it so, and will feel it more and more. The boy has a great sense of honor, Felix."

Under that tranquillity Felix caught the pain and yearning in her voice. Yes! This woman really felt and saw. She was not one of those who make disturbance with their brains and powers of criticism; rebellion leaped out from the heat in her heart. But he said:

"Is it right to fan this flame? Do you think any good end is being served?" Waiting for her answer, he found himself gazing at the ghost of dark down on her upper lip, wondering that he had never noticed it before.

Very low, as if to herself, she said:

"I would kill myself today if I didn't believe that tyranny and injustice must end."

"In our time?"

"Perhaps not."

"Are you content to go on working for an Utopia that you will never see?"

"While our laborers are treated and housed more like dogs than human beings,

while the best life under the sun—because life on the soil might be the best life—is despised and starved, and made the plaything of people's tongues, neither I nor mine are going to rest."

The admiration she inspired in Felix at that moment was mingled with a kind of pity. He said impressively:

"Do you know the forces you are up against? Have you looked into the unfathomable heart of this trouble? Understood the tug of the towns, the call of money to money; grasped the destructive restlessness of modern life; the abysmal selfishness of people when you threaten their interests; the age-long apathy of those you want to help? Have you grasped all these?"

"And more!"

Felix held out his hand. "Then," he said, "you are truly brave!"

She shook her head.

"It got bitten into me very young. I was brought up in the Highlands among the crofters in their worst days. In some ways the people here are not so badly off, but they're still slaves."

"Except that they can go to Canada if they want, and save old England."

She flushed. "I hate irony."

Felix looked at her with ever-increasing interest; she certainly was of the kind that could be relied on to make trouble.

"Ah!" he murmured. "Don't forget that when we can no longer smile we can only swell and burst. It is some consolation to reflect that by the time we've determined to do something really effectual for the ploughmen of England there'll be no ploughmen left!"

"I cannot smile at that."

And, studying her face, Felix thought, "You're right there! You'll get no help from humor..."

Early that afternoon, with Nedda between them, Felix and his nephew were speeding toward Transham.

The little town—a hamlet when Edmund Moreton dropped the *e* from his name and put up the works which Stanley had so much enlarged—had monopolized by now the hill on which it stood. Living entirely on its ploughs, it yet had but little of the true look of a British factory town, having been for the most part built since ideas came into fashion. With its red roofs and chimneys, it was only moderately ugly, and here and there an old white, timbered house still testified to the fact that it had once been country. On this fine Sunday afternoon the population were in the streets, and presented all that long narrow-headedness, that twist and distortion of feature, that perfect absence of beauty in face, figure, and dress, which is the glory of the Briton who has been for three generations in a town. "And my great-grandfather"—thought Felix—"did all this! God rest his soul!"

At a rather new church on the very top they halted, and went in to inspect the Morton memorials. There they were, in dedicated corners. "Edmund and his wife Catherine"—"Charles Edmund and his wife Florence"—"Maurice Edmund and his wife Dorothy." Clara had set her foot down against "Stanley and his wife Clara" being in the fourth; her soul was above ploughs, and she, of course, intended to be buried at Becket, as Clara, dowager Lady Freeland, for her efforts in regard to the land. Felix, who had a tendency to note how things affected other people, watched Derek's inspection of these memorials and marked that they excited in him no tendency to ribaldry. The boy, indeed, could hardly be expected to see in them what Felix saw—an epitome of the great, perhaps fatal, change that had befallen his native country; a record of the beginning of that far-back

fever, whose course ran ever faster, which had emptied country into town and slowly, surely, changed the whole spirit of life. When Edmund Moreton, about 1780, took the infection disseminated by the development of machinery, and left the farming of his acres to make money, that thing was done which they were all now talking about trying to undo, with their cries of: "Back to the land! Back to peace and sanity in the shade of the elms! Back to the simple and patriarchal state of feeling which old documents disclose. Back to a time before these little squashed heads and bodies and features jutted every which way; before there were long squashed streets of gray houses; long squashed chimneys emitting smoke-bligh; long squashed rows of graves; and long squashed columns of the daily papers. Back to well-fed countrymen who could not read, with Common rights, and a kindly feeling for old 'Moretons,' who had a kindly feeling for them!" Back to all that? A dream! Sirs! A dream! There was nothing for it now, but—progress! Progress! On with the dance! Let engines rip, and the little, squash-headed fellows with them! Commerce, literature, religion, science, politics, all taking a hand; what a glorious chance had money, ugliness, and ill will! Such were the reflections of Felix before the brass tablet:

"IN LOVING MEMORY OF
EDMUND MORTON
AND
HIS DEVOTED WIFE
CATHERINE.

AT REST IN THE LORD. A. D., 1816."

From the church they went about their proper business, to interview a Mr. Pogram, of the firm of Pogram & Collet, solicitors, in whose hands the interests of many citizens of Transham and the country round were almost securely deposited. He occupied, curiously enough, the house where Edmund Morton himself had lived, conducting his works on the one hand and the squirearchy of the parish on the other. Incorporated now into the line of a long, loose street, it still stood rather apart from its neighbors, behind some large shrubs and trees of the holm-oak variety.

Mr. Pogram, who was finishing his Sunday after-lunch cigar, was a short, clean-shaven man with strong cheeks and those rather lustful gray-blue eyes which accompany a sturdy figure. He rose when they were introduced, and, uncrossing his fat little thighs, asked what he could do for them.

Felix propounded the story of the arrest, so far as might be, in words of one syllable, avoiding the sentimental aspect of the question, and finding it hard to be on the side of disorder, as any modern writer might. There was something, however, about Mr. Pogram that reassured him. The small fellow looked a fighter—looked as if he would sympathize with Tryst's want of a woman about him. The tusk but soft-hearted little brute kept nodding his round, sparsely covered head while he listened, exuding a smell of lavender-water, cigars, and gutta-percha. When Felix ceased he said, rather dryly:

"Sir Gerald Malloring? Yes. Sir Gerald's country agents, I rather think, are Messrs. Porter of Worcester. Quite so."

And a conviction that Mr. Pogram thought they should have been Messrs. Pogram & Collet of Transham confirmed in Felix the feeling that they had come to the right man.

"I gather," Mr. Pogram said, and he looked at Nedda with a glance from which he obviously tried to remove all earthly desires, "that you, sir, and your nephew wish to go to see the man. Mrs. Pogram will be

delighted to show Miss Freeland our garden. Your great-grandfather, sir, on the mother's side, lived in this house. Delighted to meet you; often heard of your books; Mrs. Pogram has read one—let me see—'The Banister,' was it?"

"The Balustrade," Felix answered gently.

Mr. Pogram rang the bell. "Quite so," he said. "Assizes are just over so that he can't come up for trial till August or September; pity—great pity! Bail in cases of arson—for a laborer, very doubtful! Ask your mistress to come, please."

There entered a faded rose of a woman on whom Mr. Pogram in his time had evidently made a great impression. A vista of two or three little Pograms behind her was hastily removed by the maid. And they all went into the garden.

"Through here," said Mr. Pogram, coming to a side door in the garden wall, "we can make a short cut to the police station. As we go along I shall ask you one or two blunt questions." And he thrust out his under lip:

"For instance, what's your interest in this matter?"

Before Felix could answer, Derek had broken in:

"My uncle has come out of kindness. It's my affair, sir. The man has been tyrannously treated."

Mr. Pogram cocked his eye. "Yes, yes; no doubt, no doubt! He's not confessed, I understand?"

"No; but—"

Mr. Pogram laid a finger on his lips.

"Never say die; that's what we're here for. So," he went on, "you're a rebel; Socialist, perhaps. Dear me! Well, we're all of us something, nowadays—I'm a humanitarian myself. Often say to Mrs. Pogram—humanity's the thing in this age—and so it is! Well, now, what line shall we take?" And he rubbed his hands. "Shall we have a try at once to upset what evidence they've got? We should want a strong alibi. Our friends here will commit if they can—nobody likes arson. I understand he was sleeping in your cottage. His room, now? Was it on the ground floor?"

"Yes; but—"

Mr. Pogram frowned, as who should say: Ah! Be careful! "He had better reserve his defence and give us time to turn around," he said rather shortly.

They had arrived at the police station and after a little parley were ushered into the presence of Tryst.

The big laborer was sitting on the stool in his cell, leaning back against the wall, his hands loose and open at his sides. His gaze passed at once from Felix and Mr. Pogram, who were in advance, to Derek; and the dumb soul seemed suddenly to look through, as one may see all there is of spirit in a dog reach out to its master. This was the first time Felix had seen him who had caused already so much anxiety, and that broad, almost brutal face, with the yearning fidelity in its tragic eyes, made a powerful impression on him. It was the sort of face one did not forget and might be glad of not remembering in dreams. What had put this yearning spirit into so gross a frame, destroying its solid coherence? Why could not Tryst have been left by nature just a beer-loving serf, devoid of grief for his dead wife, devoid of longing for the nearest he could get to her again, devoid of susceptibility to this young man's influence? And the thought of all that was before the mute creature, sitting there in heavy, hopeless patience, stung Felix's heart so that he could hardly bear to look him in the face.

Derek had taken the man's thick, brown

hand; Felix could see with what effort the boy was biting back his feelings.

"This is Mr. Pogram, Bob. A solicitor who'll do all he can for you."

Felix looked at Mr. Pogram. The little man was standing with arms akimbo; his face the queerest mixture of shrewdness and compassion, and he was giving off an almost needlessly strong scent of gutta-percha.

"Yes, my man," he said, "you and I are going to have a talk when these gentlemen have done with you," and, turning on his heel, he began to touch up the points of his little pink nails with a penknife, in front of the constable who stood outside the cell door, with his professional air of giving a man a chance.

Invaded by a feeling, apt to come to him in Zoos, that he was watching a creature who had no chance to escape being watched, Felix also turned; but, though his eyes saw not, his ears could not help hearing.

"Forgive me, Bob! It's I who got you into this!"

"No, sir; naught to forgive. I'll soon be back, and then they'll see!"

By the reddening of Mr. Pogram's ears Felix formed the opinion that the little man, also, could hear.

"Tell her not to fret, Mr. Derek. I'd like a shirt, in case I've got to stop. The children needn't know where I be; though I ain't ashamed."

"It may be a longer job than you think, Bob."

In the silence that followed Felix could not help turning. The laborer's eyes were moving quickly round his cell, as if for the first time he realized that he was shut up; suddenly he brought those big hands of his together and clasped them between his knees, and again his gaze ran round the cell. Felix heard the clearing of a throat close by, and, more than ever conscious of the scent of gutta-percha, grasped its connection with compassion in the heart of Mr. Pogram. He caught Derek's muttered, "Don't ever think we're forgetting you, Bob," and something that sounded like, "And don't ever say you did it." Then, passing Felix and the little lawyer, the boy went out. His head was held high, but tears were running down his cheeks. Felix followed.

A bank of clouds, gray-white, was rising just above the red-tiled roofs, but the sun still shone brightly. And the thought of the big laborer sitting there knocked and knocked at Felix's heart mournfully, miserably. He had a warmer feeling for his young nephew than he had ever had. Mr. Pogram rejoined them soon, and they walked on together.

"Well?" said Felix.

Mr. Pogram answered in a somewhat grumpy voice:

"Not guilty, and reserve defence. You have influence, young man! Dumb as a waiter. Poor devil!" And not another word did he say till they had reentered his garden.

Here the ladies, surrounded by many little Pograms, were having tea. And seated next the little lawyer, whose eyes were fixed on Nedda, Felix was able to appreciate that in happier mood he exhaled almost exclusively the scent of lavender-water and cigars.

CHAPTER XXIII

On their way back to Becket, after the visit to Tryst, Felix and Nedda dropped Derek half-way on the road to Joyfields. They found that the Becket household already knew of the arrest. Woven into a dirge on the subject of "the Land," the last town doings, and adventures on golf

courses, it formed the genial topic of the dinner table; for the Bulgarian with his carbohydrates was already a wonder of the past. The Bigwigs of this week-end were quite a different lot from those of three weeks ago, and comparatively homogeneous, having only three different plans for settling the land question, none of which, fortunately, involved any more real disturbance of the existing state of things than the potato, brown-bread plan, for all were based on the belief held by the respectable press, and constructive portions of the community, that omelette can be made without breaking eggs. On one thing alone, the whole house party was agreed—the importance of the question. Indeed, a sincere conviction on this point was like the card one produces before one is admitted to certain functions. No one came to Becket without it; or, if he did, he begged, borrowed, or stole it the moment he smelled Clara's special pot-pourri in the hall; and, though he sometimes threw it out of the railway carriage window in returning to town, there was nothing remarkable about that. The conversational debauch of the first night's dinner—and, alas! there were only two even at Becket during a week-end—had undoubtedly revealed the feeling, which had set in of late, that there was nothing really wrong with the condition of the agricultural laborer, the only trouble being that the unreasonable fellow did not stay on the land. It was believed that Henry Wiltram, in conjunction with Colonel Martlett, was on the point of promoting a policy for imposing penalties on those who attempted to leave it without good reason, such reason to be left to the discretion of impartial district boards, composed each of one laborer, one farmer, and one landowner, decision going by favor of majority. And though opinion was rather freely expressed that, since the voting would always be two to one against, this might trench on the liberty of the subject, many thought that the interests of the country were so much above this consideration that something of the sort would be found, after all, to be the best arrangement. The cruder early notions of resettling the land by fostering peasant proprietorship, with habitable houses and security of tenure, were already under a cloud, since it was more than suspected that they would interfere unduly with the game laws and other soundly vested interests. Mere penalization of those who (or whose fathers before them) had at great pains planted so much covert, enclosed so much common, and laid so much country down in grass was hardly a policy for statesmen. A section of the guests, and that perhaps strongest because most silent, distinctly favored this new departure of Henry Wiltram's. Coupled with his swinging corn tax, it was indubitably a stout platform.

A second section of the guests spoke openly in favor of Lord Settleham's policy of good-will. The whole thing, they thought, must be voluntary, and they did not see any reason why, if it were left to the kindness and good intentions of the landowner, there should be any land question at all. Boards would be formed in every county on which such model landowners as Sir Gerald Malloring, or Lord Settleham himself, would sit, to apply the principles of goodwill. Against this policy the only criticism was leveled by Felix. He could have agreed, he said, if he had not noticed that Lord Settleham, and nearly all landowners, were thoroughly satisfied with their existing goodwill and averse to any changes in their education that might foster an increase of it. If—he asked—landowners were so full of goodwill, and so satisfied

that they could not be improved in that matter, why had they not already done what was now proposed, and settled the land question? He himself believed that the land question, like any other, was only capable of settlement through improvement in the spirit of all concerned, but he found it a little difficult to credit Lord Settleham and the rest of the landowners with sincerity in the matter so long as they were unconscious of any need for their own improvement. According to him, they wanted it both ways, and, so far as he could see, they meant to have it!

His use of the word sincere, in connection with Lord Settleham, was at once pounced on. He could not know Lord Settleham—one of the most sincere of men. Felix freely admitted that he did not, and hastened to explain that he did not question the—er—parliamentary sincerity of Lord Settleham and his followers. He only ventured to doubt whether they realized the hold that human nature had on them. His experience, he said, of the houses where they had been bred, and the seminaries where they had been trained, had convinced him that there was still a conspiracy on foot to blind Lord Settleham and those others concerning all this; and, since they were themselves part of the conspiracy, there was very little danger of their unmasking it. At this juncture Felix was felt to have exceeded the limit of fair criticism, and only that toleration toward literary men of a certain reputation, in country houses, as persons brought there to say clever and irresponsible things, prevented people from taking him seriously.

The third section of the guests, unquestionably more static than the others, confined themselves to pointing out that, though the land question was undoubtedly serious, nothing whatever would result from placing any further impositions upon land-owners. For, after all, what was land? Simply capital invested in a certain way, and very poorly at that. And what was capital? Simply a means of causing wages to be paid. And whether they were paid to men who looked after birds and dogs, loaded your guns, beat your coverts, or drove you to the shoot, or paid to men who ploughed and fertilized the land, what did it matter? To dictate to a man to whom he was to pay wages was, in the last degree, un-English. Everybody knew the fate which had come, or was coming, upon capital. It was being driven out of the country by leaps and bounds—though, to be sure, it still perversely persisted in yielding every year a larger revenue by way of income tax. And it would be dastardly to take advantage of land just because it was the only sort of capital which could not fly the country in times of need. Stanley himself, though—as became a host—he spoke little and argued not at all, was distinctly of this faction; and Clara sometimes felt uneasy lest her efforts to focus at Becket all interest in the land question should not quite succeed in outweighing the passivity of her husband's attitude. But, knowing that it is bad policy to raise the whip too soon, she trusted to her genius to bring him "with one run at the finish," as they say, and was content to wait.

There was universal sympathy with the Mallorings. If a model landlord like Malloring had trouble with his people, who—who should be immune? Arson! It was the last word! Felix, who secretly shared Nedda's horror of the insensate cruelty of flames, listened, nevertheless, to the jubilation that they had caught the fellow, with profound disturbance. For the memory of the big laborer seated against the wall, his eyes haunting round his cell, quarrelled fiercely with his natural abhorrence of any kind of violence, and his equally natural dislike of

what brought anxiety into his own life—and the life, almost as precious, of his little daughter. Scarcely a word of the evening's conversation but gave him in high degree the feeling: How glib all this is, how far from reality! How fattened up with shell after shell of comfort and security! What do these people know, what do they realize, of the pressure and beat of raw life that lies behind—what do even I, who have seen this prisoner, know? For us it's as simple as killing a rat that eats our corn, or a flea that sucks our blood. Arson! Destructive brute—lock him up! And something in Felix said: For order, for security, this may be necessary. But something also said: Our smug attitude is odious!

He watched his little daughter closely, and several times marked the color rush up in her face, and once could have sworn he saw tears in her eyes. If the temper of this talk were trying to him, hardened at a hundred dinner-tables, what must it be to a young and ardent creature! And he was relieved to find, on getting to the drawing room, that she had slipped behind the piano and was chatting quietly with her Uncle John . . .

As to whether this or that man liked her, Nedda perhaps was not more ignorant than other women; and she had noted a certain warmth and twinkle in Uncle John's eyes the other evening, a certain rather jolly tendency to look at her when he should have been looking at the person to whom he was talking; so that she felt toward him a trustful kindliness not altogether unmingled with a sense that he was in that Office which controls the destinies of those who "get into trouble." The motives even of statesmen, they say, are mixed; how much more so, then, of girls in love! Tucked away behind a Steinway, which instinct told her was not for use, she looked up under her lashes at her uncle's still military figure and said softly:

"It was awfully good of you to come, too, Uncle John."

And John, gazing down at that round, dark head, and those slim, pretty, white shoulders, answered:

"Not at all—very glad to get a breath of fresh air."

And he stealthily tightened his white waistcoat—a rite neglected of late; the garment seemed to him at the moment unnecessarily loose.

"You have so much experience, Uncle. Do you think violent rebellion is ever justifiable?"

"I do not."

Nedda sighed. "I'm glad you think that," she murmured, "because I don't think it is, either. I do so want you to like Derek, Uncle John, because—it's a secret from nearly every one—he and I are engaged."

John jerked his head up a little, as though he had received a slight blow. The news was not palatable. He kept his form, however, and answered:

"Oh! Really! Ah!"

Nedda said still more softly: "Please don't judge him by the other night; he wasn't very nice then, I know."

John cleared his throat.

Instinct warned her that he agreed, and she said rather sadly:

"You see, we're both awfully young. It must be splendid to have experience."

Over John's face, with its double line between the brows, its double line in the thin cheeks, its single firm line of mouth beneath a gray moustache, there passed a little grimace.

"As to being young," he said, "that'll change for the—er—better only too fast."

What was it in this girl that reminded him of that one with whom he had lived but

two years, and mourned fifteen? Was it her youth? Was it that quick way of lifting her eyes, and looking at him with such clear directness? Or the way her hair grew? Or what?

"Do you like the people here, Uncle John?"

The question caught John, as it were, between wind and water. Indeed, all her queries seemed to be trying to incite him to those wide efforts of mind which bring into use the philosophic nerve; and it was long since he had generalized afresh about either things or people, having fallen for many years past into the habit of reaching his opinions down out of some pigeonhole or other. To generalize was a youthful practice that one took off as one takes certain garments off babies when they come to years of discretion. But since he seemed to be in for it, he answered rather shortly: "Not at all."

Nedda sighed again.

"Nor do I. They make me ashamed of myself."

John, whose dislike of the Bigwigs was that of the dogged worker of this life for the dogged talkers, wrinkled his brows:

"How's that?"

"They make me feel as if I were part of something heavy sitting on something else, and all the time talking about how to make things lighter for the thing it's sitting on."

A vague recollection of somebody—some writer, a dangerous one—having said something of this sort flitted through John.

"Do you think England is done for, Uncle—I mean about 'the Land'?"

In spite of his conviction that "the country was in a bad way," John was deeply, intimately shocked by that simple little question. Done for! Never! Whatever might be happening underneath, there must be no confession of that. No! the country would keep its form. The country would breathe through its nose, even if it did lose the race. It must never know, or let others know, even if it were beaten. And he said:

"What on earth put that into your head?"

"Only that it seems funny, if we're getting richer and richer, and yet all the time farther and farther away from the life that every one agrees is the best for health and happiness. Father put it into my head, making me look at the little, towney people in Transham this afternoon. I know I mean to begin at once to learn about farm work."

"You?" This pretty young thing with the dark head and the pale, slim shoulders! Farm work! Women were certainly getting queer. In his department he had almost daily evidence of that!

"I should have thought art was more in your line!"

Nedda looked up at him; and he was touched by that look, so straight and young.

"It's this. I don't believe Derek will be able to stay in England. When you feel very strongly about things it must be awfully difficult to."

In bewilderment John answered:

"Why! I should have said this was the country of all others for movements, and social work, and—and—cranks—" he paused.

"Yes; but those are all for curing the skin, and I suppose we're really dying of heart disease, aren't we? Derek feels that, anyway, and, you see, he's not a bit wise, not even patient—so I expect he'll have to go. I mean to be ready, anyway."

And Nedda got up. "Only, if he does something rash; don't let them hurt him, Uncle John, if you can help it."

John felt her soft fingers squeezing his almost desperately, as if her emotions had for the moment got out of hand. And he was moved, though he knew that the squeeze expressed feeling for his nephew, not for himself. When she slid away out of the big room all friendliness seemed to go out

with her, and very soon after he himself slipped away to the smoking-room. There he was alone, and lighting a cigar, because he still had on his long-tailed coat which did not go with that pipe he would so much have preferred, he stepped out of the French window into the warm, dark night. He walked slowly in his evening pumps up a thin path between columbines and peonies, late tulips, forget-me-nots, and pansies peering up in the dark with queer, monkey faces. He had a love for flowers, rather starved for a long time past, and strangely, liked to see them, not in the set and orderly masses that should seemingly have gone with his character, but in wilder beds, where one never knew what flower was coming next. Once or twice he stopped and bent down, ascertaining which kind it was, living its little life down there, then passed on in that mood of stammering thought which besets men of middle age who walk at night—a mood caught between memory of aspirations spun and over, and vision of aspirations that refuse to take shape. Why should they, any more—what was the use? And turning down another path he came on something rather taller than himself, that glowed in the darkness as though a great moon, or some white round body, had floated to within a few feet of the earth. Approaching, he saw it for what it was—a little magnolia-tree in the full of its white blossoms. Those clustering flower-stars, printed before him on the dark coat of the night, produced in John more feeling than should have been caused by a mere magnolia-tree; and he smoked somewhat furiously. Beauty, seeking whom it should upset, seemed, like a girl, to stretch out arms and say: "I am here!" And with a pang at heart, and a long ash on his cigar, between lips that quivered oddly, John turned on his heel and retraced his footsteps to the smoking-room. It was still deserted. Taking up a Review, he opened it at an article on "the Land," and, fixing his eyes on the first page, did not read it, but thought: "That child! What folly! Engaged! H'm! To that young—! Why, they're babes! And what is it about her that reminds me—reminds me—. What is it? Lucky devil, Felix—to have her for daughter! Engaged! The little thing's got her troubles before her. Wish I had! By George, yes—wish I had!" And with careful fingers he brushed off the ash that had fallen on his lapel.

The little thing who had her troubles before her, sitting in her bedroom window, had watched his white front and the glowing point of his cigar passing down there in the dark, and, though she did not know that they belonged to him, had thought: "There's some one nice, anyway, who lives being out instead of in that stuffy drawing-room, playing bridge, and talking." Then she felt ashamed of her uncharitableness. After all, it was wrong to think of them like that. They did it for rest after all their hard work; and she—she did not work at all! If only Aunt Kirsteen would let her stay at Joyfields, and teach her all that Sheila knew! And lighting her candles, she opened her diary to write.

"Life," she wrote, "is like looking at the night. One never knows what's coming, only suspects, as in the darkness you suspect which trees are what, and try to see whether you are coming to the edge of anything. . . . A moth has just flown into my candle before I could stop it! Has it gone quite out of the world? If so, why should it be different for us? The same great Something makes all life and death, all light and dark, all love and hate—then why one fate for one living thing, and the opposite for another? But suppose there is

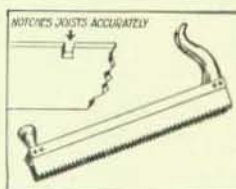
nothing after death—would it make me say: 'I'd rather not live'? It would only make me delight more in life of every kind. Only human beings brood and are discontented, and trouble about future life. While Derek and I were sitting in that field this morning, a bumblebee flew to the bank and tucked its head into the grass and went to sleep, just tired out with flying and working at its flowers; it simply snoozed its head down and went off. We ought to live every minute to the utmost and when we're tired out, tuck in our heads and sleep. . . . If only Derek is not brooding over that poor man! Poor man—all alone in the dark, with months of misery before him! Poor soul! Oh! I am sorry for all the unhappiness of people! I can't bear to think of it. I simply can't." And dropping her pen, Nedda went again to her window and leaned out. So sweet the air smelled that it made her ache with delight to breathe it in. Each leaf that lived out there, each flower, each blade of grass, were sworn to conspiracy of perfume. And she thought: "They must all love each other; it all goes together so beautifully!" Then, mingled with the incense of the night, she caught the savor of wood-smoke. It seemed to make the whole scent even more delicious, but she thought, bewildered: "Smoke! Cruel fire—burning the wood that once grew leaves like those. Oh! it is so mixed!" It was a thought others have had before her.

CHAPTER XXIV

To see for himself how it fared with the big laborer at the hands of Preliminary Justice, Felix went into Transham with Stanley the following morning. John having departed early for town, the brothers had not further exchanged sentiments on the subject of what Stanley called "the kick-up at Joyfields." And just as night will sometimes disperse the brooding moods of nature, so it had brought to all three the feeling: "Haven't we made too much of this? Haven't we been a little extravagant, and aren't we rather bored with the whole subject?" Arson was arson; a man in prison more or less was a man in prison more or less! This was especially Stanley's view, and he took the opportunity to say to Felix: "Look here, old man, the thing is, of course, to see it in proportion."

It was with this intention, therefore, that Felix entered the building where the justice of that neighborhood was customarily dispensed. It was a species of small hall, somewhat resembling a chapel, with distempered walls, a platform, and benches for the public, rather well filled that morning—testimony to the stir the little affair had made. Felix,

familiar with the appearance of London police courts, noted the efforts that had been made to create resemblance to those models of administration. The justices of the peace, hastily convoked and four in number, sat on the platform, with a semicircular backing of high gray screens and a green baize barrier in front of them, so that their legs and feet were quite invisible. In this way had been preserved the really essential feature of all human justice—at whose feet it is well known one must not look! Their faces, on the contrary, were entirely exposed to view, and presented that pleasing variety of type and unanimity of expression peculiar to men keeping an open mind. Below them, with his face toward the public, was placed a gray-bearded man at a table also covered with green baize, that emblem of authority. And to the side, at right angles, raised into the air, sat a little terrier of a man, with gingery, wired hair, obviously the more articulate soul of these proceedings. As Felix sat down to worship, he noticed Mr. Pogran at the green baize table, and received from the little man a nod and the faintest whiff of lavender and gutta-percha. The next moment he caught sight of Derek and Sheila, screwed sideways against one of the distempered walls, looking, with their frowning faces, for all the world like two young devils just turned out of hell. They did not greet him, and Felix set to work to study the visages of Justice. They impressed him, on the whole, more favorably than he had expected. The one to his extreme left, with a gray-whiskered face, was like a large and sleepy cat of mature age, who moved not, except to write a word now and then on the paper before him, or to hand back a document. Next to him, a man of middle age with bald forehead and dark, intelligent eyes seemed conscious now and again of the body of the court, and Felix thought: "You have not been a magistrate long." The chairman, who sat next, with the moustache of a heavy dragon and gray hair parted in the middle, seemed, on the other hand, oblivious of the public, never once looking at them, and speaking so that they could not hear him, and Felix thought: "You have been a magistrate too long." Between him and the terrier man, the last of the four wrote diligently, below a clean, red face with clipped white moustache and little peaked beard. And Felix thought: "Retired naval!" Then he saw that they were bringing in Tryst. The big laborer advanced between two constables, his broad, unshaven face held high, and his lowering eyes, through which his strange and tragical soul seemed looking, turned this way and that. Felix, who, no more than any one else, could

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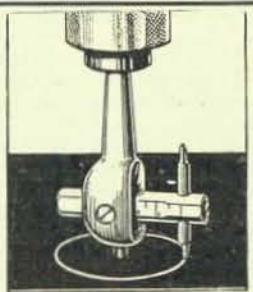
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keep his gaze off the trapped creature, felt again all the sensations of the previous afternoon.

"Guilty? or, Not guilty?" As if repeating something learned by heart, Tryst answered: "Not guilty, sir." And his big hands, at his sides, kept clenching and unclenching. The witnesses, four in number, began now to give their testimony. A sergeant of police recounted how he had been first summoned to the scene of burning, and afterward arrested Tryst; Sir Gerald's agent described the eviction and threats uttered by the evicted man; two persons, a stone-breaker and a tramp, narrated that they had seen him going in the direction of the rick and barn at five o'clock, and coming away therefrom at five-fifteen. Punctuated by the barking of the terrier clerk, all this took time, during which there passed through Felix many thoughts. Here was a man who had done a wicked, because an anti-social, act; the sort of act no sane person could defend; an act so barbarous, stupid, and unnatural that the very beasts of the field would turn noses away from it! How was it, then, that he himself could not feel incensed? Was it that in habitually delving into the motives of men's actions he had lost the power of dissociating what a man did from what he was; had come to see him, with his thoughts, deeds, and omissions, as a coherent growth? And he looked at Tryst. The big laborer was staring with all his soul at Derek. And, suddenly, he saw his nephew stand up—tilt his dark head back against the wall—and open his mouth to speak. In sheer alarm Felix touched Mr. Pogram on the arm. The little square man had already turned; he looked at that moment extremely like a frog.

"Gentlemen, I wish to say—"

"Who are you? Sit down!" It was the chairman, speaking for the first time in a voice that could be heard.

"I wish to say that he is not responsible. I—"

"Silence! Silence, sir! Sit down!"

Felix saw his nephew waver, and Sheila pulling at his sleeve; then, to his infinite relief, the boy sat down. His sallow face was red; his thin lips compressed to a white line. And slowly under the eyes of the whole court he grew deadly pale.

Distracted by fear that the boy might make another scene, Felix followed the proceedings vaguely. They were over soon enough: Tryst committed, defence reserved, bail refused—all as Mr. Pogram had predicted.

Derek and Sheila had vanished, and in the street outside, idle at this hour of a working day, were only the cars of the four magistrates; two or three little knots of those who had been in court, talking of the case; and in the very center of the street, an old, dark-whiskered man, lame, and leaning on a stick.

"Very nearly being awkward," said the voice of Mr. Pogram in his ear. "I say, do you think—no hand himself, surely no real hand himself?"

Felix shook his head violently. If the thought had once or twice occurred to him, he repudiated it with all his force when shaped by another's mouth—and such a mouth, so wide and rubbery!

"No, no! Strange boy! Extravagant sense of honor—too sensitive, that's all!"

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Pogram soothingly. "These young people! We live in a queer age, Mr. Freeland. All sorts of ideas about, nowadays. Young men like that—better in the army—safe in the army. No ideas there!"

(To be continued)

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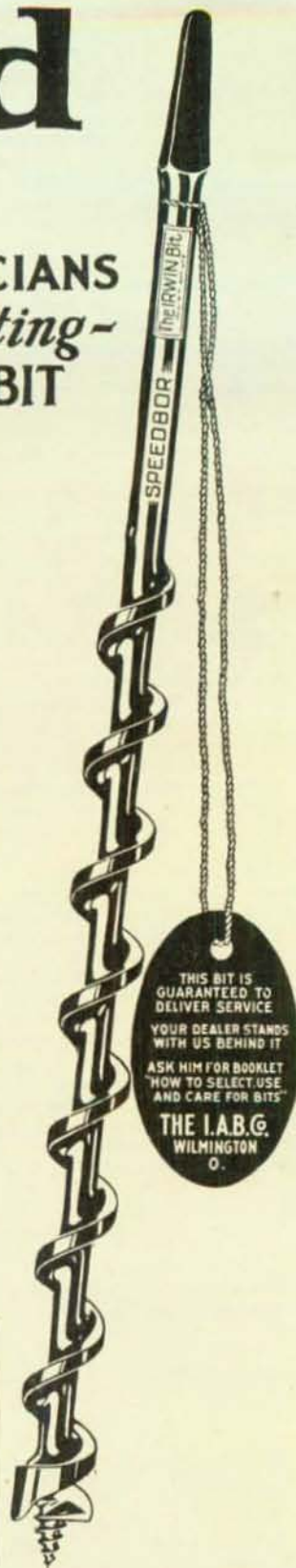
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IN MEMORIAM

Edward J. Evans

Whereas the Supreme Ruler of the universe has, in His infinite wisdom, removed from among us one of our esteemed and worthy fellow workers, Edward J. Evans, and

Whereas we shall miss the long and intimate relation held with him in the faithful discharge of his duties to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers as well as to the labor movement in general, therefore be it

Resolved, That the wisdom and ability that always seemed to be at his command and used by him in behalf of any and all labor organizations when called upon for aid and council be held in grateful remembrance, and be it further

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from our midst leaves a vacancy and a shadow that will be deeply realized by the labor movement in general, and especially by the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, and will prove a great loss to the public as well as the community in which he lived; be it further

Resolved, That with a deep sympathy with the bereaved family and friends of the deceased that we express our hope that even so great a loss to us all may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all things well.

W. M. CHILES,
O. C. LYNES,

Ohio State Conference Committee.

Charles Pearn, L. U. No. 6

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call from his loved ones, Brother Charles Pearn, and

Whereas we deeply regret this sad occasion which deprives us of the companionship of so loyal a friend and brother; and

Whereas the long and intimate relationship held with him has endeared him to our hearts; therefore be it

Resolved, by the members of Local Union No. 6, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in regular session assembled, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved loved ones in this, their hour of sorrow; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local Union No. 6 be draped for a period of 30 days in respect of the memory of our dearly beloved Brother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother, a copy sent to the official Journal for publication, and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of Local Union No. 6 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

ALBERT E. OHM,
HOWARD E. DUNN,
FRED S. DESMOND,
Committee.

CHARLES C. TERRILL,
President.
HOWARD E. DUNN,
Recording Secretary.

William Gleason, L. U. No. 41

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed Brother, William Gleason, and

Whereas we, as members of Local Union No. 41, I. B. E. W., deeply mourn our loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That in this hour of trial and sorrow we extend to his relatives our deepest sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, and a copy be spread upon our minutes and a copy be published in our official Journal.

H. FINK,
J. HOLZER,
F. MATTHIES,
Committee.

Andrew Tominec, L. U. No. 912

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 912, Cleveland, Ohio, deeply regret the sad and sudden death of our esteemed Brother, Andrew Tominec; be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; and drape our charter for a period of 30 days.

R. W. BLAKE,
Press Secretary.

H. G. Wilson, L. U. No. 125

Whereas the Almighty Father has called from our midst our Brother, H. G. Wilson, and

Whereas we, as members of Local No. 125, I. B. E. W., deeply mourn our loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, in brotherly love pay tribute to his memory by expressing our sorrow at this loss and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the bereaved family, a copy spread on the minutes and a copy sent to our official Journal for publication, and that our charter be draped for a period of 30 days.

R. I. CLAYTON,
MERLE D'A. CARR,
J. SCOTT MILNE,
Committee.

Edward Murray, L. U. No. 195

Whereas the Almighty Father has called from our midst our Brother, Edward Murray; and whereas

Local Union No. 195, I. B. E. W., feels in his passing a loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days in mourning, a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes, a copy be sent to the bereaved family and a copy be published in the official Journal.

F. X. RAITH,
Recording Secretary.

Eben Pettus, L. U. No. 858

Whereas Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from our midst our esteemed and worthy Brother, Eben Pettus, who has passed on to his greater reward, and

Whereas Local Union 858, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers has suffered the loss of a true and worthy Brother; and

Whereas his many virtues will be long remembered by those who were associated with him; therefore be it

Resolved, by the members of Local Union 858 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in regular session assembled, That we acknowledge the great loss in the passing from this life of our dearly beloved and highly esteemed Brother, Eben M. Pettus; and be it further

Resolved, That Local Union 858 expresses its deepest sympathy and condolence to the wife and relatives of our late Brother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother; a copy sent to the International Office for publication, and that a copy be inserted in the official minutes of Local Union 858; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local Union 858 be draped in black for a period of 30 days in respect of the memory of our late Brother, Eben M. Pettus.

C. J. HEALEY,
W. L. JUDD,
M. E. WOODS,
Committee on Resolutions.

Frank Bender, L. U. No. 212

Whereas the members of Local Union 212 deeply regret the accident on August 18, 1928, which caused the death of our esteemed Brother, Frank Bender,

Whereas Local Union 212 has suffered the loss of a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That the membership of this local union extend their deepest sympathy to his sorrowing family and friends; and be it further

Resolved, That the members of this local union drape our charter for 30 days in due respect to the memory of our departed Brother, and a copy of this resolution be sent to his relatives, one to the International Office for publication in our official Journal and a copy spread upon the minutes of our local union.

JACK RAYMOND,
President,
ARTHUR LIEBENROOD,
A. C. CARTER,
Committee on resolutions.

J. B. Brown, L. U. No. 213

It is with deep sorrow and regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 213, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers mourn the loss of our esteemed president and fellow worker, Brother J. B. Brown, who was accidentally killed in line of duty, September 23, 1928. He was a true and loyal worker.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved loved ones in their hour of sorrow, and sincerely trust that they will be strengthened through the knowledge of this sympathy; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, a copy be sent to our official Journal, and that our charter be draped for a period of 30 days in his memory.

D. S. PALLER,
C. SHARMAN,
N. P. FORSTER,
Committee.

Harry C. Kueffner, L. U. No. 757

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst our worthy Brother, Harry C. Kueffner, to his final resting place;

Whereas the members of Local 757 have lost a true and loyal friend; and

Whereas in the passing away of Brother Kueffner, we have lost an honest and fearless friend,

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his wife and family; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of Local 757, I. B. E. W., and copy be sent to our International Office for publication in our official Journal and that our charter be draped for 30 days in memory of our late Brother, Harry E. Kueffner.

WM. CHERRY,
President.
RAY HIENITZ,
Vice President.
JOHN H. BARNES,
Recording Secretary,
Committee.

John Elser, L. U. No. 195

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 195 deeply regret the sad and sudden death of our esteemed Brother, John Elser; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days, and a copy of this memorial be spread upon the minutes of our local, a copy be sent to the family and a copy to the official Journal for publication.

FRANK X. RAITH,
Recording Secretary.

John R. Love, L. U. No. 569

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call from his loved ones Brother John R. Love; and

Whereas we deeply regret this sad occasion which deprives us of the companionship of so faithful a friend and Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That Local Union No. 569, I. B. E. W., extend our deepest sympathy to the family in this hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days and a copy of this resolution be spread on our minutes, a copy sent to the family and a copy sent to our official Journal for publication.

C. J. BROWN,
M. L. RATCLIFF,
A. E. NUFFER,
Committee.

Robert B. Lemon, L. U. No. 697

Resolved, That Local Union No. 697, I. B. E. W., records its profound respect for our late Brother, Robert B. Lemon, and senses a great loss through his death. He set an example of service and self-sacrifice which is inspiring. He was a true and loyal member, and was greatly beloved by all. Words are inadequate to express our feelings at this time, except the following: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Local Union No. 697 wishes to extend to Brother Lemon's mother, and the members of his family, its deepest sympathy, and joins with them in mourning the loss of not only a splendid member of our organization, but a most excellent citizen; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent his mother and son and daughters,

a copy sent to our International Office for publication in our official Journal and a copy spread on our minutes.

H. L. KOCH,
L. H. DAVIS,
Committee.

WILLIAM KNOTH,
Recording Secretary.

Ed. Kirkpatrick, L. U. No. 1086

Whereas the members of Local 1086 deeply regret the sudden death by electrocution of Brother Ed. Kirkpatrick; be it

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy, be it further

Resolved, That the charter be draped for 30 days; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Journal for publication and one to his family.

GEORGE MICHELL,
Secretary, Local 1086.

George Nelson, L. U. No. 298

It is with deep regret we, the members of Local No. 298, announce the death of Brother George Nelson, who was accidentally killed in the line of duty August 29, 1928.

Resolved, That the charter of this local be draped for a period of 30 days, that a letter of sympathy be sent his father, sisters and brothers, that a copy of this resolution be sent the International Office for publication in the Worker and a copy be spread on the minutes of Local No. 298.

B. PFEFFERLE,
J. WELSHER,
C. F. WYSONG,
Committee.

Edmond Baquet, L. U. No. 561

Whereas we, as members of Local Union No. 561, I. B. E. W., of Montreal, Que., Canada, have been called upon to pay our final tribute of respect and high esteem to our late Brother, Edmond Baquet, who departed from our midst; and

Whereas Local Union No. 561 appreciates its loss of a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a union in brotherly love, pay tribute to his memory by expressing our deepest sympathy to his relatives and friends in the hour of their sad bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, and a copy of these resolutions be spread in the minutes, and a copy sent to our International Office for publication in the official Journal.

C. GALLAGHER,
Recording Secretary.

SWEEP OF MACHINE PRODUCTION CLEARLY CHARTED

(Continued from page 565)

petition, resulting in a terrific mortality rate among small business.

High pressure sales methods and costly publicity campaigns.

Installment buying.

Further concentration of business in the hands of a few powerful corporations, through mergers with the multiplication of overcapitalized holding companies, with the rise of chain stores, even including chain department stores.

The advent of powerful trade associations.

The creation of unemployment on a wide scale—creating a surplus of hungry labor, from which men are continually recruited and back to which workers are scrapped.

Accidents increase.

Rise of company unions.

The disappearance of skill from the job in many industries.

The division of the industrial trades into tiny units.

The increased use of mechanical and electrical power.

A tendency for wages to rise for a few in each group.

The rise of so-called scientific management or rationalization.

The steady increase of unemployment due to machines.

The attempted use of company unions to offset trade unionism.

NOTICES

Times are not even normal in Washington. The truth is the Capital City has been greatly overbuilt, and until population catches up with construction, there will be little improvement in conditions. Reports that the government is beginning great projects are unfounded. This tells the story, and should serve as a strong incentive for travelers to omit the District of Columbia from their fall and winter itinerary.

WILLIAM F. KELLY,
Recording Secretary, L. U. 26.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID FROM OCTOBER 1, INCLUDING OCTOBER 31, 1928

Local	Name	Amount
46	J. L. Emmons	\$ 300.00
3	F. Fabino	1,000.00
292	H. F. McBride	1,000.00
3	Jas. Wotherspoon	1,000.00
9	E. M. Lamie	1,000.00
125	H. S. Wilson	1,000.00
6	J. Caldwell	1,000.00
1156	E. R. Perkins	825.00
52	J. Hettenbach	1,000.00
3	Edw. J. Julien	1,000.00
971	Frank W. Swain	300.00
103	Chester S. Sevrins	1,000.00
52	Wm. Colford	1,000.00
3	C. Stromberg	1,000.00
757	H. C. Kueffner	1,000.00
17	Geo. W. Marsh	825.00
418	G. M. Fancher	475.00
164	R. A. Cosgrove	1,000.00
212	Henry Waldeck	1,000.00

58	F. S. Randall	475.00
858	E. M. Pettus	1,000.00
9	Dan C. Caldwell	1,000.00
134	John Ryan	1,000.00
134	H. R. Campbell	1,000.00
195	John Elser	1,000.00
41	Wm. J. Gleason	825.00
34	C. V. Hanauer	1,000.00
18	Geo. R. Wolfe	300.00
28	A. Petticord	1,000.00
713	John R. Love	1,000.00
3	Frederick Hartmann	1,000.00
76	P. E. Shumaker	1,000.00
3	Jas. McConville	1,000.00
210	Edw. Hess Nuskey	300.00
134	F. Butler	1,000.00

Total \$ 30,625.00

Total claims paid from October

1, including October 31, 1928 \$ 30,625.00

Total claims previously paid 1,425,898.60

Total claims paid \$1,456,523.60

Wit is a happy and striking way of expressing a thought. It is not often, though it be lively and mantling, that it carries a great body with it. Wit, therefore, is fitter for diversion than business, being more grateful to fancy than judgment. Less judgment than wit, is more sail than ballast. Yet it must be confessed that wit gives an edge to sense, and recommends it extremely. Where judgment has wit to express it, there is the best orator.—William Penn.

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream,
High-lows pass as patent leathers,
Jack-daws strut in peacocks' feathers.
Very true, so they do.
—H. M. S. Pinafore.

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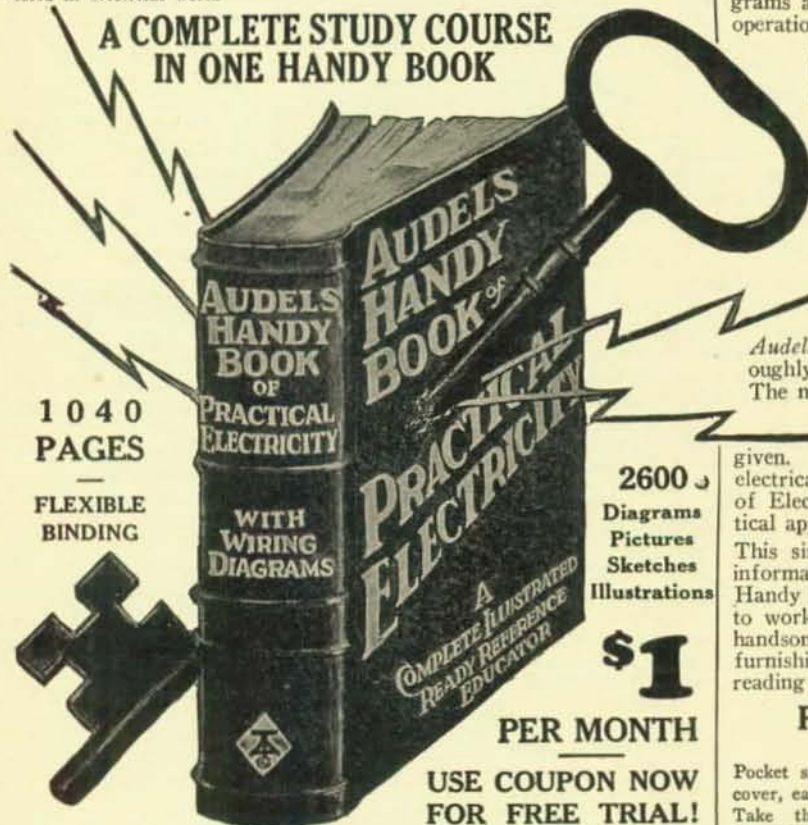
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GOLD BRICKS OF SCIENCE SHOWN UP BY EXPERT

(Continued from page 583)

springs eternal in the human breast" and items describing wonderful inventions are found almost daily in the press.

There are several corollaries to the principle stated above, and it is a lack of complete understanding of these corollaries that furnishes the opportunity for deception and fraud. It was Count Rumford who first showed that heat is a form of energy. That being proven the first corollary is that when a definite amount of mechanical, electrical or any form of energy is converted into heat, a definite amount of heat is developed, and conversely a given amount of heat will produce a fixed amount of work and no more. The second corollary is like the first, only different in form. The transference of heat from a body of low temperature to one of higher temperature can be accomplished only by supplying energy from an outside source. Conversely, when heat is once dissipated no mechanical device can return it to the body from which it was dissipated. The nursery rhyme,

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a big fall,
And all the King's horses and all the King's men,
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty back again,"

is merely a poetic way of saying "one can not grind with the energy that has passed." It is the essence in rhyme of the law of conservation of energy.

As already stated, the lack of a complete realization of the significance of this law and a refusal to recognize its inviolability is the cheat's opportunity. This same lack of understanding is also responsible for some engineering and economic fallacies. Only recently an intelligent man in discussing electrical service expressed his amazement at its possibilities in substantially the following language: "Electricity is truly wonderful! You connect two wires to a vacuum cleaner and it cleans your floor and returns more current to the line than it took from the line." How marvelous if true! The credulity of Andy Gump is mere child's faith in comparison.

Humpty Must Stay Off Wall

Furthermore, it took considerable argument to convince a doctor of philosophy that no matter what material he used for a resistor he could not increase the efficiency of converting electrical energy into heat. He insisted that one material is not as efficient as another and was ready to back his judgment with money. It is true that one material is not as suitable as another but as 100 per cent of the energy delivered to a resistor is converted into heat, no special or patented material can increase this without violating the law of conservation of energy. Humpty Dumpty must stay off the wall.

Not so long ago there were, and still may be, electric-heat water radiators on the market whose selling point is higher efficiency in the conversion of electrical energy into heat. At least that was the claim presented to the jury of awards for such a radiator at the Panama Pacific Exposition. The exhibitor was very much vexed when the jury refused to consider his claim. The amusing feature of the jury's refusal was disclosed when the radiators in the jury room were examined. It was discovered that they operated on exactly the same principle but were heated by a gas jet in place of electricity. Further examination disclosed that the only scientific argument for their

use—the radiation of heat at a low temperature—could not apply as there was no water in them. These devices were offered to purchasers in good faith, but this has not always been the case.

Every electrical conductor has some resistance, therefore some heat must be developed in every form of an electrical machine. The most difficult problem, associated with large generators, motors and transformers, that engineers have encountered is the dissipation of such heat to prevent the overheating of the machine. A 60,000 kw. generator must dissipate about 1,500 kilowatts of heat, and the load it can carry is limited by the rate at which this energy can be dissipated. A small machine could carry an enormous load if only it could be kept cool. Here again was the opportunity for fraud and deception. Accepting this well known fact that motors, as well as generators, get hot, a fraudulent inventor claimed to have invented a means for keeping a motor cool and thus permitting it to carry great overloads. Stock was sold to the public who joyfully came to the poor inventor's assistance with about \$100,000 when the federal government stepped in and sent the inventor to Leavenworth for using the mails to defraud.

We are not interested in the legal, but in the scientific aspects of the case. The only efficient means engineers have found for keeping a motor cool is to make it large enough to prevent overheating and in addition to provide good ventilation. The inventor of the cold motor did not circumvent this law that says all energy converted must be accounted for, because he used a refrigerant to keep the motor cool. I suppose his device may be called the refrigerated motor.

A somewhat similar fallacy is involved in the popular conception of the possibility of efficient heating of houses with electricity. Whether or not in a particular case it is feasible to heat a house by converting electric energy into heat local conditions will decide. But if coal is the source of the energy, then the law of conservation will be the most potent factor as can easily be shown. A good grade of soft coal when burned develops about 14,000 British thermal units. Under most favorable conditions not more than 10 to 12 per cent of this energy is delivered to the bus-bars in the form of electrical energy. That is, under the most favorable conditions about 10 per cent of the energy of coal reaches the heater in the house. The efficiency of conversion of a poor furnace is much better than that. Many more examples of attempts to put Humpty Dumpty back on the wall might be given, but with the following this article must close:

Many readers may recall the sensation created by one Chas. E. Tripler in 1895 by his process of liquefying air. He is reported to have said, "I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air by the use of three gallons in my engine." Not even an Australian rabbit can multiply as rapidly. The energy of three gallons of liquid air when run through his invention made ten. Baron Munchausen was a piker in comparison and Andy Gump in his dreams could not vision the possibilities in so complete a circumvention of a fundamental physical law which is involved in and controls the operation of every machine. Of the many devices on the market for increasing the efficiency of the operation of the automobile engine, nearly all make claims which cannot be fulfilled because they are contrary to this fundamental law. Despite every attempt to inform the public as to what is and what is not possible, someone will waste money on the proposition, disguised of course, that

Humpty Dumpty can lift himself onto the wall by pulling on his boot-straps if only he will use a particular or special brand. The injunction to all would-be believers in the efficacy of a new variety of boot-straps is, caveat emptor! Purchaser Beware!

STOPPING THE OVERNIGHT UNFAIR FIRM IN ST. LOUIS

(Continued from page 579)

A credit store goes for a count:

"RAY'S CREDIT CLOTHING COMPANY

"St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 4, 1928.

"Electrical Workers Local Union No. 1.

"Gentlemen:

"We hereby agree in purchasing our electric sign as well as the electric fixtures for our store at 302 North Sixth St., to see that the work is absolutely done by union labor.

"Very respectfully,

"RAY'S CREDIT CLOTHING CO. INC.,

"MAX APPLEMAN, Pres."

We soon realized that it was necessary to reach just ahead of the job letting, so the following letter was sent to every architect, builder and owner of all buildings as the permit came out through the building commission's office which was ample time for the electrical worker:

"To Our Prospective Customers.

"Gentlemen:

"You will find enclosed a pamphlet of—
"QUALITY AND EFFICIENT UNION
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS."

"This list of names, addresses and telephone numbers is a very compact and convenient pamphlet when in need of electrical workers.

"We believe with everything considered you will be the gainer by using their services.

"We especially call your attention to the classified list. The contractor in this list specializes and usually the most "EFFICIENT" in that line and we want you to have this benefit.

"Yours truly,

"A. SCHADING,

"Business Manager."

The pamphlet enclosed gave a list of all electrical contractors, addresses and telephone numbers that were signed up with us.

Then a stock broker stumbled into the racket of a non-union contractor.

"LORENZO E. ANDERSON & COMPANY

"St. Louis, Mo., June 6, 1924.

"Mr. A. Schading

"4144 McRee Ave.,

"St. Louis, Mo.

"Dear Sir:

"In accordance with your understanding yesterday, in the event that you continue working on our building, we agree to have all our lighting fixtures assembled, wired and hung by members of Local Union No. 1.

"Very truly yours,

"A. C. HILMER."

Mr. Anderson is a fine fellow, but like many brokers does not understand, and is easily sold on a bum idea if it is mechanical, but we returned our men in accordance with the above agreement.

Without the union all labor would still be the victim of the long day, the insufficient wage and kindred injustices. Under the present organization of society, labor's only safeguard against a retrogression to former inhuman standards is the union.—*Commission on Social Justice, Central Conference of American Rabbis.*



LOCAL UNION OFFICIAL RECEIPTS FROM SEPTEMBER 11 TO OCTOBER 10, 1928



L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS					
I. O.	2700	3167	111	996634	996661	246	306041	306065	392	97816	97878	585	721042	721055
Org. Com.	T. C. Vickers		113	134630	134659	247	94318	94329	393	853561	853580	586	700229	700250
2	414751	414800	114	733550	733551	248	866404	866418	396	301547	301585	588	281394	281427
3	40949	40964	115	699967	699994	250	990312	990343	400	169834	169890	591	712666	712683
4	43182	43199	116	338497	338572	251	997272	997309	401	202227	202248	593	35771	35777
5	43335	43399	117	724188	724200	252	262635	262683	402	211969	212034	594	823950	823957
6	43449	43458	118	631101	631110	254	98424	98446	408	216370	216450	595	349000	349162
7	44177	44446	119	989500	989516	256	850318	850403	411	680874	680889	596	38044	38055
8	44600	44619	120	224334	224334	258	687989	687999	413	413251	413321	598	685958	685963
9	987137	987183	122	416251	416380	260	969943	969951	415	616771	616788	599	614798	614814
10	312371	312750	122	329241	329250	262	237966	238011	416	772910	772916	601	788845	788873
11	218029	218150	124	393204	393750	264	698815	698831	417	249120	249135	602	990741	990810
12	154445	154500	125	398083	398604	265	566668	566689	418	351853	351902	610	726325	726332
13	310501	310567	127	981083	981129	267	679295	679300	425	731511	731519	611	603261	603273
14	331501	331550	129	314270	314281	268	417344	417349	426	861048	861055	613	29153	29230
15	332321	333000	130	360111	360380	269	229954	230077	427	625874	625907	617	395299	395338
16	977106	977128	131	980692	980700	270	694001	694005	428	982645	982675	619	412104	412111
17	500034	500050	133	631451	631471	271	276863	276920	430	989274	989297	623	995728	995760
18	729166	729179	133	315766	315780	275	734940	734964	431	989731	989737	625	543625	543648
19	351110	351324	134	404251	404346	276	354016	354050	434	729756	729775	627	852252	852269
20	284001	284101	134	265951	265993	277	213509	213522	435	869331	869370	629	159988	160060
21	634849	634861	134	268713	269256	278	410251	410301	441	999322	999333	630	863530	863538
22	993511	993600	134	273411	273462	278	723571	723600	442	613628	613638	631	583482	583522
23	458251	458282	134	267751	268210	279	969026	969044	443	687515	687529	636	347983	348000
24	232895	232964	134	402751	402916	280	588751	588765	444	46393	46460	636	230251	230254
25	304088	304332	135	991598	991629	281	219914	219938	446	520909	520923	640	609687	609708
26	75883	75888	136	282980	283071	283	728868	728883	449	184466	184477	642	29489	29501
27	291813	292235	138	967258	967283	284	27473	27509	450	46122	46125	646	820445	820446
28	966464	966532	139	88147	88196	285	719938	719951	456	160777	160874	648	227740	227808
29	150143	150156	140	979574	979640	286	710375	710388	457	759715	759721	649	841431	841500
30	410359	410368	143	122863	122872	288	359284	359350	458	874235	874265	649	448501	448514
31	441396	441410	145	346677	346739	291	188188	188207	460	615705	615717	653	729515	729534
32	219548	219618	146	988549	988553	292	256781	257027	461	255109	255158	656	971518	971540
33	14608	14712	150	981438	981452	293	967021	967069	465	214434	214500	660	235737	235785
34	985961	986010	151	275341	275539	295	992147	992158	465	417751	417848	661	984474	984494
35	315031	315072	152	994597	994617	296	976814	976826	466	316501	316530	664	973875	973900
36	411078	411175	153	807426	807446	297	631801	631814	468	296163	296168	665	342077	342122
37	299365	299620	154	841613	841620	298	875058	875133	470	692791	692798	666	959014	959082
38	726263	726286	155	417531	417540	300	966635	966640	471	972106	972127	668	499222	499235
39	228126	228272	156	982096	982130	301	993941	993947	474	99661	99750	669	921274	921282
40	973232	973241	157	727708	727713	302	997856	997880	474	365251	365255	670	175955	175999
41	977425	977433	159	393770	393815	305	306663	306678	477	982434	982650	677	69964	69981
42	257771	257970	161	50953	50969	306	966180	966210	479	320332	320350	679	27530	27544
43	343171	343520	163	89917	89980	307	976546	976560	480	52122	52128	681	771716	771743
44	992538	992575	164	313540	313700	308	5643	5682	481	131688	131913	683	927705	927732
45	986313	986356	169	718970	718981	309	339353	339654	483	107955	108000	684	679484	679501
46	297338	297750	172	12205	12215	310	295652	295719	483	354751	354915	685	681811	681830
47	373501	373799	173	720578	720595	311	241034	241138	490	80566	80567	686	691066	691080
48	197606	197655	174	878170	878176	313	965365	965400	492	234946	235029	688	18193	18220
49	678291	678300	176	106728	106785	313	590501	590501	497	54574	54590	691	730161	730200
50	775228	775257	177	282284	282341	314	306678	306830	500	711877	711900	691	998101	998102
51	855650	855690	178	397088	397117	315	291033	291039	500	40801	40838	692	865448	865455
52	44541	44590	179	305694	305711	318	971001	971044	501	165681	165750	694	305435	305554
53	215931	216000	180	871270	871298	319	690706	690708	501	290251	290483	695	620843	620866
54	321926	321990	181	168599	168747	321	735506	735522	503	698012	698042	696	233686	233756
55	61130	61166	183	687811	687839	322	97441	97447	504	699715	699733	697	146059	146066
56	355631	355810	184	816265	816279	324	837970	837979	507	868567	868567	701	859982	860063
57	338141	338250	185	872035	872068	325	697033	697069	508	170563	170604	702	344739	344955
58	632151	632199	187	986844	986864	326	727496	727520	509	33863	33872	707	294063	294098
59	262066	262078	188	432276	432281	328	589801	589812	515	631273	631285	710	844621	844635
60	23368	23378	190	998746	998773	328	699273	699300	517	733319	733329	711	997621	997700
61	969673	969687	191	985017	985025	329	996129	996159	520	30418	30453	712	932026	932051
62	110847	110855	192	287355	287387	330	176384	176384	521	720730	720741	713	245251	246000
63	58489	58500	193	993206	993249	332	214791	214908	522	289614	289654	713	246001	246106
64	400501	400635	195	363088	363186	333	279292	279376	525	693203	693221	716	414001	414120
65	7481	7483	196	254452	254529	334	277371	277378	526	962177	962187	716	221801	222000
66	135664	135718	197	11060	11062	336	53572	53579	527	992903	992949	717	93609	93674
67	324257	324425	199	781974	781976	337	55092	55100	528	999035	999066	719	687205	687230
68	968701	968728	200	321502	321590	338	730920	730927	529	987949	987966	722	978007	978017
69	166489	166600	201	723715	723720	339	974743	974769	530	999627	999645	723	143042	143087
70	231948	232037	203	630407	630415	340	193409	193473	532	129345	129399	725	817513	817537
71	302376	302439	205	983177	983184	341	777272	777280	533	963317	963318	728	949129	949130
72	411751	412077	207	604334	604337	344	688572	688577	535	122767	122797	731	728666	728677
73	242359	242680	208	968541	968580	349	976073	976200	536	969360	969378	732	830178	830210
74	318001	318072	209	447751	447759	349	364501	364628	537	838814	838828	734	226366	226477
75	67410	67500	209	781476	781500	350	995444	995457	538	333871	333894	735	735151	735167
76	31945	31948	210	175362	175400	352	555214	555227	539	907745	907754	743	22185	22209
77	897515	897541	213	205995	206290	353	285536	285750	540	974455	974481	757	983796	983826
78	166994	167003	214	278729	278830									

L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS
855	984187	984210	978	325576	325592	70	969683.	649	448503.
857	240409	240419	982	29880	29889	77	324316, 321.	688	18201, 214.
858	617120	617169	987	976208	976218	104	300315.	702	344039.
862	972693	972716	991	684680	684694	107	195281.	784	128666-667.
863	728354	728373	995	704977	704981	125	398474.	817	287092.
865	280728	280820	996	60751	60775	127	981103.	819	690138.
868	708094	708097	1002	196760	196833	131	631459, 467.	996	60761.
869	546368	546374	1012	879677	879681	151	275430, 528.	1032	982964.
870	96384	96417	1021	970518	970540	190	984190.	1037	857089.
873	231749	231750	1024	68784	68829	191	985020.	PREVIOUSLY LISTED MISSING—RECEIVED	
873	363751	363765	1029	46656	46673	237	569090.		
875	36199	36209	1031	591087	591097	240	306042, 045.	76	135604-609.
882	29880	29889	1032	982946	982977	251	997278.	291	188184-186.
885	984694	984730	1036	635286	635294	278	410271.	411	680861-870.
886	258849	258872	1037	857001	857110	281	219930.	483	107891-910.
892	964327	964342	1045	280034	280035	284	27479.	507	868548-549, 563-565.
902	990139	990203	1047	535361	535414	309	339427, 434.	536	969355.
907	38804	38808	1054	732979	732988	321	735511.	545	991331-334, 336-339.
912	284505	284581	1072	730712	730720	326	972516.	572	709281-282, 286-287.
914	72162	72191	1074	422846	422851	349	364556.	575	693856.
915	971133	971141	1086	349585	349620	374	874168, 170-173, 175.	696	233658-667, 669, 672-684.
918	722359	722371	1087	681086	681092	389	525664.	712	932019-024.
919	59189	59191	1091	350285	350307	413	413291.	728	949101, 103-104, 106-119, 121-127.
929	696183	696199	1095	51838	51856	417	249132.	971	442952.
931	862406	862410	1097	700812	700822	435	869336.	1101	341282-285.
937	293347	293364	1099	692635	692659	465	417791, 845.	BLANK	
948	106467	106525	1101	341289	341294	500	40807.		
953	133712	133730	1108	51236	51248	501	165730, 290328.	411	650861-870.
956	632566	632581	1118	975632	975643	507	868548-549.	581	223160.
958	845452	845457	1131	994226	994247	569	259613, 347440, 538.	PREVIOUSLY LISTED VOID—NOT VOID	
963	38349	38357	1135	31133	31137	578	236709.		
968	869407	869413	1141	991050	991079	583	556243.	392	67657.
969	677089	677100	1144	533715	533724	584	357073, 149, 397.		
970	702808	702812	1151	459810	459813	627	852236.		
971	442957		1154	322607	322625	631	583483, 499.		
972	875415	875421	1156	979303	979408	648	227742, 751, 792.		

FEDERAL BANKING SYSTEM ACKNOWLEDGED INADEQUATE

(Continued from page 566)

course, the great stock-market advance has been pleasant. Practically everyone has made money. So it was in the Florida inflation before the break. We are still told that stock prices will always remain high; that present prices merely anticipate future earnings. The same arguments and reasoning became hackneyed in Florida."

Apart from any or all these considerations, it is that the Federal Reserve System is not acting as the balance wheel it was designed to be. It was set up as a safety valve on illegitimate financing operations, and even its administrators admit that it fails at this point. That its failure will be a subject of discussion in Congress is evident.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WOMAN'S WORK

(Continued from page 576)

modern life as they compared it with the ancient situation.

Economics, art, politics, literature, law, religion, science and philosophy were studied from the original sources, in great detail. As the students of the Experimental College all live together with their instructors in one dormitory, discussion did not cease when classes were over. Before long a club was formed, The Forum, for discussion of current affairs. It is worth the note of labor organizations that the range of subjects presented at these meetings included war and peace, imperialism, the coal industry, as well as the press, presidential possibilities, behaviorism and sex problems. Students of the college collected two large bundles of clothing and sent them to the relief committee for the striking bituminous miners. Evidence of sympathy unusual among college students!

Other spontaneous groups formed into clubs to study the subject in which they were particularly immersed. Among them were the Philosophy Club and the Law Group, both of which attracted much attention. The Players and the Workshop were two other groups of students wishing to express themselves, one in Greek drama, and the other

with paints, and carpenters' tools. The Workshop cooperated with the Players in the production of two authentic Greek dramas which proved modern enough to make a striking impression.

Wisconsin is a state noted for its liberalism and the university is particularly proud of its traditional freedom, and the Experimental College, will, I believe, prove to be its crowning glory. Even with only the experience of one year it has set a new mark in American education. Students, like everybody else, like to make their own discoveries.

We are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world—all, too, travelers with a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel indeed to find them. They are the end and reward of life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

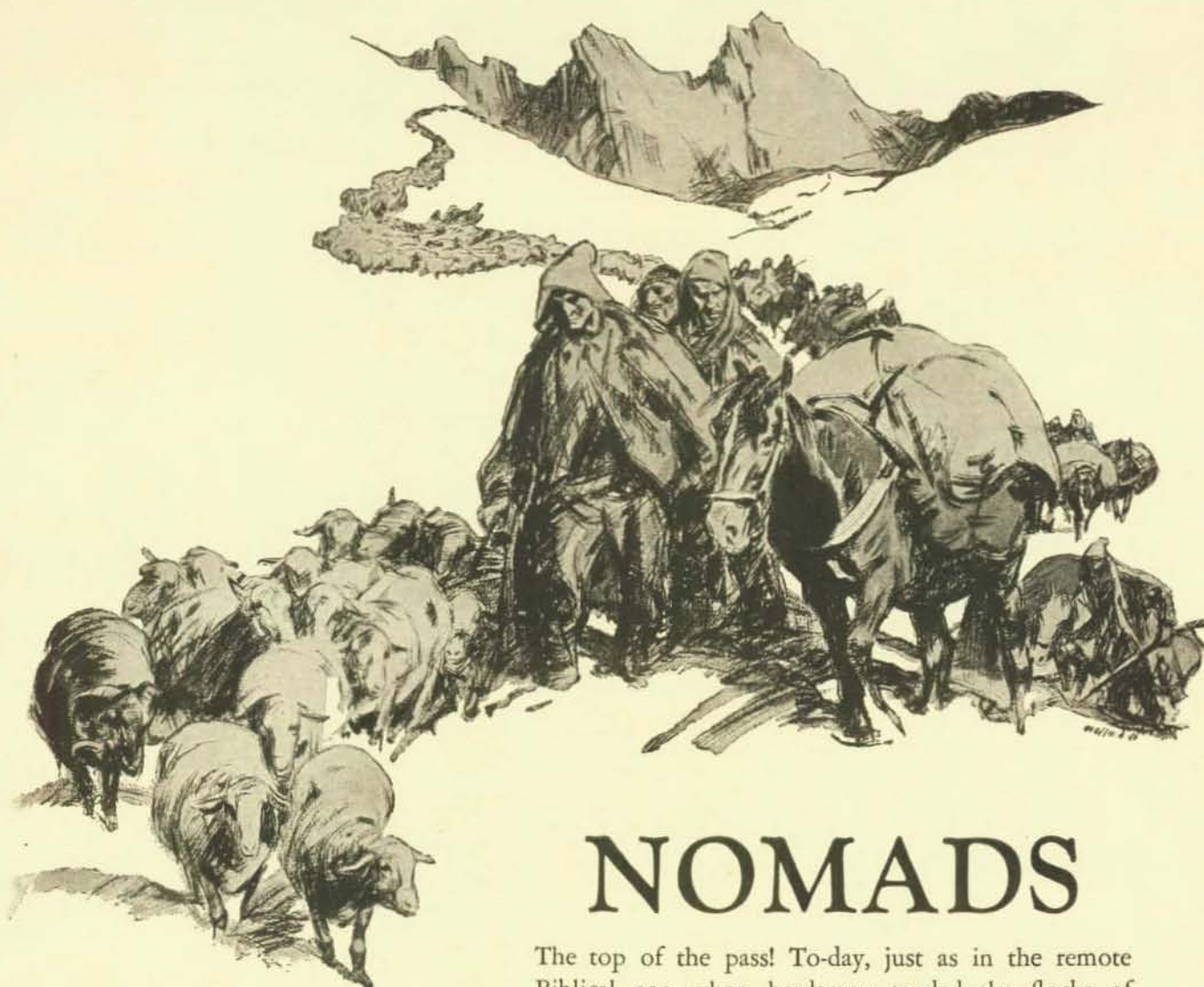
I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything; if the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Abraham Lincoln.



New

DOUBLE
SHRUNK
HEADLIGHT
OVERALLS

Outwear Two Ordinary Pair



NOMADS

The top of the pass! To-day, just as in the remote Biblical age when herdsmen tended the flocks of Abraham, these nomad tribes drive their flocks each season up from the parched desert to the high tablelands of the Caucasus, green with life-giving grass.

We moderns of the West make no such forced marches in search of food. In our lands of little rain, electricity pumps water to make the desert bloom. Electricity lights the herdsman's home and milks the cows in his stable. Electricity powers the great network of transportation and communication which binds city and country into one complex system of civilized living.

Yet, as Thomas A. Edison has written, "The electrical development of America has only well begun. So long as there remains a single task being done by men and women which electricity could do as well, so long will that development be incomplete."



This monogram appears on a multitude of products which contribute to the efficiency and comfort of both factory and home. It is your assurance of electrical correctness and dependability.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

95-475H

MASS ECONOMICS GIVES CIVILIZATION TODAY A BEAUTY AND A GRANDEUR WITHOUT COMPARE: THE BEAUTY OF A SWIFT INTENSE LIFE, OF STRANGE, IMMEASURABLE FORCE; THE GRANDEUR OF IMMENSE NUMBERS OF SOULS, WHO TO SURVIVE MUST DWELL IN A MORE COMPLEX AND FLEXIBLE HARMONY THAN THEY HAVE EVER ENJOYED BEFORE.

—*Lucien Romier*

